THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 49

JUNE 8, '29

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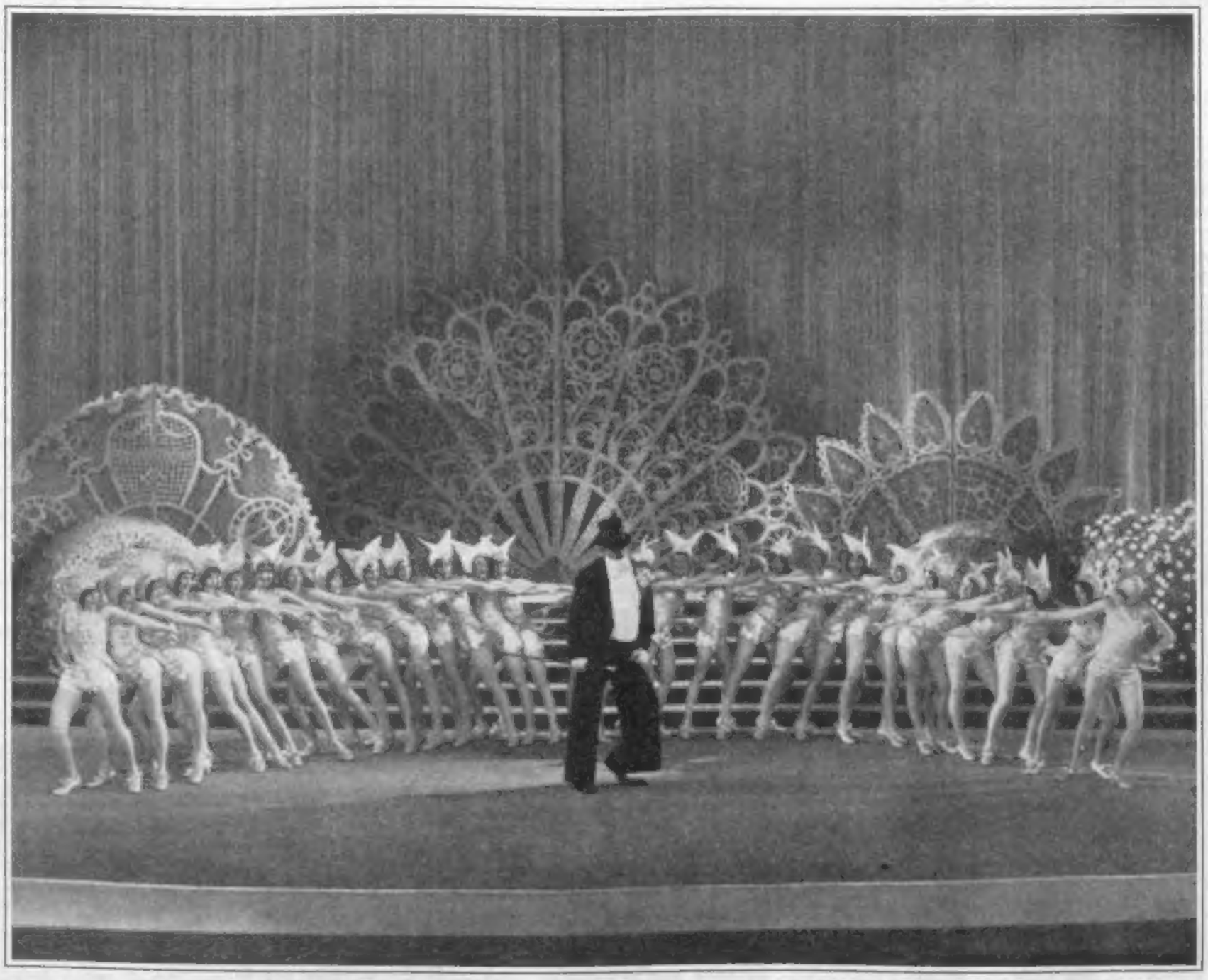
BEAUTIFUL, BUT NO LONGER DUMB—By WESLEY STOUT

ALONG time ago on Twelfth Street, the Rialto of Kansas City, there was a ten-cent picture show called the Idle Hour, which ran all night—the only one of its kind I ever knew. Fifteen cents being the cheapest tariff in those years at the local flop houses, the Idle Hour drew a large and loyal patronage from the homeless and the weary. It picked up some additional business from bartenders and policemen waiting for owl cars, and a few genuine patrons of the young art of the cinema. Among these were some of the night-working newspapermen.

A number of Chaplin's early one and two reel comedies had their first local showings at this house, and a Chaplin première was the signal for a group of the night staff of The Star to adjourn to Twelfth Street instead of gathering in a far corner of the city room for the usual dogwatch rummy game.



A Follies Interlude From Paramount's "Burlesque," One of Many Scenes Impossible to the Stage Play

By the time the mail edition was off the press and we were free to go it would be well into the middle of the night, and the audience at the Idle Hour was deep in its slumbers, sunk down in wooden opera chairs. The operator, half asleep himself, ground out his program over and over without pause except to change reels, the only comment from the house a contented snoring.

Please be Still and Let Me Sleep

THE intelligentzia had not yet proclaimed Mr. Chaplin to be a great artist; in fact, the intelligentzia never had heard of Mr. Chaplin, yet somehow, unaided, large numbers of nitwits had discovered that he was very funny indeed. I was one of these, even jeopardizing my employment in my untutored admiration. I laughed so hysterically at The Champion at another ten-cent theater on one occasion that Clarke Salmon, now a respected New Orleans editor, then my immediate superior, recognized my convulsions from his seat on the opposite side of the darkened house. I had been sent by Mr. Salmon to a distant part of the city to report a meeting of the East Twenty-seventh Street Improvement Association, but so was Mr. Salmon presumed to be at his desk, so his reproaches lacked something of their wonted earnestness.

Our childish glee at the Chaplin goings-on could not but wake every sleeper in the Idle Hour and there was talk among the outraged hobos of throwing us out on our ears for conduct unbecoming officers and clubmen. It isn't such a far cry—at least in these days of vacuum-tube amplifiers—from the difference of viewpoint existing in the Idle Hour in 1914–15 to that now convulsing the movie theaters generally. A suspicion exists that the outcry against talking pictures is being led by those patrons who have found the dim cathedral light, the overstuffed upholsteries of the loges and the easily ignored entertainment often on the screen to be the perfect soporific. They resent having their sleep interrupted.

Curtain

THERE are several hundred thousand, perhaps several million, movie goers of all kinds and flavors in the United States who continue to protest in this late spring of 1929 that they do not like talking pictures and will not have them. Any exhibitor will tell you that he has many such in his fold.

Not all, naturally, are disturbed sleepers. Some have not yet heard a competent talking picture and are judging the thing by its first rude squawks. Some have heard only bad reproduction in the theaters. Many have not yet adjusted their sensory systems to so abrupt a change. Others are conservatives, hostile to all change. A few are parroting an opinion momentarily fashionable. A curious fragment is made up of newspaper critics, a majority of whom, until recently, rarely have had a kind word to say of pictures, but who now profess to look upon the least silent celluloid as the Ark of the Covenant about to be profaned by vulgar hands.

It does not follow, even in this mechanical age, that the new necessarily is better than the old either at the box office or intrinsically. There is a red brick building in Washington which is bulging with forgotten inventions that were going to revolutionize this or that, and it is a prevalent form of specious reasoning to argue that, because the public jeered at the first automobiles and airplanes, their guffaws at Oscar Widgeon's silent, self-acting parsley incinerator shortly will be blown back in their teeth.

But here is a prediction—a very mild one it will read in Hollywood and among those who have taken the trouble to look into the matter, but daring, possibly, to those who have not:

The silent picture will be as dead as the souvenir teaspoon within a very short time, and none but professional adopters of lost causes will mourn at its tomb. The addition of speech, music and sound effects to moving pictures has expanded their entertainment and artistic possibilities beyond anything the most farsighted can foresee today.

Having gone this far, we burn the remaining bridge and add an excessively rash prophecy: Very probably the stage, musical, vaudeville and legitimate—oh, yes, legitimate!—will not survive the new competition long. The stage's death has been

forecast prematurely before this, yet here is another, and made, it might be added, by one convinced against his will and preferences. If the talking pictures live up to a fraction of the possibilities immediately ahead of them, no pencil can figure how the stage of Shakspere and his successors can compete with them, even under the highly special conditions of Broadway. Cecil de Mille suggests that the old theater will be preserved sentimentally in the future by wealthy men, as they now foster the breed of Thoroughbreds. Mr. De Mille is not exactly disinterested, but there is every indication that he is right.

Why? Because the talking pictures will produce better entertainment for considerably less money. When the hisses and the catcalls have subsided, we shall proceed.

Frisking in California Clover

ADMITTEDLY, the silent pictures, at their best, have been first-rate theater. The addition of music, speech and sound in no way cancels or hinders any of the inherent advantages of the motion picture, while, at the same time, it adds to the screen's repertoire every effect of the speaking, singing stage. The mechanics and the technic of the talkies are improving so swiftly that this month's best picture is crude by next month's standards, and there soon need be no reason why any form of theatrical fare, from the eye and ear entertainment of Mr. Ziegfeld to the drama at its most classic severity, cannot be produced better, on the whole, with a camera and a microphone than it is done in the flesh. Something of the stage at its best will be lost, no doubt, but that something will be more than compensated for by the infinitely more elastic and resourceful medium and—mark this!—the screen's tremendously superior audibility and visibility. The best seats to be had for Show Boat at the Ziegfeld Theater on the night I wished to go, a month after its opening, were in the tenth row, for two of which I paid a speculator eighteen dollars. From such a seat, nearer the stage than four-fifths in the house, I distinguished no two consecutive words of Helen Morgan's song, Bill. Miss Morgan's charm is such that words are superfluous, but observe:

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Cameraman in His "Ice Box" for Cecil de Mille's First Talkie, "Dynamite"

Universal bought the picture rights to the novel, Show Boat, and had the film half made as a silent story when the talkie earthquake shook Hollywood. Going back, Universal inserted score, song, dialogue and sound, including Miss Morgan singing Bill. From the rear of a picture house in Salt Lake City where the best seat cost a dollar, I again saw Miss Morgan, just as on Sixth Avenue, New York, except that I saw her more clearly, for the camera had stood within twenty feet of her. And I heard every word of the lyrics of Bill—lyrics very well worth hearing. Nothing of her indefinable charm was missing. How could it have been, when I both saw and heard her much more distinctly? She was in New York and I in Salt Lake, but, the illusion being complete, I forgot that at her first note.

PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Mary Brian Takes a Voice Test

Let anyone seeing the Universal picture imagine it without the Jerome Kern music; let him ask himself what the film would have been without the emotional appeal of Old Man River, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, Bill, and the rest of the score, not played on the house organ, but sung from the screen. Here is an easy test.

The manager of a group of first-run metropolitan picture theaters tells me that such grand old vaudeville acts as George Bickel in Sound Your A, and Clark & McCullough, were failures in his houses when he played them in person at high cost. Exactly the same acts, reënacted by the same vaudevillians in talking pictures, were held over by popular demand in the same theaters. The audiences had not changed. His explanation is the only possible one—in large theaters the unaided ears and eyes hitherto have lost much of the words and the facial expression. Now one hears a little better from the back of the house than from the front, and the camera close-ups put every eye on a democratic level. All these old vaudeville favorites are frisking in California clover these days, with never a worry as to whether the manager puts them "next to opening," how cold the Tuesday night house is, or the smell of fish clinging to the trained seals.

To argue that the motion picture somehow has been defaced and debased by the addition of speech and melody is equivalent to arguing that a mute is a happier companion than her vocal sister. Which will be true only if you are intensely uninterested in both.

The mute may have become an adept at expressing herself in pantomime and by the finger manual, and her family proficient in reading it, while her sister with the gift of speech may use it only to utter blatant nonsense, but that is beside the point. There always are other girls whose speech is lyric. The moving picture is just such a child born mute who, after an operation on the palate, is learning somewhat painfully to speak.

"Listen to how thickly she speaks," grumble the family. "And think how gracefully she used to express herself with her eyes and her flying fingers. I used to love to watch her fingers and I could read them as easy as anything. When I got tired I simply turned my back. Isn't it positively grotesque to hear her trying to talk with her vocal cords? And she is getting so she tries to monopolize the conversation."

There is no reason why the young lady cannot continue to use her bewitching eyes, when they speak more eloquently than words and her fingers too. None of us can express himself so well but what he can profit by another instrument in his orchestra. Most of us are trying, at some disadvantage, to play our symphonies on a piccolo and a snare drum. The speaking stage is cramped on all sides by the limitations of time and space; the movie escaped into time and space, yet found itself worse hobbled by lack of speech. The joining of the two should, as Mr. Munsey used to say, combine the best features of each.

It is the silent picture that always has been the anomaly. When pictures first were shown, audiences felt this lack. Lips moved, traffic flowed, shots were fired, horses galloped, pies were thrown and the Empire State Express flashed through Tarrytown in a world suddenly become stone deaf. In the course of years we adjusted our ears to this unnatural silence and, creatures of habit that we are, it is the returning sound that now offends our senses, particularly as that sound has not been well contrived always.

Talks and Squawks

THEATER reproduction of the talkies has lagged behind their recording. A crowded theater reacts to sound differently from a lightly peopled one, the audience's clothing tending to absorb certain waves. Many picture houses were built with little regard for acoustics. Usually, however, the fault lies with the operators. There are five of them now in the booth where two worked before, and their wages have jumped from one-third more to, in New England, double the old. Working with new tools and lacking

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WARNER BROS. PICTURE

Motion is Recovered to Motion Pictures in Such Talkies as This, "Hearts in Exile"

Uncle Sam Has a New Indian Policy

By Ray Lyman Wilbur

Secretary of the Interior

As Told to William Atherton Du Puy

THE American Indian should be made self-sustaining, should be brought to full responsibility for himself, should be freed of his government wardship, should be merged into the industrial life of the nation. The administration of his affairs should be decentralized, the manner of his education revised, the Indian agent, with his abnormal powers, should cease to exist. The Indian Service should become one of those agencies of Government which will steadily become less important. In twenty-five years it practically should have ceased to exist.

The assimilation of the Indian has been a policy of the Government for a hundred years. Despite that policy, the Indian has remained a people apart, clinging to the old life, languishing into poverty as his former hunting grounds have disappeared. Yet the Indian stock is of excellent quality and can readily merge with that of the nation.

To bring this about it will be necessary to revise the educational program into one of practical and vocational character and to mature plans for the absorption of the Indian into the industrial life of the nation. The Indian boy and girl will be given the normal educations of our American boys and girls. Indian schools shall in no respect partake of the nature of reform schools. He shall not be prepared for dependent wardship but upstanding and independent manhood.

He shall be prepared for a place in the workaday world and then that place shall be found for him.

PHOTO. BY JOHN VACHEL, DAYTON, OHIO

Blackfoot Indians in Glacier National Park, Montana

The Indian, obviously, constitutes a racial group quite different from the mass of the population. The United States has had a vast experience with racial and national groups. Italians, Slavs, Scandinavians, Germans, have come to these shores, lived for a while as peoples apart, been absorbed into the mass. But the red man has remained a comparatively small racial group that has been relatively unaffected by that mother of us all, the melting pot. The original American is today the least American element in the population. He remains unassimilated because he has been isolated, held apart on his reservation, prevented from entering the great stream of American life.

The Red Man in a White Man's World

THE isolation of Indians on reservations is largely responsible for their lack of advancement. These reservations are mostly so located as to come little in contact with the white civilization. The Indian is kept to himself. He has few opportunities to absorb the white man's civilization, to participate in his productive life and prosperity. Yet his own nomadic, free-roving days are gone. He is neither Indian nor white man.

With his confinement to reservations, two generations ago, went a feeling of responsibility on the part of the Government for the Indian's maintenance. He could not be cooped up and then allowed to starve. He had to be rationed. There was the time, for instance, when the conquered Sioux were confined to their reservation. Periodically herds of cattle were driven onto the reservation and turned over without cost or effort to them. Trainloads of general supplies arrived no less regularly. The Sioux lost the habit of providing for themselves. They came to know that the Government would not let them suffer. They were pauperized, robbed of all incentive.

To some degree this sort of thing has come to most Indians. Where they were not given rations they may have received rent money for their grazing lands, oil royalties or returns from timber cut from their forests. They got the habit of living off that which came to them without effort. They found no occasion for bestirring themselves. They slid farther down into the slough of idleness. The Government, wanting to be helpful, had but harmed them.

There is plenty of evidence indicating the possession by the Indian of abundant intelligence to become a productive citizen of the United States capable of giving a good account of himself. The psychologists have tested Indian children in schools and compared their reactions to those of white children. The white children, they say, grade 14 per cent above the Indians. There is much question, however, if this advantage is not due to the stimulation they have had in their homes, the greater familiarity with the language of the schools, rather than to any innate superiority.

There are many communities in which Indian children have gone into the public schools and taken their places beside white children. They have passed through the primary grades and gone on to high schools with those children. In some cases they have afterward gone to college. In running this gamut of education the Indian child has made a record that seems quite normal. He has shown an adequate capacity to acquire these various degrees of education.

The Indian is dexterous with his hands. He sees accurately. He is probably superior to the average white man in learning manual tasks. He can learn to be a carpenter, a bricklayer, a machinist, as readily as any white man. He is an excellent employe in the railway shops of the West. There are one hundred and fifty Indians working in the shops at Winslow, Arizona, many of them drawing the pay of skilled machinists. This manual skill appears in the industries of the Indian woman, in basket weaving, in blanket weaving, in silver working. The Indian is of an even temperament. The women fit well into domestic service. They make excellent trained nurses. They are competent as clerks and stenographers. It has been adequately demonstrated that there is, in fact, no bar against the Indian because of race. All he needs to make a success as a member of a civilized community is an opportunity.

The world of activity that is America is wide open to the Indian. When he has finished that schooling which is provided for most of his kind, there are two avenues open to him. He may go back to the reservation or he may try to find himself a place in the white man's civilization. At this turning point in his career his fate is largely in the hands of these agents of the Government who administer the Indian Service. They can send him back to the reservation to return to the ways of his fathers and maintain the Indian status as a race apart or they can send him out into the active life of the nation.

The Choice

FROM now on every effort will be made to accomplish the latter end.

Senator Curtis, who, as a boy, lived as a blanket Indian on a reservation, tells of having lived with the whites for a period as a boy and, at the age of fifteen, again joining up with the Indians to return to the reservation. His Indian grandmother waked him in the night, showed him that one road led to the life of a reservation Indian and the other to that of the white man, and, though she loved him dearly, put him on a horse and sent him back to the latter. Just this problem faces every young Indian who comes out of school. Proper placement would lead most of them into lives among the whites and to assimilation.

The educated Indian who goes back to the reservation, experience has shown, usually goes back to poverty, to the life of the aborigine. His veneer of civilization is soon lost and he becomes as were his fathers. The people of the reservation are likely to be prejudiced against all that is not Indian. They scorn anything the youngster may have learned in school, beat him down, drive him back.

Among the Indians there is great reverence for the old people, an apparent virtue, but one which here has barred progress. The old people dominate. There is no going against them. Because of this the former theory of returning the young educated Indian to the reservation that he might exert an elevating influence comes to naught. The old order wins out. Boarding-school education is stripped from the young Indian upon his return to the reservation as might be a cloak.

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MR. HUFF OF DETROIT

By George Broadhurst

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

JUST as the room was unmistakably English, so the man was unquestionably American, in spite of the fact that his spectacles were rimless and that every inch of his visible clothing was of British manufacture and cut; moreover, exactly as a connoisseur of rooms would have designated the one in question as of Mayfair, so a person knowing well the United States would promptly and properly have placed the man, whose gray hair and lined face showed him to be some sixty years of age, as being from the Middle West. About both room and man was an indigenous air which could not be counterfeited.

The man was glancing hurriedly, and with evident irritation, through the pages of a daily newspaper. When the last page was reached he threw down the paper with an exclamation of exasperation, rose quickly and rang a bell. His ring was answered promptly by the appearance of Bugden. Almost as tall as the American, whose height was nearly six feet, Bugden's portliness contrasted sharply with the other's slimness; and his gravity of manner, immobility of feature and unhurriedness of movement seemed only to accentuate the other man's nervous energy. Bugden would have caused the heart of any casting director in America to flutter with joy. He was the perfect type. The director would have cast him unhesitatingly for a butler or a duke. On this occasion he was a butler.

"Get me another morning paper," the man said brusquely.

Bugden cast a slow glance at the newspapers which surrounded the chair in which the man had been sitting, and which, it was evident, had also been thrown hurriedly aside, and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but there are no more, sir. You've had them all, sir, from the Times to the pictorials, sir. Was there anything you wished to know about especially, sir?"

"I should say there was. Out in Detroit they're holding an automobile show lasting two weeks—two weeks, mind you! And is there anything in those papers about it? Not a word. What do you think of that?"

"Perhaps the editors don't think the matter sufficiently important, sir."

"Not sufficiently important, eh? As to what your editors do think sufficiently important, what about this?" The man selected a newspaper, turned the pages quickly till he found what he sought, and then said, "There it is—with big headlines at that. Read it, for fear you'll think I'm fooling you." He pointed to the article and Bugden read solemnly, THE DUKE VISITS A SOAP FACTORY.

The man said, "There's news to thrill the world! That ought to make the people spill their coffee at breakfast!"

"A great many people are interested in what the duke does, sir."

"How many compared to those who are interested in autos?" There was a pause, and the man continued, "Take your time. Let it percolate! Let it percolate!"

Again there was a pause, after which Bugden said weightily and judicially, "I see your point, sir, and I hope you won't mind my saying, sir, that I consider it extremely well taken, sir."

"Many thanks, Your Honor," the man rejoined, and then having apparently gathered impetus by being diverted even for so short a time from the direct subject of automobiles, he proceeded to overwhelm the butler with facts and figures regarding them. He seemed to gather speed as he went along, but just as he reached the top of his stride he suddenly slowed down as though reined in by an invisible but inexorable hand. As if sensing something which he had neither seen nor heard—something which, in a way, caused him to prickle slightly with apprehension—he turned his head slowly and saw that a woman had entered the room. She was a slight woman, not above the average height, with an abundance of gray hair, blue eyes, a manner which would give the casual observer the impression that she would be easily overridden and imposed upon, and a general appearance calculated to make everyone, meeting her for the first time, designate her as sweet. The fact was that she had the persistence of a beaver and the tenacity of a bulldog. Once she took hold only a cataclysm could shake her loose.

"H. Wattaway-Huff! H. Wattaway-Huff! Is That Supposed to be Me?"

The man waited for the woman to speak, but when it became evident that she had no intention of breaking the silence, he smiled and said "Hello, dear." His smile, however, was not from the heart, and his voice, instead of being dominant and authoritative as before, was now placatory and ingratiating.

Ignoring both the man and his remark, the woman addressed herself to the servant. "You may pick up those papers, Bugden," she said, "and then you may go."

II

THE man, uneasy, stood like a schoolboy expecting a reprimand from his teacher. It was not long in coming.

The woman said, "Henry Huff, how many times must I tell you not to discuss things with the servants?"

"Ah, but I wasn't discussing things," the man answered eagerly. "I was just telling Bugden that out in Detroit there's an automobile show lasting two ——"

"But we are no longer interested in automobiles," the woman interrupted; "we sold out two years ago."

"We is right," the man rejoined with a sporadic flash of spirit. "I designed the car, I advertised it, I marketed it, I built up the business, but we sold out. And here we are in London with an acre of house and not a foot of back yard."

"You're just aching to get into business again, aren't you?"

"Well, isn't it natural? Haven't I been a worker ever since I was a boy?"

"But you couldn't go into business again in Detroit or anywhere else. You know as well as I do that the contract of sale stipulated that for twenty years you couldn't engage in the manufacture or sale of automobiles, parts, accessories or anything in any way connected with the automotive industry. We sold everything, including the plant, the goodwill and the Huff trade-mark. And what did we get for it? Thirty-seven million dollars to enjoy life on and to spend as we please. A good bargain, I call it."

"Yes, but you must remember that only twenty-five millions was in cash. We still have twelve millions tied up in the company and I have a hunch that unless things go better than they've gone lately we'll be losing our interest on it."

"What of it? Suppose we lost the twelve millions. We'd still have more than twenty thousand dollars a week."

"Why should you worry about twelve million dollars? Times have changed since I earned twenty-two dollars a week."

"Yes, they have, and people have changed with them—that is, all but you. You'd like to go on just as you did twenty-five years ago."

"I would not," the man replied indignantly. "I believe in progress just as much as anybody does. Didn't we belong to all the good clubs? Didn't we have as fine a house and as nice a garden as anybody?"

"And didn't we go round with the same old fogies, year in and year out?"

"Old fogies! The folks we went with were the most respectable and the best business people in the city."

"Business people! You said it there, Henry Huff. I made up my mind that our children should assemble with something better than business people and when I got the chance I fixed it so they could."

The man said bitterly, "Yes, you did that all right. But what did you do to me? Oh, I knew long ago you'd made up your mind to get us away from the old town, and I knew as well that once you made up your mind to get anything you always got it in the end. But I was set to fight you on that—fight you to a finish if it was the last act of my life."

"And it very nearly was. Do you remember what the doctors said? It was an act of Providence that your breakdown came when it did. Six months more of work and you wouldn't have had the strength to resist the attack."

"Just as I didn't have the strength to resist when you brought that contract to me day after day."

"You signed it of your own free will."

"Yes, just as I do everything else you want."

Like most members of the victorious sex who have become wives, Mrs. Huff had in her armament one infallible weapon, one instrument of warfare which, properly used, never failed to carry her to victory in a battle with her husband. With Mrs. Huff this weapon was tears. Whenever she felt the fight was going against her she knew that all she had to do was to release the saline fluid from the lachrymal glands, and that victory, swift and inevitable, would be hers. Moreover, long practice had taught her just when to bring up this reserve, and that Huff, who loved a fight outside his home, would sacrifice anything to procure peace inside it. Which is the way of many husbands!

Knowing instinctively that the time had come for the use of her battle-ending weapon, the eyes of Mrs. Huff began to blink and her breath commenced to come in slightly heaving gasps.

"From the way you talk, people would think I nagged you into doing things," she said flutteringly.

"No, you don't nag me," Huff replied. "You just hang on, and hang on, and hang on! How you do hang on!"

"Why, Henry Huff!" his wife rejoined in tones suggesting that she was most unhappy and misunderstood, and with the obedient tears now coursing down her cheeks.

"Then you cry," Huff said, "and I'm gone."

After a silence, broken only by the sobs of Mrs. Huff, and during which Huff made his inevitable surrender, he said, "It's all over. You win. Turn off the trickles."

"Trickles!" his wife managed to gasp.

"Yes, the trickles—the tears—the poison gas of matrimony!"

"What do you mean?"

"This: I can fight with the men and have a chance; I can fight with my competitors and have a chance; but with you I'm licked before I start, because I know that just at the right minute you'll turn on the tears and weep your way to victory. If only you had lived in the time of Noah, thirty-nine days would have been enough!"

At this Mrs. Huff asked, as if her heart were breaking, "How can you—how can you—say such things to me?"

"How can I?" Huff retorted. "How can—how—how ——" and then, listening to the pulsative sobs and gazing at the cascading tears, this time he not only surrendered—he hauled down his flag. Going to his wife he said "There, there. Don't cry—please, don't cry," and he ended his conciliatory efforts by humbly repeating the husbands' litany: "I'm sorry, dear."

Mrs. Huff, at the end of every conjugal quarrel, always demanded her pound of compensatory flesh. She was never satisfied with surrender; it must be an abject surrender. A supplicating hand was never sufficient; the conquered must always sink to his knees. In consequence, in spite of Huff's meekly yielding, she pressed the matter further and said, "If you are really sorry."

Huff replied quickly "And I am." To this his wife rejoined in a manner suggesting that she was conferring a forgiveness, sweetly condescending on her part and entirely undeserved on his: "Then, very well."

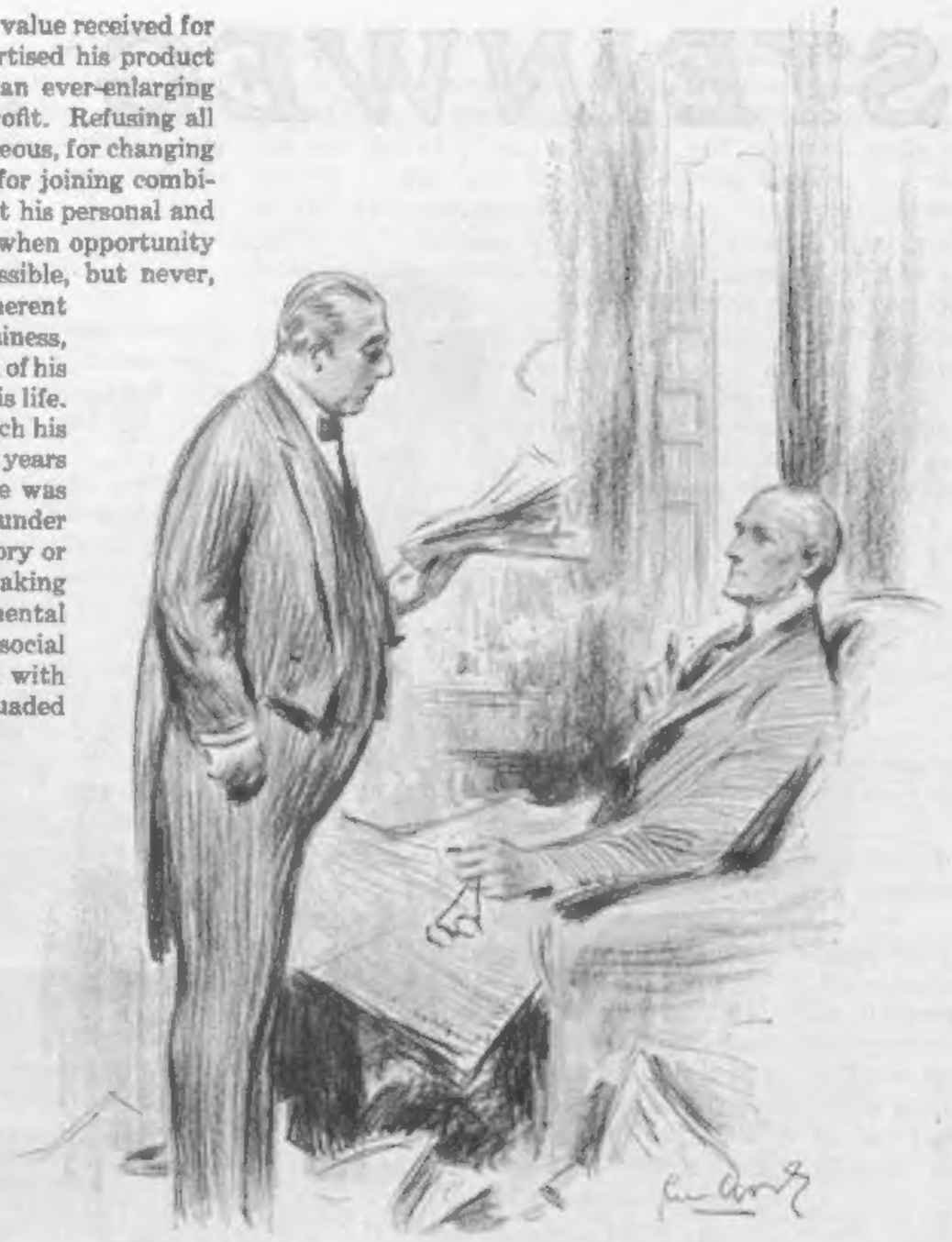
III

HENRY HUFF was lonely. To use his own expression, he was as lonely as a hairless dog sitting on an iceberg watching the ship sail away. Born in Northern Michigan, of poor parents who could give him but few educational advantages, he had been a worker from boyhood. Drifting to Detroit as a youth and having a flair for mechanics, he became interested in the manufacture of automobiles, went into business for himself at a comparatively early age, caught the tide at the flood and swam with it to a great success.

His car, the Huff, for which he had invented the slogan, "If it's a Huff—that's enough," was his god. Its reliability and good name were his fetish. He gave value received for every dollar that came to him, he advertised his product widely, and he received his reward in an ever-enlarging turnover and a constantly increasing profit. Refusing all offers, many of them extremely advantageous, for changing his organization into a corporation and for joining combinations, he continued to give his product his personal and constant attention, always improving it when opportunity offered, cheapening the price when possible, but never, under any circumstances, lowering its inherent value. His was absolutely a one-man business, and aside from his family, which consisted of his wife, a son and a daughter, his car was his life.

The breakdown in Huff's health to which his wife had referred had come about two years previously. The doctors said the cause was overwork and that for a year at least, under no circumstances must he go to his factory or have any connection with his business. Taking advantage of his physical weakness and mental lassitude, his wife, who had long harbored social ambitions which had not been received with inordinate enthusiasm, had finally persuaded him, when he could no longer cope with her relentless urgings, to accept one of the offers which were made for his business. Six months afterward, when still physically weak, although out of danger, his wife had taken him and their family to Europe. Half a year later, after a winter in Egypt and on the Riviera—his first trip abroad—Huff found himself in London, practically restored to health, but an idle man with no outlet for his energies and with no idea how to employ the long hours which he formerly devoted to his work.

In the two or three clubs to which he was taken Huff found neither comfort nor pleasure. He missed the friendliness and fellowship, the warmth and cordiality which had enveloped him in a similar place at home. He was, by nature, shy, and he had never overcome it. Friendships had not come easily for him, but those he had made were deep and enduring. In addition to this, the roots of his being had been for so long a time embedded so deeply and firmly in his native earth that, though he might be transplanted and live, he could never thrive in foreign soil.



The Man Said, "There's News to Thrill the World! That Ought to Make the People Spill Their Coffee at Breakfast!"

IV

MRS. HUFF was no fool; in consequence, when she set out on the campaign which she desired to end ultimately with the fulfillment of the prayerful hope of every socially ambitious female in America—presentation at court with photographs in presentation robes duly published in photogravure section of the Sunday editions of their home papers—she realized that the command of the expedition must be in the hands of someone other than herself. She understood fully her complete ignorance both of the tactics and of the strategy which would be necessary to carry the enterprise to a successful issue; she knew that, though she must provide the cash, the purse must be carried by another person, and that, in this undertaking, she must obey orders and not give them.

While sailing to England on a steamer which had been making a world's tour, and on which she embarked at Monaco, with her social destination clear in her mind but in complete ignorance of the road she must travel in order to reach it safely, Mrs. Huff, adroitly and unobtrusively, made the acquaintance of a titled Englishwoman whose position and bona fides were unquestionable. During one of their conversations Mrs. Huff, with apparent casualism, said that as this was her first trip to London she was not quite sure which would be the best hotel at which to stay. The Englishwoman gave her a name which Mrs. Huff had never before heard in connection with a hotel, and Mrs. Huff was properly grateful. During the next few days Mrs. Huff so skillfully steered her conversational craft that she was able finally to launch the question for which she had been so carefully navigating, and which, though couched in different words, meant: Did the lady know of anyone who would take charge of Mrs. Huff's social future, train her for the flight she wished to take, and guide her ascending destinies until she reached her empyrean?

The Englishwoman, who, in spite of Mrs. Huff's jockeying and manuevering, was not entirely unprepared for the question or for one of an adjacent import, replied that perhaps she did. She would, however, mention no name, because the lady she had in mind—and she said, she used the word "lady" advisedly—might not be either free or willing to undertake the commission, but if she did undertake it Mrs. Huff could rest assured that no one would be more likely to bring it to a happy conclusion. If the lady were willing to consider the matter, the Englishwoman said, she would give her one of her cards and a word of introduction.

Some three days after the Huff family was ensconced in its hotel a card was brought to Mrs. Huff on which was engraved the name of her shipboard acquaintance and on which were written the words: "Introducing the lady of whom I spoke."

"As This Is the First Time I Have Known Such a Thing to Happen, I Shall Say Nothing About It"

(Continued on Page 94)

STEINWEG AGAINST BONN

"This Picture Itself, as You See, is Excellently Faked; Quite a Work of Art. Very Few Amateurs, I Venture, Would Say It Was Not Hundreds of Years Old"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

AT A QUARTER after eight on a May morning in 1914, Erwin Gedney, like some hundreds of thousands of other ambitious young business men in the city of New York, was leaving home for his place of employment. He hung up his whisk broom, threw out his broad chest and pulled his jacket snug, cast a final stern and ambitious look into the hatrack mirror as he picked up his hat and then strode back through the dark little flat on Cathedral Parkway.

"Good-by, mother!" he cried briskly to the invalid Mrs. Gedney, who was dawdling over the breakfast dishes in the dingy kitchen.

He turned and strode determinedly toward the door. When Erwin went his own gait he sauntered, rushed, dallied and did not stride with a purposeful swing; but business was business.

Passing the threshold of his room, he chanced to glance in, and his stern gaze encountered an unfinished painting on an easel by the window, whereupon his stride hung in air; he had really worlds of time and was only teaching himself a good lesson. He sauntered into his room now and looked patronizingly at the picture, which was his work; he felt patronizing, for he was a business man and not an artist.

He sat down before the painting with continued patronage, smiling but polite. Not a bad daub; talent there certainly. There wasn't depth enough to the thing; that tree stuck out like a bouquet. Too photographic; too much tree. Just a touch or two would sink it—there! Huh, sunk too much; the whole thing looked bleared now. A little more life in that sunlight; a hard thing—sunlight. How the deuce did Sorolla do it? Terrific sunlight, and yet almost a monotone.

"Erwin!"

"What? . . . Yes, mother."

"Do you know it's a quarter to ten?"

"Just going, mother!" With an exclamation of intense annoyance he leaped from the stool before the easel and fled from the flat. It was the darnedest thing; here he was again, just after he had turned over a new leaf and made an iron resolution to sacrifice himself, just after he had resignedly resolved to be the best assistant curator of paintings that the New York Museum of Fine Arts had ever imagined.

At ten minutes to ten he was hurrying up the broad steps of the museum on Fifth Avenue. Perhaps it would be all right again. Brooks, the curator, was late himself sometimes—not always, but often enough to be reasonable.

He clicked through a turnstile and was striding across the rotunda of the museum toward his desk in the workroom where pictures were restored and repaired, when he heard and saw a brawl in progress in the Dutch gallery.

Visitors were fleeing from the gallery, leaving behind them two men furiously fighting and an art student who sat before The Hard Question by Frans Hals, copying it, rubbing away at his canvas with the detachment of a deaf man. He was bowled over now, and he and his canvas lay asprawl while the battle rolled after the other visitors into the rotunda. Attendants came running. The action had been complicated and swift; when Erwin first visualized it with clearness, one of the fighters was putting a right to the point of an attendant's jaw. Erwin saw it as he saw everything—static, but spirited; the toppling attendant, the balled fist, the fighter fully extended and gloriously instinct with life, the background of fugitives.

He did not pause to soak it up but, earnest with wrath, bounded across the tessellated floor and seized the larger fighter handily by his collar and trousers, and shook him ruinously and rushed him toward the turnstile. Through he clicked, and Erwin after him, and down the wide granite steps to Fifth Avenue he stumbled alone. Erwin reëntered the museum, where the alarmed echoes were settling down with the dust, and went to the workroom.

"Now, really, Mr. Gedney," said Brooks plaintively, looking up as his assistant appeared.

"It couldn't be helped this morning, Mr. Brooks," said Erwin satisfiedly. "I started down here at a quarter after eight by my clock, but I found a riot going on out here. You must have heard it, sir. The attendants were getting the worst of it and I had to lend them a hand, and I was naturally a bit delayed."

"You were fighting for nearly two hours out there? My goodness, I can't imagine that was just the way to handle the situation."

"It wasn't two hours," admitted Erwin frankly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gedney," said Brooks, angry at the necessity of reproving a man whom he liked, "but you'll have to be punctual. You really will, my dear fellow. I didn't know you were so addicted to fighting, but you'll really have to attend to it in your free hours. I've been waiting here —— Take care of this new catalogue, will you?"

He placed a bundle of manuscript before Erwin and walked away, pausing to look back in perplexity as he passed a thin hand over his pink and shining head. A puzzling fellow—thoroughly capable and thoroughly inefficient. No sense of time or place or orderly method. Forgetful, daydreaming, and then spasmodically energetic; always penetrating and appreciative, an artist to his worthless finger tips. Understanding everything and remembering nothing—too bad. Some clerical drudge would be more satisfactory, if it had to be.

Full of resolution, bright and keen as a newly stropped blade, Erwin waded into the manuscript.

"You have Koekkoek in the Belgian school, Mr. Brooks; we'll put him where he belongs—with the Dutch. And the description of his Sunset on the Rhine is in reverse; the river is on the right and the trees are on the left."

"Perhaps the stenographer ——" said Brooks, mollified. "But that's my memory of the Sunset. Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow. I'll run out and look at it."

Erwin's pace slackened after an hour. He had leafed back into the report of the committee on paintings. Here was an item that was new to him—the museum had a fund to maintain worthy students in Paris. Three hundred dollars to pay for six months' study in Paris; not munificent, not spacious and generous, but one might scrimp along on that, even with a mother. He lit a cigarette and leaned back to have a look at Paris. Brooks contemplated him benignly, thinking the catalogue was getting the benefit of his assistant's reverie.

Erwin snapped out of his abstraction and drew a sheet of the museum's stationery to him:

TO THE COMMITTEE ON PAINTINGS

Gentlemen: It has just been called to my attention that you have a fund to support students in Paris, and I hereby apply for the same.

I have been for two years the assistant curator of paintings in the museum and Mr. Brooks will vouch that I have applied myself to my duties with diligence and a desire to do the very best that is in me. However, I find the work most unsuitable to me and I would like to be relieved from it and devote myself to painting.

Following my graduation from Yale three years ago, I spent seven months studying art in Paris, but had to return and find regular employment on my father's death. As my mother is dependent on me and I have no other income, I shall hold my post; I shall do nothing until I hear from you. Trusting this will be entirely agreeable ——

Having sealed this letter in an envelope and directed it to the committee, he returned to the catalogue.

II

"BUT, my dear Gedney," expostulated Brooks on a morning in October, 1914, "do you see the time?"

"I can't understand that," said Erwin, frowning thoughtfully at the clock. "It won't happen again, Mr. Brooks."

"I won't talk to you about it again, I'll promise that," said the curator, closing a desk drawer with a bang. "Take this subpœna and go down to the county courthouse. Fortunately, the Supreme Court seems to value time as lightly as you do and doesn't begin work until half-past ten. This is addressed to the curator, Gedney, but I'm sending you because you certified the painting in dispute—The Hard Question by Frans Hals—while I was on my vacation last fall. Go to the record room and get the picture's pedigree and hurry along."

"What's the matter with it?"

"They'll tell you down there—some lawsuit."

Erwin, moving with the surging energy that was his when his interest was engaged, entered the chamber that was Part XIV of the Supreme Court in an elapsed half hour; he was late, but had, fortunately, not yet been called to testify.

Thinly dressing the front of the courtroom were the judge, court clerk and stenographer, jury, parties in interest, counsel and witnesses. There were no spectators; the case had not yet become a *cause célèbre*, and, like most civil cases, could have been accommodated in the judge's study.

The personality of the defendant's counsel—Ambrose Hinkle, better known as Little Amby—was of public interest, but he had to draw this day against the Undefended Divorce Calendar downstairs and his gallery had temporarily deserted him.

The addresses to the jury gave Erwin the gist of the dispute, astonishing to him, and amusing.

The plaintiff, Steinweg, it appeared, was a wealthy connoisseur of paintings; the defendant, Mrs. Bonn, was the owner of a curiosity shop down by Jefferson Market. Mrs. Bonn had sold Steinweg a picture entitled The Hard Question, representing to him that it was painted by Frans Hals, an old master of the Dutch school who vanished into the unknown in 1666; she had had of Steinweg twenty thousand dollars. Steinweg told the jury, by his lawyer, that he had learned that the painting was not an original work of Frans Hals but was a mere copy and of negligible value; wherefore he demanded twenty thousand dollars' damages. He had brought the painting into court and it was there on an easel for the jury to see and value.

Mrs. Bonn did not deny the representations, which was fair and decent of her, since they had not been made in writing. Judge Leon Smallman, having listened expertly to the addresses while he skipped nimbly through the pleadings in the case, looked over his glass of water with interest at the square-built and harsh-featured woman at the table below him; he was acquainted with her reputation, and he was acquainted with the sinister little shyster who was her lawyer, and he wondered why the making of the representations was conceded. To his credit as a judge, and not in derogation of his character as an upright and honorable man, it did not occur to him that the notorious Ma Bonn and Little Amby were conceding the representations merely because they had been made.

"This case boils down then to a simple issue of fact—whether this is or is not the original picture," commented the judge.

"Precisely," bowed Little Amby, putting down the scrawny and bediamonded hand behind which he had been conferring with his still-faced client.

"Expert testimony."

"We have it; and having had some little experience in court, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Steinweg has been able to get it too."

"Mr. Hinkle would doubt it even less," said his opponent, Dockery, "if he had as much experience in paintings as he has had in courts."

"I'm always ready to learn," said Little Amby, rising. "I intended no reflection on Mr. Dockery or his experts. For the jury's benefit, let me say that I know Mr. Dockery is incapable of putting a witness on the stand for any other purpose than to elicit the truth, and I know he'll give me the same concession. All I aim to do is to try a good, square case in a good, square way and leave the decision with twelve clean, straight American men. But we all

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"When Did You Paint 'The Hard Question'?"

ON THE MOUND

Christy Mathewson

MY NAME is really not Joe. I might as well confess right now that I was christened Leslie Ambrose. In Missoula, Montana, the town that first paid me real money to play the game, there was an old ex-bronco buster whose first name was Joe. His last name I never heard. One look at Joe and you'd never forget him. The lower half of his face was the starting point for the longest, thickest and bushiest set of whiskers any three men could grow in a lifetime. So when, in 1912, I landed in Missoula to pitch, with my last name of Bush, Hughie Campbell, president of the Missoula Club, borrowed Joe's first name and loaned it to me. The local newspapers started calling me "Joe Bullet" Bush, adding the "Bullet" because of my speed. This nickname, with its variations, has stuck. When I came East with the Athletics I was first known as Joe Bush. One day a letter from the West arrived at the locker rooms for me addressed "Joe Bullet" Bush. Eddie Collins, the famous second baseman and captain of the 1929 Athletics, saw it and he started the "Bullet Joe" stuff. Naturally the Eastern newspapers picked it up and the last version of the nickname—Bullet Joe—clung through my sixteen years in the big leagues and to this day.

I was seventeen when I first started to pitch. I had been playing third base ever since I was thirteen and the fellows on the town team of Brainerd, Minnesota—my birthplace—used to remark about the speed with which I threw the ball and what a good arm I had. I never thought about being a pitcher until after a game in which I pitched against my own team.

Herb Payne, the captain, was the first to face me at the plate. It gave me a big thrill to be standing in the pitcher's box ready to pitch to the captain of my team. Little did I know then he was playing a big part in my life. I surprised him by cutting loose a fast one. He swung at it after the catcher had it in his mitt.

Of course I didn't know anything about pitching then. All I thought of doing was throwing as fast as I could. I struck out Captain Herbie. He laughed. He thought it was an accident. I guess it was; but striking him out gave me a lot more confidence, and I pitched as hard as I could. I didn't realize what speed I had, though I did have the catcher hopping around with his catching hand as red as a chunk of raw beef.

I don't remember how many strike-outs I got that game, but I do know the whole Brainerd team only snared three hits and lost 4 to 0.

The real turning point in my baseball career was in a tough game with St. Cloud, a strong rival. Captain Payne had hired an Indian pitcher to win this game for us. I had figured to play third base. The St. Cloud team had a flock of sluggers and they didn't waste time getting to the Indian. In the first three innings they scored eleven runs. That finished the redskin.

Bush Now Pitching for Brainerd!

I WAS shifted to the pitcher's box, and it was then that I won my spurs as a pitcher. I shut out St. Cloud the rest of the game, striking out eleven men. However, their lead was too great for us to overcome and we lost 11 to 8. Our Indian broke down when he was taken out. He was pitching for a living and I guess it hit him pretty hard.

From this game on I pitched, depending on speed alone to win. I won all my starts that summer.

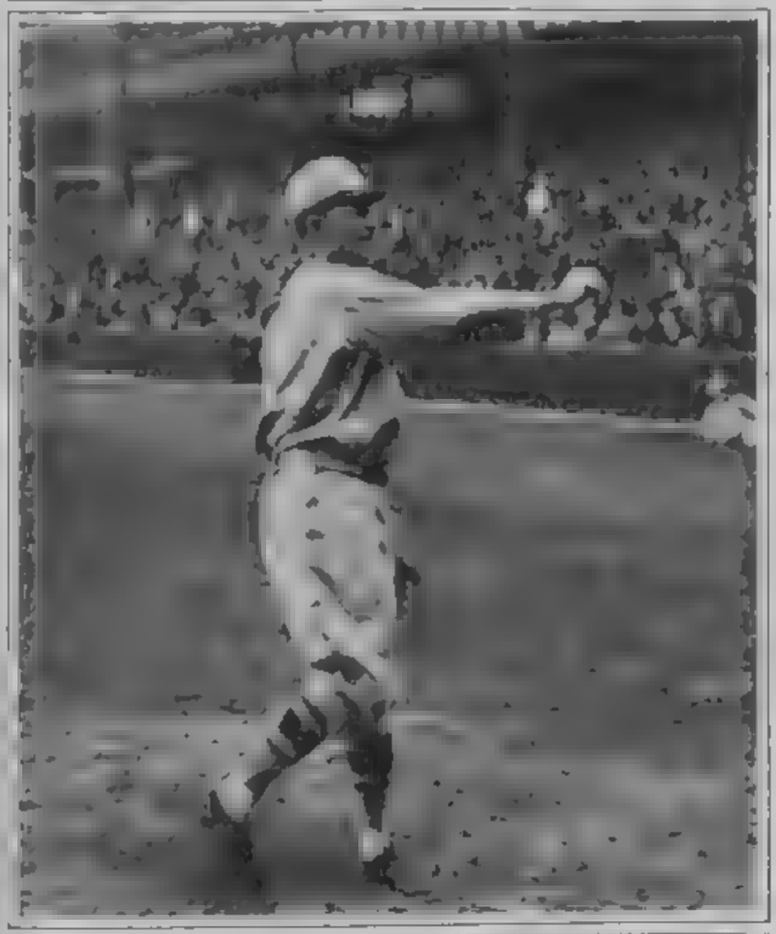
The next year—1912—I signed with the Missoula Club of the Union Association, and the manager-catcher, Cliff Blankenship, who as a scout discovered the great Walter Johnson for the Washington Senators, took me in tow and taught me the rudiments of pitching.

Back home I had just pitched. No one had ever shown me the correct way to throw a ball or how to

Eddie Collins

Ted Blankenship

Walter Johnson



Grover Cleveland Alexander

Joe Bush

By "Bullet Joe" Bush

As Told to Carroll S. Slick

stand correctly in the pitcher's box. I had relied solely on my speed and a curve ball that I had experimented with as all kids do. I must have looked pretty awkward in the box, for Cliff changed my stance and delivery pronto.

Up to this time I had been using nothing but my arm in my pitches. I learned how to get my body into the pitch by following through with my shoulders and body on every throw, much the same as a golfer follows through. I soon found it was easier to pitch this way; it wasn't so much of a strain on my arm and I was able to get more stuff on the ball. I was taught how to pick off runners on first base and how to develop my best pitches.

High Balls, Curves and Fade-Aways

BLANKENSHIP used to tell me, "You've got plenty of speed and stuff on the ball, but you must learn how and when to use it." He called me the "second Walter Johnson."

He explained that a high fast ball is one of the best pitches a pitcher can make because it is harder for a batter to reach it, and if he did, it often would be hit for a high fly. The fast ball has a hop. Kids on the sand-lots call this hop an "in" or an "out." There's no such thing. You don't throw a straight fast ball to drop in or drop out. When you're young and have plenty of speed your fast ball naturally breaks or hops on its own accord. You can't hold it any special way or do anything to it to give it this peculiar hop. You throw the fast ball straight off the tips of the fingers, with an overhand delivery or side-arm delivery.

Any ball that is a curving ball is known as a curve ball. You throw for the break, the ball leaves the hand over the top of the forefinger.

There are only two ways for a curve ball to break, straight down over the plate or to the outside of the plate. A pitcher does not throw an inside curve, or what might be commonly known as an inshoot. It is the batter's position that determines whether the ball is an inside curve or an outside curve. A right-hand pitcher pitching to a right-hand batter can break a curve only down over the plate, or he sweeps the ball to the outside of the plate. Of course, if the batter is a left-hander the ball curves around the same corner of the plate, except that to him it is an inside curve; vice versa if the pitcher is left-handed and the batter right-handed. The curve ball thrown overhand breaks down toward the plate, the side-arm delivery breaks toward the corner of the plate.

The curve ball is one of the toughest to master and can be made highly effective only by constant practicing. It is true that in high altitudes the light air keeps the curve ball from breaking as it does in lower altitudes where the air is much heavier. I learned this when I first started pitching in Montana. I had tried to develop a curve back home in Brainerd and had what I thought was a pretty good curve, but when I tried it in the Missoula training camp I was at a loss to understand why it didn't break for me as it did at home.

I was told that light air was not conducive to curves and that most pitchers in high altitudes were forced to depend upon fast balls.

The spit ball is a sharp-breaking curve ball; the only difference between it and the ordinary curve is that it breaks faster.

The screw ball is a revolving fade-away ball. The fingers grip the ball on the inside—on the surface of the ball nearest the pitcher. The pitcher twists his arm toward the plate as the ball leaves his hand, causing it to sink toward the ground.

The change-of-pace ball is thrown the same as a fast ball but with not quite as much speed, making it a half-speed ball.

The knuckle-ball is held between the thumb and little finger with the knuckles down over the face of

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Burleigh Grimes

Jack Quinn

Russel Ford

Eddie Plank

Bill Doak

Joe Wood

THE ROUGH CROSSING

They Were in the Midst of the Wildest Hurricane on the North Atlantic in Ten Years

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ONCE on the long, covered piers, you have come into a ghostly country that is no longer Here and not yet There. Especially at night. There is a hazy yellow vault full of shouting, echoing voices. There is the rumble of trucks and the clump of trunks, the strident chatter of a crane and the first salt smell of the sea. You hurry through, even though there's time. The past, the continent, is behind you; the future is that glowing mouth in the side of the ship; this dim turbulent alley is too confusedly the present.

Up the gangplank, and the vision of the world adjusts itself, narrows. One is a citizen of a commonwealth smaller than Andorra. One is no longer so sure of anything. Curiously unmoved the men at the purser's desk, cell-like the cabin, disdainful the eyes of voyagers and their friends, solemn the officer who stands on the deserted promenade deck thinking something of his own as he stares at the crowd below. A last odd idea that one didn't really have to come, then the loud, mournful whistles, and the thing—certainly not a boat, but rather a human idea, a frame of mind—pushes forth into the big dark night.

Adrian Smith, one of the celebrities on board—not a very great celebrity, but important enough to be bathed in flash light by a photographer who had been given his name, but wasn't sure what his subject "did"—Adrian Smith and his blond wife, Eva, went up to the promenade deck, passed the melancholy ship's officer, and, finding a quiet aerie, put their elbows on the rail.

"We're going!" he cried presently, and they both laughed in ecstasy. "We've escaped. They can't get us now."

"Who?"

He waved his hand vaguely at the civic tiara.

"All those people out there. They'll come with their posses and their warrants and list of crimes we've committed, and ring the bell at our door on Park Avenue and ask for the Adrian Smiths, but what ho! the Adrian Smiths and their children and nurse are off for France."

"You make me think we really have committed crimes."

"They can't have you," he said, frowning. "That's one thing they're after me about—they know I haven't got any right to a person like you, and they're furious. That's one reason I'm glad to get away."

"Darling," said Eva.

She was twenty-six—five years younger than he. She was something precious to everyone who knew her.

"I like this boat better than the Majestic or the Aquitania," she remarked, unfaithful to the ships that had served their honeymoon.

"It's much smaller."

"But it's very slick and it has all those little shops along the corridors. And I think the staterooms are bigger."

"The people are very formal—did you notice?—as if they thought everyone else was a card sharp. And in about four days half of them will be calling the other half by their first names."

Four of the people came by now—a quartet of young girls abreast, making a circuit of the deck. Their eight eyes swept momentarily toward Adrian and Eva, and then swept automatically back, save for one pair which lingered for an instant with a little start. They belonged to one of the girls in the middle, who was, indeed, the only passenger of the four. She was not more than eighteen—a dark little beauty with the fine crystal gloss over her that, in brunettes, takes the place of a blonde's bright glow.

"Now, who's that?" wondered Adrian. "I've seen her before."

"She's pretty," said Eva.

"Yes." He kept wondering, and Eva deferred momentarily to his distraction; then, smiling up at him, she drew him back into their privacy.

"Tell me more," she said.

"About what?"

"About us—what a good time we'll have, and how we'll be much better and happier, and very close always."

"How could we be any closer?" His arm pulled her to him.

"But I mean never even quarrel any more about silly things. You know, I made up my mind when you gave me my birthday present last week"—her fingers caressed the fine seed pearls at her throat—"that I'd try never to say a mean thing to you again."

"You never have, my precious."

Yet even as he strained her against his side she knew that the moment of utter isolation had passed almost before it had begun. His antennæ were already out, feeling over this new world.

"Most of the people look rather awful," he said—"little and swarthy and ugly. Americans didn't use to look like that."

"They look dreary," she agreed. "Let's not get to know anybody, but just stay together."

A gong was beating now, and stewards were shouting down the decks, "Visitors ashore, please!" and voices rose to a strident chorus. For a while the gangplanks were thronged; then they were empty, and the jostling crowd behind the barrier waved and called unintelligible things, and kept up a grin of good will. As the stevedores began to work at the ropes a flat-faced, somewhat befuddled young man arrived in a great hurry and was assisted up the gangplank by a porter and a taxi driver. The ship having swallowed him as impassively as though he were a missionary for Beirut, a low, portentous vibration began. The pier with its faces commenced to slide by, and for a moment the boat was just a piece accidentally split off from it; then the

faces became remote, voiceless, and the pier was one among many yellow blurs along the water front. Now the harbor flowed swiftly toward the sea.

On a northern parallel of latitude a hurricane was forming and moving south by southeast preceded by a strong west wind. On its course it was destined to swamp the Peter I. Eudim of Amsterdam, with a crew of sixty-six, to break a boom on the largest boat in the world, and to bring grief and want to the wives of several hundred seamen. This liner, leaving New York Sunday evening, would enter the zone of the storm Tuesday, and of the hurricane late Wednesday night.

II

TUESDAY afternoon Adrian and Eva paid their first visit to the smoking room. This was not in accord with their intentions—they had "never wanted to see a cocktail again" after leaving America—but they had forgotten the staccato loneliness of ships, and all activity centered about the bar. So they went in for just a minute.

It was full. There were those who had been there since luncheon, and those who would be there until dinner, not to mention a faithful few who had been there since nine this morning. It was a prosperous assembly, taking its recreation at bridge, solitaire, detective stories, alcohol, argument and love. Up to this point you could have matched it in the club or casino life of any country, but over it all played a repressed nervous energy, a barely disguised impatience that extended to old and young alike. The cruise had begun, and they had enjoyed the beginning, but the show was not varied enough to last six days, and already they wanted it to be over.

At a table near them Adrian saw the pretty girl who had stared at him on the deck the first night. Again he was fascinated by her loveliness; there was no mist upon the brilliant gloss that gleamed through the smoky confusion of the room. He and Eva had decided from the passenger list that she was probably "Miss Elizabeth D'Amido and maid," and he had heard her called Betsy as he walked past a deck-tennis game. Among the young people with her was the flat-nosed youth who had been "poured on board" the night of their departure; yesterday he had walked the deck morosely, but he was apparently reviving. Miss D'Amido whispered something to him, and he looked over at the Smiths with curious eyes. Adrian was new enough at being a celebrity to turn self-consciously away.

"There's a little roll. Do you feel it?" Eva demanded.

"Perhaps we'd better split a pint of champagne."

While he gave the order a short colloquy was taking place at the other table; presently a young man rose and came over to them.

"Isn't this Mr. Adrian Smith?"

"Yes."

"We wondered if we couldn't put you down for the deck-tennis tournament. We're going to have a deck-tennis tournament."

"Why ——" Adrian hesitated.

"My name's Stacomb," burst out the young man. "We all know your—your plays or whatever it is, and all that—and we wondered if you wouldn't like to come over to our table."

Somewhat overwhelmed, Adrian laughed. Mr. Stacomb, glib, soft, slouching, waited; evidently under the impression that he had delivered himself of a graceful compliment.

Adrian, understanding that, too, replied: "Thanks, but perhaps you'd better come over here."

"We've got a bigger table."

"But we're older and more—more settled."

The young man laughed kindly, as if to say, "That's all right."

"Put me down," said Adrian. "How much do I owe you?"

"One buck. Call me Stac."

"Why?" asked Adrian, startled.

"It's shorter."

When he had gone they smiled broadly.

"Heavens," Eva gasped, "I believe they are coming over."

They were. With a great draining of glasses, calling of waiters, shuffling of chairs, three boys and two girls moved to the Smiths' table. If there was any diffidence, it was confined to the hosts; for the new additions gathered around them eagerly, eying Adrian with respect—too much respect—as if to say: "This was probably a mistake and won't be amusing, but maybe we'll get something out of it to help us in our after life, like at school."

In a moment Miss D'Amido changed seats with one of the men and placed her radiant self at Adrian's side, looking at him with manifest admiration.

"I fell in love with you the minute I saw you," she said, audibly and without self-consciousness; "so I'll take all the blame for butting in. I've seen your play four times."

Adrian called a waiter to take their orders.

"You see," continued Miss D'Amido, "we're going into a storm, and you might be prostrated the rest of the trip, so I couldn't take any chances."

He saw that there was no undertone or innuendo in what she said, nor the need of any. The words themselves were enough, and the deference with which she neglected the young men and bent her politeness on him was somehow very touching. A little glow went over him; he was having rather more than a pleasant time.

Eva was less entertained; but the flat-nosed young man, whose name was Butterworth, knew people that she did,

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A Human Body Was Washed Against Him, and Frantically He Clutched it and Was Swept With it Back Toward the Rail

GOING TO THE DOGS

By ARTHUR TRAIN

Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this. Ecclesiastes vii, 10.

ALTHOUGH I am but a few years more than fifty, I was born in an era when it was still regarded as rather classy to produce from one's waistcoat pocket a small gold toothpick and use it daintily after eating, when the spittoon was an omnipresent necessity as well as convenience, when ladies wore crinolines and bustles, when the waltz was regarded as an innovation, when one was not expected to smoke in the house but to retire to the kitchen or woodshed, when clergymen did not smoke at all, when it was a sign of elegance to carry one's hat into the parlor and keep on one's gloves when calling, and when most married ladies over thirty-five wore caps with ribbons. Does the reader have polite doubts? Let him but turn to that invaluable handbook for the socially aspiring entitled Manners that Win, published in 1880, where he may read:

"When calling, a gentleman leaves his overshoes, overcoat and umbrella in the hall, but retains his hat. The lady rises to salute and receive him, unless for some reason—age or illness—she cannot, when she retains her seat and excuses herself from rising. If she offers her hand, he takes it respectfully but does not remove his glove."

As I know this of my own knowledge to have been the prevailing mode, I believe it; otherwise I might not, since a cursory examination of more than one hundred books on etiquette has left me profoundly skeptical as to their accuracy or the personal knowledge of the authors of the subjects which they discuss. In fact, I emerged from a fortnight's perusal of detailed instructions as to the use of fish forks, the manner of conducting a lady out to dinner or into a rowboat, the proprieties of calling, the home distillation of pomatum, and how to eat an orange, with the distinct conviction that almost without exception such books are and always have been catchpenny contrivances written by hack writers in dusty libraries and compiled from all preceding lore since the days of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

The Second Annual Review of the New York Yacht Club, June 10, 1866

A Guide to Correct Habits

I ALLEGE this the more joyfully for having been able to trace not only, mind you, the same injunctions but the identical paragraphs, word for word, lifted in successive decades by assiduous authors on etiquette from their equally unscrupulous predecessors, those of the 90's filching them from those of the 80's and 70's, and these in turn having incorporated them bodily from those of the 50's and 40's. Exhaustive reading of these extraordinary treatises results in the inevitable conclusion that either manners have hardly changed at all or that their writers were hopelessly ignorant people and incorrigible thieves. The latter statement is true at any rate, for having read all about what a young lady should wear when going boating—a dashing, dangerous sport, regarded with considerable suspicion—in 1837, I picked up the identical paragraph in 1868, and happened upon the same old friend bobbing up in a most unexpected manner in a later treatise by a lady of impeccable social condition.

Usually the larceny is disguised by some alteration in the phraseology, but the source is easy to discover, although the original owner of the material be lost in the obscurity of the dim past. Thus we may learn from How to Behave, a Pocket Manual of Republican Etiquette and Guide to Correct Personal Habits, published in 1850, that "if a lady chooses to seat herself upon the ground, you are not at liberty to follow her example unless she invites you to be seated. She must not have occasion to think of the possibility of any impropriety on your part. You are her servant, protector and guard of honor. You will, of course, give her your hand to assist her in rising."

A Rosebud Party in a Fashionable Mansion on Madison Avenue, Given for Young Ladies Who Have Not "Come Out" and Who are Known in Society as "Rosebuds"

One might, perhaps, suppose that in the next twenty years, especially after the general loosening up following the Civil War, this excessive sensibility to the possible dangers of recumbency might have become somewhat mitigated. But no! In The Bazar Book of Decorum, a Treatise on Etiquette, published by Harpers in 1870, we are emphatically instructed by the author, Robert Tomes, M.D., "if you are walking with a woman in the country—ascending a mountain or strolling by the bank of a river—and your companion, being fatigued, should choose to sit upon the ground, on no account allow yourself to do the same, but remain rigorously standing. To do otherwise would be flagrantly indecorous and she would probably resent it as the greatest insult."

Now I have no desire or inclination to quarrel with the learned medico upon the niceties of deportment of sixty years ago, but I find it hard to believe that any young lady would resent as an insult the fact that, having decided to sit down, her escort should do the same, although I well remember when it was not considered good form for a gentleman caller to seat himself upon the sofa beside his hostess. It seems to me that Doctor Tomes is perhaps overparticular in sex relationships, even while tending to conciliate some of his readers in other respects. It is true that he lays down the unqualified rule that "a knife should never on any account be put into the mouth," but lest he may tread on some of his readers' toes he makes the propitiatory explanation: "Many even well-bred people in other particulars think this an unnecessary regulation, but when we consider that it is a rule of etiquette, and that its violation causes surprise and disgust to many people, it is wisest to observe it."

A Circle of Ninety Degrees

AS AN assiduous reader of books on etiquette who here, for the first time in a century, finds an author taking a semiapologetic attitude about the knife rule, I wish to protest. I am satisfied that well-bred people in the United States have never regarded it as an unnecessary regulation in the cause of personal safety and I can cite authorities to that effect as early as 1810, or even a century or so earlier.

I feel the more strongly about the matter by reason of Doctor Tomes' excessive accuracy in other respects; notably the arc which should be described by a gentleman's hat in salutation: "When you salute a lady or a gentleman to whom you wish to show particular respect, in the street, you should take your hat entirely off and cause it to describe a circle of at least ninety degrees from its original resting place."

At the Russian Ball in the Supper Room of the Academy, New York City

These humorless books on etiquette, besides rehearsing the same stale anecdotes, the same stilted quotations from Lord Chesterfield's letters, and the same sententious adaptations of the antique philosophy of Polonius, are not only repetitive, redundant and plagiaristic but seek to pad out their shopworn aphorisms with banal disquisitions on female virtue, male chivalry, temperance, the iniquity of Woman's Rights, personal cleanliness, cosmetics and the care of the skin. Their counsels run the gamut from variations on the Sermon on the Mount to eulogies upon the Saturday-night bath. They give complete instructions as to the proper course to pursue from somewhat before the cradle to well after the grave. The previously mentioned Pocket Manual of Republican Etiquette—I hasten to explain that it contains no reflections upon the manners and customs of the Democratic Party—modestly proclaims itself "an exposition of the principles of good manners; useful hints on the care of the person, eating, drinking, exercise, habits, dress, self-culture and behavior at home; the etiquette of salutations, introductions, receptions, visits, dinners, evening parties, conversation, letters, presents, weddings, funerals, the street, the church, places of amusement, traveling, and so on, with illustrative anecdotes, a chapter on love and courtship, and rules of order for debating societies." And all for the small sum of fifty cents.

Martine's Hand-Book on Etiquette and Guide to True Politeness is "a complete manual for those who desire to understand the rules of good breeding, the customs of good society, and to avoid incorrect and vulgar habits, to which is added the etiquette of courtship, marriage, domestic duties, and fifty-six rules to be observed in general society."

Poor James!

PUBLISHED the year after the ending of the Civil War, it is smug, trite and omniscient, obviously a reprint of a much older work, the author's fifty-six or fifty-seven varieties of observances indicating that he regarded good manners as so static as to be settled once and for all; and yet, because he is so nearly right in this assumption, it is not easy to pick out any particular injunction by which to date the original work. Certainly the rule against spitting does not, for it is the old faithful of every work on etiquette of the last century.

"Spitting," he says, "is a filthy habit, and annoys one in almost every quarter, indoors and out. Since vulgarity has had its way so extensively amongst us, every youth begins to smoke and spit before he has well cut his teeth."

Should the reader be inclined to accuse Mr. Martine of hyperbole, let me but refer him to what Mr. Charles William Janson, who wrote The Stranger in America, observed in 1807, which may be the origin of Mr. Martine's remark.

"Often have I, with horror, seen boys, whose dress indicated wealthy parents, intoxicated, shouting and swearing in the public streets. In the use of that stupefying weed, tobacco, aping their fathers, they smoke segars to so immoderate a degree, that sickness, and even death, has been the consequence. This is fully elucidated by the following paragraph, copied from a late newspaper, printed at Salem, in Massachusetts.

"'Died in Salem, Master James Verry, aged twelve, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by excessive smoking of segars!'"

Not Banned Even in Boston

BUT it should not be assumed that the nineteenth century had a monopoly in infant precocity. Even as I write, there has been going on in the daily press a sort of contest among parents who boast of the ability of their three, four and five year old offspring to smoke an equivalent number of cigars daily, with statements as to their favorite brands. Surely there is nothing new under the sun!

Spitting must have been almost as offensive as described by English travelers, since it is so unanimously and vividly condemned, but lest the modern reader who is accustomed only to chewers of gum should imagine that the habit was limited to the lower orders, was local in character or confined to the extreme South or West, let me quote Her Britannic Majesty's consul at that center of cultivation and refinement, the city of Boston, the Hon. Thomas C. Grattan, who had excellent opportunities for social observation and who states in his book, Civilized America, that, in 1859, at the best houses the men guests at evening dinners spat freely upon the floor. "The heavy meal at nine o'clock, the quantity of Madeira, the nuisance of the tobacco smoke, and the accompaniment of spitting on mats laid down for the occasion were too much for me."

The Amusements of Fashionable Society—Competitors at a "Soap-Bubble Party" Contesting for Prizes

And while we are on the general topic of tobacco, why not dispose of the subject by an authoritative statement from The Gentleman's Book of Etiquette, published by Mr. Cecil B. Hartley in 1860 and widely quoted as an authority.

The Etiquette of Smoking

"ONE must never smoke a pipe in the streets; one must never smoke at all in the coffeeroom of a hotel. One must never smoke, without consent, in the presence of a clergyman, and one must never offer a cigar to an ecclesiastic.

"But if you smoke or if you are in the company of smokers and are to wear your clothes in the presence of ladies afterward, you must change them to smoke in. A host who asks you to smoke will generally offer you an old coat for the purpose. You must also, after smoking, rinse the mouth well out, and, if possible, brush the teeth. You should never smoke in another person's house without leave, and you should not ask leave to do so if there are ladies in the house. When you are going to smoke a cigar you should offer one at the same time to anybody present, if not a clergyman or a very old man. You should always smoke a cigar given to you, whether good or bad, and never make any remarks on its quality."

It should be remembered that this was in 1860, and the reader will naturally observe that it was far less bother for a gentleman to pull out his plug and bite off a satisfactory chunk than to be obliged to remember and comply with all the above technicalities. And perhaps clergymen could chew!

But in spite of the fact that these books are insufferably stupid and say the same things in exactly the

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Afternoon Tea in a Fashionable Drawing-Room

THE CHINLESS MAN

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

IN THE caboose of a log train, amid kegs of rail spikes and sacks of mail, sat three men. One, in blue overalls, was obviously the conductor of the train; another, a young man in a brown business suit, must have taken the wrong train or else was riding the caboose for the novelty of it, for his face was white with the confinement of cities and his hands were far too soft ever to have known ax or pole or cant dog. The third passenger was a chinless man with round blue eyes, a scraggly mustache, and a penchant for displaying his unerring marksmanship with tobacco juice, a shot of which would go, now through the crack in the door, now out the half-open window, or now at a wandering fly on the caboose floor.

The train to which the caboose was attached climbed slowly into the mountains. Forests swept up to the skies on either hand, their leaves already turning with the first frosts of autumn. The single-track railroad wound in and out of the hills, stopped now and then to shunt off an empty flat car or to pick up a solitary passenger, who would take his seat upon a keg of spikes, say "howdy" to everyone in general and inform the conductor that Ike Murray had shot a coon, or that Aunt Martha Catlett was ailin', or that the oldest Buckley boy had had a houn' dog to die on him. To which the conductor would reply, reciting the news that the passenger that had descended at the last station but one had repeated to him.

The chinless man, calculating range and windage to a nicety, continued his marksmanship. The train jerked on, and night, early in the mountains, began to fall.

"The next stop is yours, young fellar," said the conductor.

The young man in the business suit arose and put on his overcoat. From amidst the sacks and kegs he took a brief case and a small grip, then went out to the platform. The engine shrieked mournfully, the train clanked as the brakes were applied. The young man descended.

"Hey!" he cried suddenly. "Is this the place?"

He saw before him a pile of logs, a siding with a flat car thereon, and a kind of open shed.

"Is this Heart Valley?" he repeated, looking up at the conductor.

"No," said the conductor, "the name o' this here place is Split Fork Siding."

"Ah, well, I want to go to Heart Valley." The young man made as if to board the caboose again.

"This is where you start from," advised the conductor.

He waved his hand, and the train began to creak and groan as it moved on once more.

"But where is Heart Valley?"

"Back in the hills thar!" shouted the slowly disappearing conductor.

"Is it far?"

"Yup," called the conductor faintly, "hit's right smart of a walk!"

There in that hole in the mountains it was already dark. On either side black, forbidding forest walls mounted to a still blue sky, and at the upper end of the valley could be seen a distant peak, blood-red with the rays of the setting sun. The train, puffing vigorously, disappeared from sight around a bend. There was a long pause, then the engine's shriek came faintly. Then no more.

"That There Man We Just Passed is a Turner. He's a-Settin' There in That There Bush in Case the Doniphans Come Down to Burn His Corn or Shoot Up His Cabin"

The young man put down his brief case and grip and, putting his hands upon his hips, surveyed the darkening landscape.

"Ain't we got fun!" he remarked bitterly.

A step crunched the dirt behind him. He turned about. There was a man there, occupied in tying a string about the neck of a sack. Seeing that he was observed, the man with the sack bobbed his head.

"Howdy!" said he and squirted juice. It was the chinless marksman.

"Hello!" exclaimed the young man. "I didn't see you get off here!"

"No, I reckon not."

"Listen. Do you know where Heart Valley is?"

"I don't miss it!"

"You don't miss it. Huh. Well, where is it?"

"Well, hit's back up the creek thar. Back up yonder."

"Could I walk there?"

"Yup, if yo're right stout in the legs!"

"Oh, gee!" groaned the young man. "And to think I took this job instead of a nice easy one sweeping the streets!"

"You got friends up in Heart Valley?" inquired the chinless man.

"No," replied the other, "I'm going on business. . . . Do you know a man called Steve Doniphan?"

"I don't miss knowin' him!" said the chinless man vigorously.

"Well, then, I suppose you know he was killed last week. I'm going up to see about it."

The chinless man fell back a step in surprise. He gulped, caught his chew in midcareer down his throat and brought it back to safety in his cheek once more.

"Don't you-all do it!" he gasped finally. "Them there Doniphans'll take care of their own killin's!"

"Well, I know," said the other, "but I've got to go up there just the same."

He surveyed the blue-black mountainside and the shadowy woods as if in search of a road or of some sign of human life where information as to the location of Heart Valley could be found.

"Them Turners won't 'low you to arrest none of 'em. They're the fightinest men in these here mountains!"

"Huh? I'm not going to arrest anyone! . . . What do you mean—Turner? His name is Doniphan—Steve Doniphan."

"Yup, I heard that the first time, but if Steve is dead, hit's the Turners that done done it!"

"Well, as a matter of fact, a tree did it. He was working on the logging train at Burr Gap, and the log fell off and killed him. Well, listen. Is there a hotel around here? Or any place I can hire a car?"

"Hotel? Ho-ho!" laughed the chinless man.

"Well, if there's no hotel I'll have to go up there tonight. Is there a road, or do I just make a start between the first two trees I see?"

"Thar's a road," said the chinless man, "but hit's powerful rough. You-all must have a lot of courage to go back up the mountain this time o' night!"

"You never get anywhere without it. Well, listen. Will you show me the road for five dollars?"

"No, ner fer ten neither!"

"Do you know it?"

"Yes, I know hit. Effie Doniphan that done married Steve Doniphan an' is now a widder, I used to go a-courtin' of her afore she was married."

"Well," said the young man hurriedly, "if you won't take me I'll have to find someone that will."

He picked up his grip, but had not gone three paces toward a dim clump of buildings he could see, before the other man had run after him.

"Hold on thar!" he panted. "I changed my mind. I been workin' in Elkhorn City 'n' they laid me off, so I jes sorter got out of touch with what's been goin' on here in the mountains. I'm broke. Ef you-all will give me ten dollars in advance I'll go up with you-all."

"In advance? Why in advance?"

"In case you-all meet up with an accident!"

Two hours later two mules, one bestrode by the chinless man and the other by his companion, came to an uneasy

halt and, sniffing apprehensively, exhibited a lively desire to turn about and go down the mountain the way they had come. The track they followed had come out into the open for a way, and the moon, above the opposite mountain, lighted up the winding path before them that led through a small field of stacked corn. It made a dense thicket of mountain laurel and dogwood to their right seem doubly dark.

"What's bitin' these jugheads?" muttered the young man.

He would have slammed his mule's flank with his brief case, but he remembered that mules are resentful beasts, and that it would not help matters to be deposited on the back of his neck on that mountain road while the mule went merrily back to the tumble-down stable from which he had been led.

"Who's thar?" spoke a voice from the laurel thicket.

"Jed Blaisdell!" spoke the chinless man quickly.

"Who's that with you?"

"He's a furriner. He's fixin' to go back up the mountain. I'm showin' him the way."

A shadow detached itself from the blackness of the thicket and stepped into the road, where it took on the outlines of a tall man. The moonlight winked on steel. The man had a rifle in the hollow of his arm, and the light on its polished barrel twinkled and flashed.

"What are you-all goin' up the mountain fer?" asked the shadow.

"I'm going up to find a Mrs. Doniphan," said the young man, clearing his throat. "She lost her husband a few weeks ago."

"Are you-all the insurance man?"

"Er—ahem! Yes."

"Well, well. Now I'm right pleased to meet you." The shadow shifted the rifle that flashed like a diamond and extended a huge hand. "My name's Eben Turner. Effie Doniphan, the girl you-all are a-lookin' fer, she's my sister."

"Glad to meet you," replied the young man, shaking hands. "My name's Gilbert—Daniel Gilbert. Now how can I find your sister?"

"Well, you-all won't have no trouble to find her. Jes' go on up to the Heart. They'll be a-lookin' fer you. . . . Nights are gettin' right cold, now ain't they, Jed? I been a-sittin' out here a-waitin' fer a skunk that's been after my chickens. Skunk or fox or suthin'. Weasel, maybe."

"Well, I guess we-uns better be gittin' along," said the chinless man. He whistled to his mule, and his companion's started out likewise.

"Good night!" called back Gilbert. The shadow waved its hand. There was a flash of moon on rifle barrel, then the shadow had melted back into the laurel.

"You know, that guy gave me a scare!" laughed Gilbert. "I haven't been stuck up that way since the war. Night makes things seem lots funnier than in the daytime. And he was out there laying for a fox!"

The sharp nose and retreating chin of the other did not for a second change the profile against the moon.

"Are you-all shore about this killin'?" asked this one. "How do you-all know hit was a tree killed Steve Doniphan?"

"Sure," said Gilbert; "eight or nine witnesses. Why?"

"That there man we just passed is a Turner. He's a-settin' there in that there bush in case the Doniphans come down to burn his corn or shoot up his cabin. He can watch the road too. There's a passel o' folk down at Wood River that's kin to the Doniphans, an' if they come up the mountain he'd see 'em an' maybe bust one or two of their haids."

"What are You-All Goin' Up the Mountain For?"

"Hey, listen!" cried Gilbert. "What's this all about? What do you mean, bust their heads? Who are these Turners you keep yapping about?"

"There's been two families a-mussin' up this mountainside for years—the Turners an' the Doniphans. They been a-killin' an' a-shootin' an' a-burnin' sence I was a boy. Then Effie Turner, she married Steve Doniphan. That kind of stopped it. The boys on both sides, they been to the war an' I reckon got their bellies full o' killin'. But if Steve Doniphan's dead an' the Turners is out, we-uns around here is goin' to see some powerful bad times!"

They continued their scrambling march up the mountainside. Gilbert, having been advised to "give the mule his haid," did so and found that the mule knew the path quite well. Being a young one, perhaps, or being used to traveling beside his stable mate in a wagon, he had a violent objection to walking anywhere but beside the other, which, since the path was narrow, subjected Gilbert to a lashing from all the trees they passed and to a very lively fear of slipping off the edge and down some precipice. Moreover, he was not dressed for riding, and the cold mountain wind bit at the unprotected shins that his trousers, shoved higher and higher by the rub of the stirrup leathers, left bare.

"Hi thar!"

A sudden hail from up the mountain. Again the two travelers halted, where the path skirted a stretch of open pasture, their silhouettes black against the moon.

"Who's that on them thar mules?"

"Jed Blaisdell!" shouted the chinless man

There was a sudden baying of hounds and men's voices cursing them to silence again.

"Ain't totin' your rifle, are you, Jed?" asked a voice near at hand.

"No!" said Jed quickly.

"Other fellar neither?"

"No!"

"Whar you-all fixin' to stay?"

"Well, the last time I was up here I got me a bed and a bit to eat at Aunt Gifford's. Now mebbe ——"

Two men suddenly emerged from the shadows, and one crossed the road, so that there was a man on either side of the two travelers. "What's that there other man doin' in these mountains?" asked the man who had crossed the road. "Speak up, you! What you-all want around here?"

There was a moment's pause, during which the mules fell to snatching at the grass beside the road. Gilbert leaned forward on his mule's withers.

"Who wants to know?" he inquired.

"Hey!" gasped the chinless man, and thumping his mule's ribs with his heels, he hastily removed himself from Gilbert's vicinity.

"Loud talker, ain't he?" said the man who had remained in the shadow. "Stand clear, Dan'l. I think yore field is a-goin' to get some fertilizer!"

"Hold on, Tom!" cried the other hastily. "Don't let's have no shootin' yit! Young man, I want to know who you-all are! My name's Dan'l Doniphan, and I sorter make out to be the he coon in this here patch of trees. I'm most nacherally plumb curious to know what you-all are

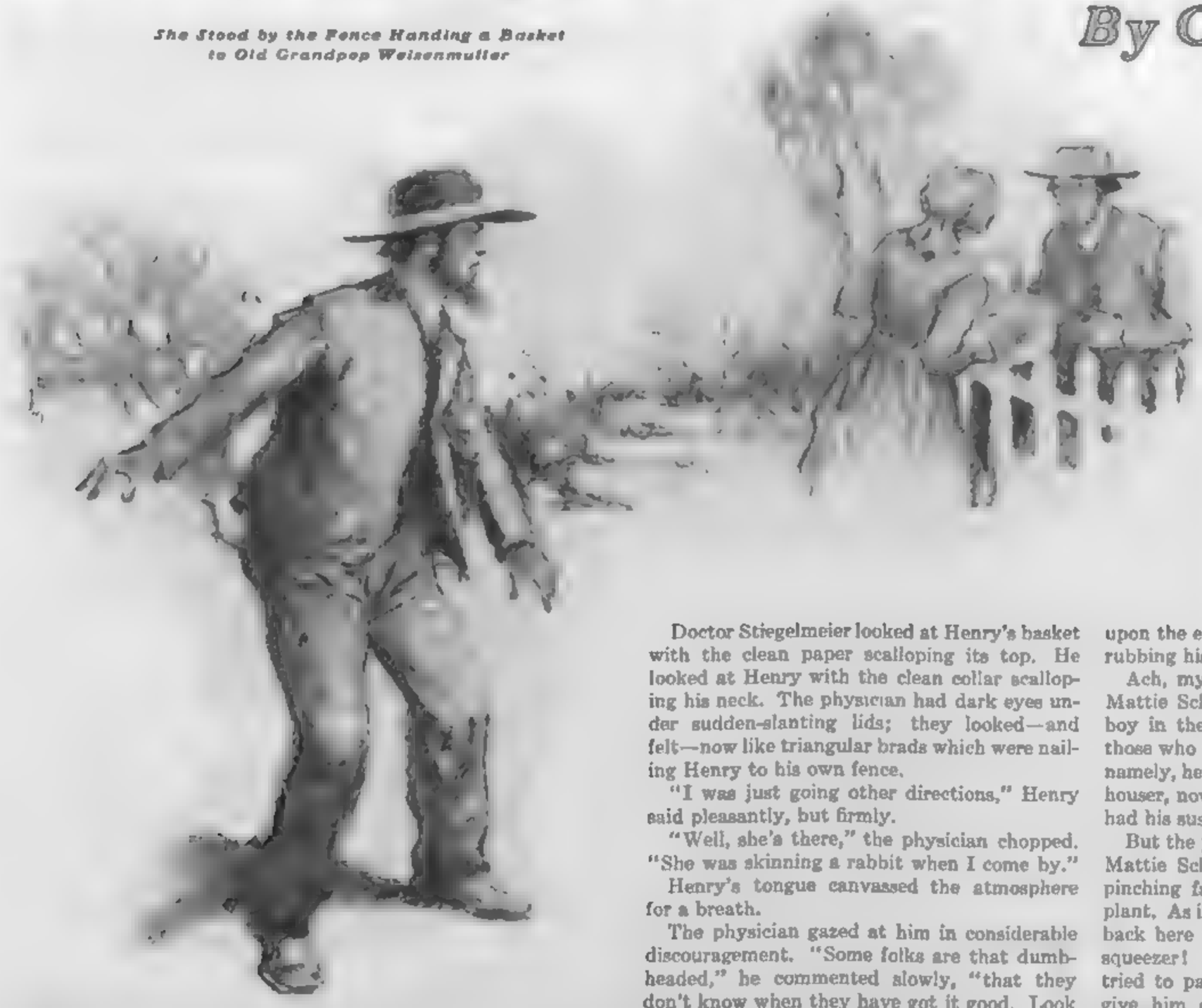
(Continued on Page 140)

"Are You-All a-Goin' to Pay for My Son or are You-All a-Goin' to Fight Him?"

ENGAGED TO THE SMALLPOX

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL



She Stood by the Fence Handing a Basket to Old Grandpop Weisenmuller

HENRY HOSSFELD stood looking at the persimmons in the little round basket, and he was content. The small fruits, each with its tiny amber belly disposed uppermost, sank cozily together in four concentric rings. They were frosted, they were luscious. There was a gift!

"So!" smiled Henry, and therewith looked not unlike a persimmon himself. He had the general coloring of the tiny wild fruit, and when he smiled his fine skin puckered softly. He had been one of those luscious, clean-looking infants which smile easily; he had always found life to his taste; and now, at thirty-nine, he was still luscious and clean-looking, and he still smiled easily. He took a round piece of wrapping paper which he had scalloped with the scissors and fitted it exactly over the persimmons. He did neat, astonishing things like that. He put his round hat upon his head, took his basket and went toward the door.

"I'll be back till a while," he said to the room at large. The room stared back vacantly and said nothing at all; only, as he opened the door, the crumpled bits of wrapping paper from which he had cut the scalloped pattern roused in alarmed susurrous and scratched like imploring fingers upon the oilcloth of the table. Did they know that Henry would not return that night nor the next?

While he was yet in his lane he espied Dr. Hugo Stiegelmeier. Henry slackened his steps. He was upon a—well, a personal errand; and then, too, Doctor Stiegelmeier knew him within and without to an uncanny, embarrassing degree. Doctor Stiegelmeier had been, indeed, the one who had spanked the breath of life into Henry, and during Henry's growing years the physician had dealt with any of Henry's organs which proved recalcitrant—always to the prompt discomfiture of the organ. The horrendous notion had once occurred to Henry that if his own stomach were held up before the omniscient Stiegelmeier, he would at once exclaim: "That there's Hossfeld's." For all these vague reasons, therefore, Henry, when he caught sight of the antique roadster, slackened his steps.

There was nothing vague about Doctor Stiegelmeier. He sighted Henry, stopped and called: "Get in!"

The round basket agitated in Henry's fist. "But I ain't going on town," he disclaimed hastily and earnestly. "I ain't going towards at all."

Doctor Stiegelmeier looked at Henry's basket with the clean paper scalloping its top. He looked at Henry with the clean collar scalloping his neck. The physician had dark eyes under sudden-slanting lids; they looked—and felt—now like triangular brads which were nailing Henry to his own fence.

"I was just going other directions," Henry said pleasantly, but firmly.

"Well, she's there," the physician chopped. "She was skinning a rabbit when I come by."

Henry's tongue canvassed the atmosphere for a breath.

The physician gazed at him in considerable discouragement. "Some folks are that dumbheaded," he commented slowly, "that they don't know when they have got it good. Look here, you know her pop, ain't you?"

"Her ain't him," flared Henry hotly.

"Neither blood ain't water." His eyes mused over Henry's neat fields. "You got a good farm, ain't you? None better. And you farm it good. Ain't that enough?"

Henry looked suddenly as stubborn as a frosted persimmon can look.

"Ach, well," sighed the other. "What does it make to talk? You're like one of your own mules, Henry—slubby-lookin' at the face, but a hard kicker at the heels." He stared at Henry for a silent moment, then squared about. "Well, everybody has dare to take poison if they feel for it, I guess." He reached for the gear shift. "Only just don't go running yourself into the smallpox anyhow. It's handy to you now."

"Handy? Handy oncet?" Curiosity impelled Henry's legs after the starting vehicle. "Has the smallpox come into this district then?"

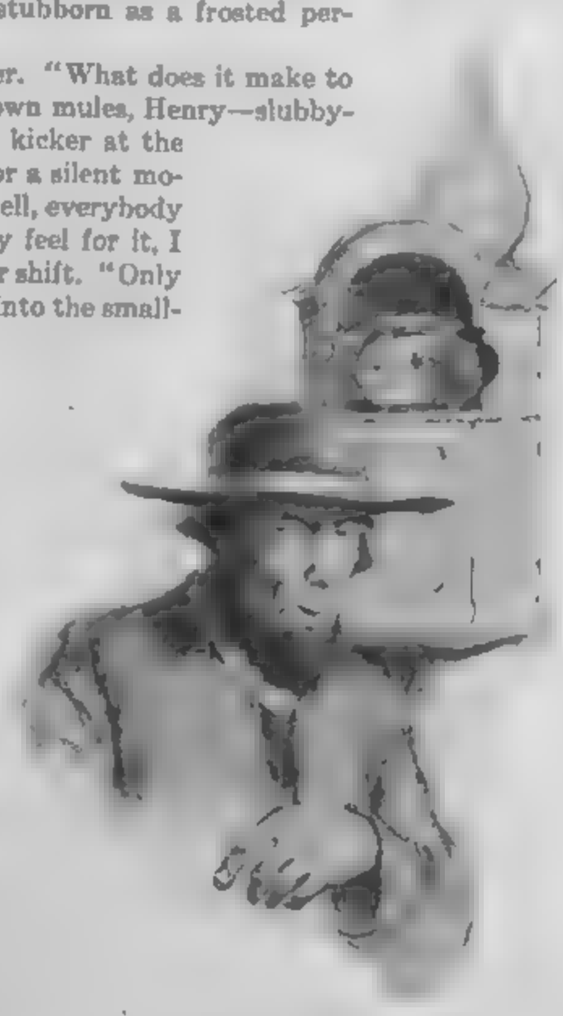
"The Zooks are down. And I just quarantined Hettie Stoltzfus."

"Stoltzfus?" Henry clapped fingers to his cheek. "Why, then I—I was there—I could maybe ——"

"You was there?" The physician abruptly applied brakes. "When was you there?"

"I could be engaged to the smallpox then," cried Henry in solemn agitation. "It ain't only a few days that I was there. Ach, when was it anyhow? It was only four, five days—or, no, I guess it was a week behind. Yes, it was behind last Sunday, anyhow. Saturday, I guess, then."

"Saturday? You ain't got need to worry then," reassured the other. "She didn't feel anything at her till two days back. And, anyway, the form it's in it ain't anything much but the varioloid. No, you can save your worry this time."



Mr. Ridenbach Did Not Waste Anything, Even Language

What an escape! Henry, as he trudged on his way, felt solemn, thankful. He began to feel joyous, thankful. Here he was, in full health on this bright afternoon, on his way to the Widow Schnapp's, and with a toothsome offering in his little basket. It had been neat—this idea of conveying her a gift upon a Wednesday afternoon—for it was upon a Wednesday night that Otto Strobel always called. Henry's blue eyes grew serious as he thought of Strobel; unseeing, he stubbed a toe. But he believed he was pulling in ahead of Strobel. Hadn't she almost indicated as much when he had presented his eggs last Monday night? How her eyes had sparkled upon the eggs and upon him! Yes, anyhow! Henry began rubbing his palm pleasurably up and down his trouser leg.

Ach, my, it was now like the old schooldays to have Mattie Schnapp once more upon Pumpkin Hill! Every boy in the school had wanted Mattie Ridenbach then; those who were wife-loose wanted Mattie Schnapp now—namely, he and Otto Strobel; and, yes, maybe Joe Biedenhouser, now that his wife had died away for him. Henry had his suspicions of Joe.

But the physician; how had he dared to insinuate that Mattie Schnapp was of the same stripe as her penny-pinching father? Henry struck viciously at a calamus plant. As if it weren't hard enough for her to have to come back here in her widowhood to live with the old nickel squeezer! Stiegelmeier had better look a little out; if he tried to pass off any such remarks again, Henry would give him some strong back talk—yes, anyhow, if he wouldn't!

Henry's thoughts were pushing him up Pumpkin Hill at a furious rate. He slowed, consciously; somehow he didn't want to see Mattie Schnapp skinning a rabbit. Henry himself had an obsession against taking life. He had never shot a rabbit; he had been inveigled once into skinning one and he had never forgotten the helpless feeling of the soft, dead fur. No, he wouldn't have it that Mattie's little hands had ever been engaged in that bloody business.

Mrs. Schnapp was not skinning a rabbit. She was sitting—as she should be sitting—in the kitchen doing her fancywork for the Woman's Exchange; and she looked—as she always looked—as though she had just donned a freshly ironed gingham dress. She was a person sketched in small deliberate lines; no line was shorter or longer than it should be. Her mouth was short and firm; her nose was short and straight; her hair curtained her forehead in crisp neat scallops, three scallops upon a side. Her coloring was decisive: Red lips, pink cheeks, black hair.

Henry, pleasuring for a moment upon her through the window upon the porch, thought vaguely once more of that china doll his older sister had had; a firm-bodied, unapproachable doll which had held his infant mind in admiring awe. The doll, by the way, was still in his sister's trunk; no child had ever presumed to break it.

"And it was you then!" Mrs. Schnapp greeted as she opened the door. "Well, now, look!"

"It's me," exulted Henry.

"You dare come right in," encouraged the widow. "Pick you a chair and set down."

Henry sat down. She sat down. He placed the little basket upon the floor; that would make pleasing climax

in its own time. He smiled at the larger objects in the room—the stove, the table, the sewing machine. Speech was always difficult for him.

Mrs. Schnapp, over her fancywork, looked from the basket to Henry and back to the basket.

"You wouldn't be packing me another present, I should hope," she surmised.

"I could be," equivocated Henry. "Why not?" That was, now, unexpectedly witty. He laughed aloud. "I seen your pop digging out his potatoes in the bottom, and he was handling himself with a pitchfork. Ain't that some slow towards a hoe?"

"The hoe makes a waste. It cuts into such ones," the widow explained succinctly. With her needle she was startling into life a red rose upon a bath towel. "But, like I say, what's difference if it's one bushel or if it's two yet? It's free-handed folks where makes with me. Now that's the reason I guess you got something in the basket for me."

Henry's knees leaped in transport. So she thought he was free-handed—and she liked folks that way! "Guess then!" he came back in dizzy repartee.

"Eggs," said the widow promptly.

The smile fled Henry's visage. "Well, no. Not exactly. Not exactly eggs. It's October," he reminded hastily; "and my hens are like yours; they ain't letting them down, just so good." It would not be delicate to go on saying that ever since he had discovered her insatiable predilection for eggs he had devoted to her the entire output of his coops. He lifted the basket and removed the paper. "But it's something I bet you ain't had any yet this year." He carried it to her. "The frost has just nice and caught them."

"Persimmons," said the widow, and for a chilling instant the frost seemed to have caught her voice also. "Thanks," she said in the same flat tone and meditated upon the pot-bellied little fruits. She picked up her needle and stabbed the heart of the rose.

Henry still stood holding the basket. "But don't you care to sample none?"

"I don't pick a piece between meals," said Mrs. Schnapp. But immediately she laughed. Oh, she was a merry one! She looked at Henry, who had resumed his seat, and she said: "But that's an awful cute little basket. Awful cute it is."

Henry's elbows hitched in panic. He had not intended to give the basket!

"That's from grandmom, that basket," he contrived. "She painted them tulips onto it herself."

"It's one of them old relics then!" Mrs. Schnapp's eyes sparkled. "Thanks."

Henry's fingers made a grasping motion. He couldn't let the basket go—not entirely! "It could be our basket maybe," he compromised desperately.

He was astonished to behold Mrs. Schnapp lay down her embroidery; he was astonished to see her neat head cock suddenly sidewise; he was astonished to see her eyes twinkle upon him in roguish—speculation, was it? His breath caught in his throat; he strangled after it.

"Well, now," said the Widow Schnapp softly, "our basket.... You ain't meaning, I suppose, to propose for my hands?"

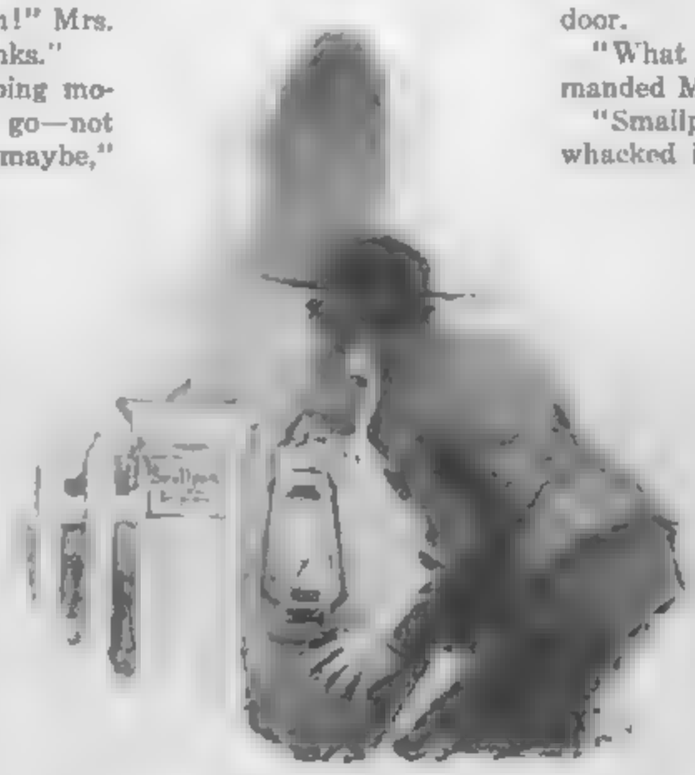
Had he proposed? Or hadn't he? He hadn't meant to, but he was meaning to—yes, he was meaning to.

"Yes," croaked Henry.

"Well, now," meditated the lady, picking at a hangnail.

Henry's knees stiffened together like the apex of a tent. All his intelligence seemed to have gone into his knees; they lifted his feet off the floor.

"To be sure, we have always been very associable together." She looked at Henry at that moment, and his feet oozed from his control. They fell, like things soggy with rapture, to the floor. "But, of course, anything as important as what this is ——"



A Lantern Came Bobbing Along the Road. It Stopped

And in that moment of breathless crisis came the tap of doom upon an outer portal. It was a loud, hollow tap; it fetched the widow out of her chair, her scissors clattered.

"It's Doc Stiegelmeier. But what is the colored paper he is pasting at the gate?"

She went to the door. Henry got to the door.

"What is that there yellow thing?" demanded Mrs. Schnapp.

"Smallpox sign." Doctor Stiegelmeier whacked its second corner. "Quarantine."

"Smallpox onct!" shrilled the lady. "What do you mean—smallpox?"—and zoomed down the front walk.

"Hossfeld there has been exposed to the smallpox. You got to keep him by you."

"Smallpox?" The lady spun upon Henry, then hissed like a hot iron from him. "Get away! What was you coming here for? But quarantine? Get away from here then; make away quick with you!"

"But I ain't ——" howled Henry. "You said yourself I ——"

"He can't get out, for I ain't leaving him out," said the medical gentleman firmly. "Nobody can get either in or out from these premises till I give dare." He fixed his triangular brads upon Mrs. Schnapp, nailing her for the moment motionless to her walk. "You could be exposed yourself by this time."

At the doctor's last remark the lady uttered the moan of the dying.

"But I ain't got anything at me!" cried Henry, his indignant eyes upon the visitor. "You said yourself I wasn't ——" *(Continued on Page 147)*

"You Wouldn't be Packing Me Another Present, I Should Hope," She Surmised. "I Could be," Equivocated Henry. "Why Not?"

CAPTAIN DOLLAR—By Ernest Poole

IN THAT year of 1912, though he was sixty-eight, Captain Dollar had traveled 14,000 miles by water and 29,400 by land. And he was glad to be home for Christmas with his family. In his diary New Year's Eve, he wrote:

During this year our business has grown and expanded beyond expectations. This is especially true of our trade in China, for which we give thanks to Almighty God, as without His help it never could have come about.

But in spite of his success over there, he no longer felt it safe to build all his hopes on the Orient. He had opened an office in London for his growing lumber trade, and now he opened one in New York, for he had begun to pioneer with redwood and Oregon fir on the Atlantic seaboard; and besides, for his coastwise ships, he foresaw an immense increase of the commerce between coasts when the Panama Canal should open in 1914. The same event would mean a vast growth of trade with the Orient, he believed; but to get our share of that, we should have an American merchant marine. He declared in a speech about this time:

"What a sad commentary on our Congress to say that they built a canal costing $400,000,000, and yet by their laws prohibited American citizens from building ships to use it in the foreign trade. In 1862 we had the largest and far the best lot of ships of any nation. At that time we had 2,496,900 tons in the foreign trade alone. According to the latest report, we now have less than 500,000 . . . and strange to say, there are over 1,800,000 tons of shipping owned by American citizens, which by our unreasonable laws are now compelled to run under foreign flags and under foreign register."

The Dollar Lumber Company, Hankow, China

As Idle as a Painted Ship

HIS own vessels in the coastwise trade, protected from foreign competition, were under the American flag, but most of the seven or eight big steamers he ran to the Orient were still under foreign register. For, to get American register, a ship must have been built over here, where it cost about twice as much as abroad, and so handicapped the owner with foreign competitors right at the start. And there were other handicaps. Our Government measured a ship's capacity larger than did anyone else; and so, when she went to a foreign port, she paid from 20 to 30 per cent more tolls than her foreign rivals. There were long delays in inspection too.

"The British inspected their vessels," he said, "part at a time, in several ports, but our Government, in those days, made us wait till they could inspect the whole ship. I had one in Honolulu once, and her certificate had expired, so she was ordered to wait right there. The local inspector refused to act. We telegraphed Washington and at last they agreed to send their chief inspector from San Francisco. But all that time our ship and crew were kept waiting till he arrived."

For years he had urged our Government to abolish or relieve these and minor regulations which he felt were largely to blame for the decline of our shipping off shore. But far from granting such relief, Congress added more restrictions by passing the so-called Seamen's Bill early in March, 1915. On many vessels at that time the seamen had good cause for complaint, for the old stokeholes of those days were often little floating infernos. Moreover, they were out of date. We have beaten the world by increasing production through labor-saving machinery. The real American cure for the stoker is to abolish him, and this is gradually being done in the oil-burning ships of today. But at that time it was not so, and the seamen's union tried their cure.

Their leader, Andrew Furuseth, was a big dramatic figure. The captain told me in one of our talks: "He is an absolutely honest Norwegian fanatic!" He put through the Seamen's Bill, and its first result was increased pay.

To show what a difference this bill made, Captain Dollar gave this comparison, in a speech that he made soon afterward: "I took three ships of about the same size. I have the records in my books. One was an American ship, one British and one Japanese. The Japanese ship we chartered, but the other two I owned. The wages on the American ship were $39,240 a year; on the British, $15,696; and on the Japanese, $9324."

Other requirements in the bill were that 65 per cent of the crew should be able-bodied seamen and that they receive a part of their pay at each foreign port of call. Captain Dollar illustrated the results by describing an experience of the Pacific Mail Company.

"The first port being Honolulu," he said, "the men got their money and forgot to come back, thereby delaying the sailing a day. At Yokohama, the same thing was repeated, and the ship had to sail without a full crew and had to pay some of their fares on the railroad to take them to Kobe. A reception was being held on the ship to Japanese merchants, when a free-for-all fight occurred from the effects of whisky. This so exasperated the company that it hired a Chinese crew and paid the passage of the Americans back home. So much for the people making laws when they have no idea of what the results will be."

Captain Dollar in 1868

Sea Linguists

NOT long afterward, in Japan, he met a group of ship owners who had before them a Japanese translation of the Seamen's Bill. And they looked immensely pleased.

"Truly now we have control of the Pacific Ocean," they said; "not so much by our own efforts as by this act of your Congress."

It seemed at first that they were right; for soon after the bill went into effect most of the few ships we had left on the Oriental routes were either sold or transferred to the protected routes on our coasts. As for the Dollar vessels—though most of them in the foreign trade were run under the British flag—they were not exempt from the new law; for even on foreign ships in our ports the bill provided a language test and required that the crews on board should be able to understand the language of their officers. Since Captain Dollar's crews at the time, like those on many other ships, were largely Orientals, they found it hard to pass this test. There were other restrictions, too, and at first our Government tried to enforce them.

"I thought they meant business," the captain said, "and so, later, I moved my terminal from San Francisco up to Vancouver for my ships in the foreign trade. Afterward I saw my mistake. For our Government to have enforced those provisions against foreign vessels here would have meant war. No nation would have stood it.

Realizing this later on, I asked President Wilson to enforce that part of the bill. 'Enforce it to the letter,' I said, 'and so show it up as impractical.'

"'I can't do it,' he replied. 'It would tie up most of the deep-water vessels sailing from our ports today. What would become of our foreign trade?'"

But meanwhile President Wilson had put through another bill which provided some measure of relief. For long before this the situation of

shipping all over the globe had been changed. When the war broke out in 1914, its effects were instantaneous. The world's shipping was tied up; and since we had no American ships, our foreign commerce came to a stop. To remedy this state of affairs the President called some fifty or sixty shipping men to Washington. And Captain Dollar was one of them.

"The meeting was called by Secretary McAdoo," he told me. "We met in the Treasury Building and the President spoke to us. 'Foreign ships with American cargoes are tied up in ports all over the world and dare not go to sea,' he said. 'Our foreign trade is paralyzed. So I've come to stay here all day with you men and see if we can't find a way out.' Then McAdoo told how our foreign commerce was also tied up through lack of banking facilities. For we had no banks abroad at that time; and the banks of Europe, hard hit by the war, were in no shape to help us out. Mr. J. P. Morgan sat next to me and he was asked first how he could help. 'We will furnish tomorrow $100,000,000 to help buy bills of exchange,' he said, 'so that cargoes afloat may be financed.' Another man offered $25,000,000, and others various smaller amounts.

"'Gentlemen, I'm dumfounded!' Wilson exclaimed after that. 'I had thought this problem was almost impossible, but half of it is solved right now. For the other half, I suggest that you shipping men appoint four of your number to draft for me an emergency bill allowing you to transfer to our register ships now under foreign flags, so that they may be used in our foreign trade.' I was appointed one of the four; and before he went back to the White House the President met with us in a smaller room close by. 'Draft a law that will let us do what is needed, and give it to me tonight,' he said. 'And it will be passed in the Senate and House at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.' It took us only two or three hours, for it was no lawyer's bill. The President approved it that night, and the Emergency Shipping Bill was passed by Congress the next day. It allowed American citizens to register under our flag foreign ships for foreign trade only."

Though the pay to the crews would be high as before, this was more than offset soon by the rapidly rising war sea tariffs. At first, however, not many Americans took advantage of the new law; for it was to be in force only while the war was on, and after that they would be left with the vessels on their hands, to meet the same foreign competition that had been ruinous before. Moreover, most of them believed that the war would soon be over. But Captain Dollar did not agree.

Crooked Work

"I BELIEVED that the Germans would win the first round, but that then all Europe would get together in an effort to put them down," he said. "And that would be a long, slow job."

So he transferred some of his vessels at once to American register. One of the first was the Robert Dollar, and she very nearly came to disaster on the first trip. He had chartered her out to an Eastern firm to take coal from Norfolk, Virginia, to Java or Manila, down around the Cape of Good Hope. But her British captain telegraphed from Norfolk that he had been told to put in at Pernambuco, Brazil, for orders from the charterers. The message was telephoned late at night out to Captain Dollar at San Rafael.

"I smelled a rat at once," he told me, "and promptly got in touch with my son. 'Stanley,' I asked, 'what are these fellows up to here? Why should they put in the charter a clause allowing them to touch at Brazil, hundreds of miles off their course? If they want orders, why not stop to get them at the Cape of Good Hope?' I had already read in the papers that the German fleet in the Pacific was coming through the Strait of Magellan, into the South Atlantic. They'd be in need of coal, of course, and I guessed that our ship was to meet them down there.

"'We're in a serious fix,' I thought. 'Here we own a British ship, put it under the American flag and then use it to give coal to the Germans. Suppose it should meet the British fleet?' I got hold of the two young brokers here who had been the charterers, acting for an Eastern firm. 'What are you boys up to?' I asked. 'It looks to me like crooked work!' No, it was all straight, they said. 'Then let her get her orders at the Cape of Good Hope!' I cried. And when they stuck to their charter right to put in at Pernambuco, I said: 'Boys, you don't fool me for a minute! This thing is about as straight as a pig's tail in a storm at sea!'"

The Library Given by Robert Dollar in 1882 to His Birthplace, Falkirk, Scotland

Under Two Flags

"I WIRED in code to our captain at Norfolk: 'There's something wrong. Look out for it We must comply with the charter, because the money has been paid down. So go to Pernambuco. But don't go in there; stay outside.' The captain was British and gladly obeyed. When he lay to, off Pernambuco, three Germans came out in a small boat and handed him his orders—to go to Montevideo. When he refused, they offered a bribe of $5000 in gold, but in a remarkably short space of time three badly messed up Teutons went down over the side of his ship and she proceeded on her way So the German fleet went hungry for a fine cargo of Pocahontas coal."

This was in the autumn of 1914. A few weeks earlier he had sent another ship from San Francisco with 5,000,000 feet of lumber, the first of 40,000,000 feet that he was to deliver at Toronto for the Canadian Government

"The Panama Canal had just been opened," he told me, "and our vessel was to be one of the first ships to go through. But one night at San Rafael I got a cable from Goethals that said: 'There's a slide in the Culebra Cut and no vessel can get through.' So I wired our captain to go down around the Horn. The ship was under the British flag; and coming up the other coast she was chased by a German cruiser, but got safely into Rio. This was in August and the Emergency Shipping Bill had just been passed, so I cabled our captain in Rio to put her under American register. Our consul down there took his time, six weeks went by and she wasn't cleared, and our contract with Canada had a time clause in it. Therefore, fearing he'd be late, our captain got the British consul at Rio to clear her. Then out he went.

"But he had cabled me of his move, and that cable worried me. I wired the British ambassador at Washington and he got in touch with the Admiralty with the result that when our vessel ran to the Barbudos for coal, the British collector of customs there was instructed to enter her as a British ship and clear her as an American, and to do it without delay. So she got up to Canada with the lumber in good time. Later I sent them two more cargoes—about 15,000,000 feet in all. The other 25,000,000 feet I delivered over the C. P. The railroad rate was double what it used to cost to ship by sea, so I took a heavy

(Continued on Page 113)

Bulletin Boards in San Francisco's Chinatown

A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

II

MR. ONDERDONK was giving his secretary the benefit of a long and appraising look. "I wish you'd ask Mr. Reagan to please be kind enough to give you all he has on Fawcett & Tribble and bring it to me with their offering. You say you wouldn't recommend its acceptance?"

"Not on that collateral, sir," Teddy replied. "Yesterday Glykeron fell two points below the advance over the estimate, and now it's one point below the estimate. Mr. Willis says it's on account of the rumor of litigation. If the Dayton interests do begin suit, there's going to be a further drop, and there's quite a chance that they will. That would certainly wipe out our profit, and might mean a loss."

"In other words, you wouldn't gamble," said Mr. Onderdonk. "Well, you're right to a certain extent, but I guess we'll have to take a little risk, if my recollection of the report is right. And here's why."

He opened a drawer, quickly fingered over a file inside, and took out a manila envelope, which he tossed over to Teddy. "Look at that," said he. "There's a list of risks that we took last year—gambles. Foots up to quite a respectable amount, doesn't it? Well, every one of those was doubtful and we knew it, and knowing it, we took our chances. There were only five out of the lot, as you will see, that we lost money on, and only two that were total losses. You'll see the amount in the left-hand corner. But to offset all those losses, we gained or kept valuable customers whose business with us has been mighty profitable."

Teddy was impressed, but he ventured to say that his idea of conservative banking had been rather jolted. He had conceived that a banker's guiding principle was safety first.

"It is," Onderdonk told him. "First, last and all the time, but the application of the principle must be elastic. The risk, of course, is to be limited by surplus and resources—I mean, what the banker can well afford to lose, and then only when the gain is commensurate and probable. That's just a hint. Now get the dossier."

Teddy brought it to him, but he waved it away. "Read it over," he said, and when Teddy had done so and again offered his chief the papers, the latter again made a gesture of refusal. "Well, what shall we do about it?" he asked. "This doesn't go before the loan committee."

"That's for you to say, sir," Teddy replied.

"What shall we do about it?" Mr. Onderdonk repeated sharply. "I'm going to let you decide. Speak up!"

This was another of Mr. Onderdonk's jokes, of course—or was it? He looked quite serious. But the idea was absurd. "I don't think I'd care to take the responsibility of deciding," Teddy said, smiling.

"Are you afraid of responsibility?" Mr. Onderdonk asked. "Because if you haven't any confidence in yourself you can hardly expect anybody else to have confidence in you. I've been laboring under the impression lately that you had a fair quality of brains and tolerably good judgment. I've been mistaken, have I?"

There was a note of contempt in his voice, and it stung to the quick. "Not at all, sir," Teddy replied, surprising himself by his quietly firm and positive manner. "We're going to accommodate them if you leave it to me."

"You Certainly are Amusing," She Told Him. "That Sweet Innocence of Yours is One of Your Greatest Charms. Do You Know That?"

"That's your considered opinion, is it?" asked old poker face. "You're quite sure? Wouldn't like to think it over a little and decide tomorrow?"

"I've decided," said Teddy. Joke or no joke, he wasn't going to be bluffed. Onderdonk took the original offering of Messrs. Fawcett & Tribble, spread it before him and scrawled across it: "Approved. H. B. O."

"Give that to Reagan," he said.

So that was that. Teddy had an unusual power of concentration on the matter at hand, whatever it happened to be, or he would hardly have got through with the rest of his day's work as well as he did. Once settled, he dismissed Fawcett & Tribble from his mind as he had already dismissed Phœbe Onderdonk. He had been very determined not to see Phœbe again. Common sense had told him that it would do him no good but a great deal of harm to see her, and when common sense spoke to Teddy it was his habit to listen respectfully and heedfully. Yet here she had come to him, and of set purpose—and, oh, boy, how lovely she was!—and how gay, how enticing, exasperating, tantalizing, unguessable, and yet sweet in the face of his boorish stolidity! He had to recall every word that she had said, picture every graceful movement that she had made—perched there on the desk—on her father's knee—and then: "On Sunday afternoon then, Mr. Dunne."

Why had he told Mr. Onderdonk that he would be glad to come? He didn't have to. It would have been easy enough to plead a previous engagement and decline. He had no idea that Mr. Onderdonk would derive any pleasure from his visit, as intimated; it was with no purpose of currying favor with the boss that he had accepted so promptly. Teddy was incapable of such a thing as that. He had not even asked himself whether he wanted to fly in the face of common sense and expose himself to more torment, and yet that "I'll be glad to come, sir," had slipped out on the instant, much as if another person altogether had spoken, using him for a mouthpiece—a person who was gladly, eagerly jumping at the chance. Why had he not considered a little before answering so foolishly?

Another important decision had followed on the heels of that. Teddy now began to realize what he had done and ask himself why he had allowed Onderdonk to force him to accept a responsibility that he had declared himself unwilling to take. He might have answered his chief's taunt by saying that he hesitated only on account of his inexperience, that responsibility was a thing of growth—or should be—that there was no emergency to justify this sudden thrusting of so great a burden upon unaccustomed shoulders. In the name of Pete, what kind of an idiotic whim had seized H. B. O.? But had the old fox really left the decision to his humble underling? If he, Teddy, had answered "We'll turn 'em down," wouldn't Onderdonk have written "Approved. H. B. O." just the same?

Teddy tried to make himself believe that, but in spite of the supporting evidence of the risk list, he failed. Something told him that it was the humble underling and none other who had accommodated Messrs. Fawcett & Tribble and that, had the humble underling chosen, the morrow's mail would have brought sad tidings to F. & T. It certainly did seem as if the highly respected vice president was a trifle batty at odd times. Nevertheless, Teddy took comfort in the thought that he had decided according to his best judgment in the matter. If things went wrong, well, he should worry.

But in the days that followed, Teddy did worry quite a little. That he worried about his impending visit to Lake Forest says itself. That he worried over the material and the fitting of the suit that he had ordered from Bill Grimmey's expensive tailor was apparent, even to his parents. At first this highway robber had been doubtful whether he could fill the order on so short a notice. When Teddy said he would have to try elsewhere, he reconsidered and promised solemnly on his honor as a tailor and a gentleman that the suit would be delivered Saturday evening sure. In spite of that, Teddy retained his personal doubts to the moment that he was informed over the phone that "the boy is on the way over right now, Mr. Dunne."

That wasn't all. Looking at the stock quotations in the next morning's paper, Teddy found that Glykeron had fallen two more points. Well, he had foreseen that. He had warned Onderdonk. This was probably the beginning of the end, and that stock was the principal item in the

collateral. He ought to have stuck to his first opinion that, to warrant a loan, securities should be secure. What if this crumbling continued to a complete disintegration? And so on and so forth to the final bankruptcy of Fawcett & Tribble and a total loss to the bank.

He made no mention of the decline to Mr. Onderdonk. There could be no doubt that Mr. Onderdonk knew all about it, although he said nothing, either to Teddy or to Mr. Denison when the latter came in with the bookkeeper's statement for the morning conference. He seemed to be in good spirits, too, and, later on, addressed Teddy as "Traddles" and seemed much amused when the young man, to whom the allusion was not new, raised his hand to the back of his head.

"I was afraid, at first, that it was going to irritate me," said Mr. Onderdonk as Teddy grinned at him. "That tuft of hair seems to be the one thing about you that refuses to conform. Not that I'm a nonconformist myself," he continued genially. "There was a time, I admit, when I was prone to wander from the beaten path and thumb my nose at convention, but that was in the hot heyday of youth mostly. Now I have only an occasional impulse to kick over the traces, and seldom yield to it. I may be fairly described as orthodox in all things, with only such lapses as the frailty of human nature renders inevitable. You and I, Dunne, are no longer young. Wisdom has been vouchsafed to us, eh? Peace and prosperity and existing conditions. Let sleeping dogs lie and well enough alone. Isn't that about right?"

"I suppose so, sir," Teddy answered discreetly, wondering at the same time what the deuce his chief was driving at. "Some more of his kidding, but I don't get it, and, anyway, it has nothing to do with the clearing house. Let's get busy and not waste time."

No more time was wasted however. A moment later, and you would have thought that Mr. Onderdonk had never been guilty of such a thing as kidding in a long life devoted exclusively to serious business. At the close of the market Glykeron had recovered the two points that it had dropped, which meant nothing, except that nothing was settled about the Dayton matter. There was still plenty of excuse for worrying. Nevertheless, Teddy was not so occupied with his doubts and fears as to ignore a display of neckties in a haberdasher's shop window on his way to the station. He had almost forgotten about a tie to go with the new suit. It was one of these shops that don't mark their prices on things, and you know what that means: An appeal to customers to whom money is no object if they get what they want, and money had always been an object to Teddy. But it was easily seen that there was class to this display; some mighty attractive patterns, though perhaps a trifle gaudy. Well, it wouldn't do any harm to go in and look at them and inquire the price.

So he went in and spent so much time making a selection that he felt quite apologetic to the distinguished-looking elderly salesman, in spite of that gentleman's patient air. "Well, I think I'll take that one," he said at last, as the ambassador dexterously knotted a beautiful creation of red and brown for his admiration. It certainly looked like a knock-out, and yet—well, you really couldn't tell much about a tie until you put it on. It looked as if it would go all right with the suit, but —— Why couldn't he ever make a quick decision? He began to realize that this inability was his great weakness. There was a blue that he hadn't noticed before that—too late! The salesman had made out the check and was putting the tie into an envelope. Teddy picked up the blue.

"I'll take this one too," he said snappily.

But a habit of quick and final decision is not so easily acquired. There was still the question which of the two ties he should wear. The suit came, according to promise, on that Saturday evening, and was a bitter disappointment. The cloth looked no more like the stuff that the tailor had draped over him and rippled over his hand than the style resembled the plate of the latest from Savile Row that Teddy had chosen, or than Teddy resembled the shapely young aristocrat depicted in the style book. Punk! You couldn't put your finger on any particular fault or omission, and perhaps the cloth was the same, but —— He got out a fresh collar and put on the blue necktie. Very ordinary! He tried the brown and red. Not much better, if any—or wasn't it?

His mother called to him: "How is it, Teddy? Come down and let me see."

Her almost unbounded admiration cheered him a little. "It's just lovely! I think that's the most becoming suit you ever had! It certainly pays to go to a good tailor, if you can afford it. Turn around and let me see how it fits around the shoulders. Perfect!"

"Honest, mother? You're not spoofing me? I think it's shaped in too much at the waist, and the lapels don't look right. Don't you think the sleeves are too long?"

"I think they're exactly the right length. You know they draw up a little after you've worn the coat. Come and let father see. He won't mind being disturbed this once."

Professor Dunne looked up from his growing manuscript, A Brief Survey of Persian Literature and its Influence on Medieval Europe, later published in three volumes by the University Press. He seemed to have some difficulty in shifting from the immortal Shahnamah to a three-button sack

"Yes, yes," he said. "A new suit. I see, I see. Very nice indeed."

"But you aren't looking!" cried his wife. "I want you to look at it. Now you just put down that pen for a moment. That old book isn't such a life-and-death matter for five minutes. See what a wonderful fit the tailor has given your son."

"Very fine indeed!" Professor Dunne agreed. "And now, my dear ——"

"You haven't seen the back. Now, Theodore, it does seem as if you'd take a little interest. . . . Don't stand between your father and the light, Teddy dear. Now don't you really think the set of the collar is unusually good?"

"Very," answered Professor Dunne absently. But suddenly a gleam of awakening came into his eyes and he laughed.

"The shining robe of the youth is as a banner waving,
He goes forth to conquer the fortified heart of a maiden."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Dunne demanded.

"A couplet of a poem perhaps erroneously attributed to Ghiyathuddin Abulfath Omar bin Ibrahim al-Khayyami, my dear. Otherwise Omar Khayyam. Who is the not impossible she, Teddy?"

"There are so many of her that it would take too much time to tell you, father," Teddy replied. "Besides which, I haven't met her and don't know her name. Well, if you people are sure you've finished inspecting me, I'll attend to a few odds and ends down in the village. Glad you liked the rags so much, father."

Hillcrest was easily found. Teddy thought it sufficiently imposing. A moderately large house in the Tudor style with a Tudor garage, set in ground whose wide stretches of

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"Now, Mr. Dunne," She Said, "Suppose Your Father Were Engaged in Wringing Blood-Stained Money From Starving Toilers ——"

Supersalesmanship and the Consumer's Dollar

By Samuel Crowther

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THE man could not be told anything about selling; he knew it all. "I learned that I was a salesman entirely by accident," he said importantly. "Many years ago I managed a little restaurant. It occurred to me that we should make more money if I had some control over what people ordered instead of having them wander all over the card. So I picked out a number of dishes in which the profits were high and made them specials. Each day I had a special and put up signs about it. If apples were cheap I would say: 'We serve the best apple pie you ever ate.' And the customers would buy apple pie that day and believe it was the best apple pie they ever ate, just because I told them so. The same thing holds true in anything you have to sell. Just tell the people it's the best and they will believe you."

That man—although at the time he talked with me he had never heard the word—was a supersalesman. His career since has been interesting. He has accumulated a great deal of what he believes to be knowledge about salesmanship. He is perfectly confident that he can sell anything, and he has had a chance to sell nearly everything, for he has never held any job longer than a year. He has a box of tricks and they all seem to take the first time they are shown. Whether manager or salesman, his record for a few months is always good. But after about six months his business begins to slow down, and in a year's time he is through and ready for new pastures. I have not seen him for quite a while, but probably by this time he knows he is a supersalesman—a high-pressure boy—and undoubtedly he must know all about the consumer's dollar, the supercompetition, and the dangerous age in which we are living.

Business may or may not move in cycles. Those who maintain that it does must continually search for new definitions of the word "cycle." Be that, however, as it may, business patter does most certainly move in cycles, and today one finds quite a number of very old notions turning up in new clothing and with new and impressive names and a solemn, learned air. Quite a number of estimable and energetic gentlemen fail to recognize these respectable newcomers as the disreputable louts that got the gate ever so long ago.

Getting the Money and Getting it First

SOMEBODY discovered the consumer's dollar and quickly concluded with razor-keen acumen that if Mr. Consumer bought one thing with that dollar he could not buy something else. This conclusion both simplified and complicated business. It simplified business by reducing the objective to getting to the dollar first. It complicated business in forcing the devising of ways and means to get to the dollar first. Now those who give the high dope to the luncheon clubs and other serious students of our times are either cheerfully outlining the marvelous reach of the nation's prosperity and pinning on rose boutonnières, or are dismally wailing about supercompetition and its consequence of supersalesmanship, and suggesting Gates Ajar as suitable floral offerings.

The consumer, it seems, is at least a boob, and may be an imbecile. Anyway, he is having the most terrible things done to him, and in a little while he will have to turn up his toes. The whole trouble starts with the consumer's dollar. This odd coin is owned by the average man living in the average house. It is only necessary to find the total retail purchases of the country and then, taking these purchases by divisions such as furniture, automobiles, and the like, discover what percentage each division is of the whole. Naturally these proportions will add up to one hundred, and since there are one hundred cents in a dollar, the result is called the consumer's retail dollar. The calculation was originally made in an effort to discover in a very rough, general way the relations of retail expenditures.

In the calculation it may be seen that the proportions spent for pianos and for household electrical goods are exactly alike, that twice as much is spent for jewelry, clocks and silverware as for either of these items, and that the amount for drugs and proprietary medicines is exactly the same as that spent for jewelry. As a curiosity, the charts of the consumer's dollar are worth looking over, but, unfortunately, few stopped there. Just because someone said that this set of decimals adding up to one hundred was a dollar, it was at once assumed that it was a dollar, and that it was the consumer's dollar, and that the business of the country was engaged in battling for portions of this dollar.

It used to be the fashion, among the preliminary bouts leading up to a main prize fight, to stage what was known as a battle royal. The promoter took ten or a dozen third-rate pugs, hired at around a dollar a head, and put them into the ring together, hanging up a small purse to be divided among those who were still on their feet when the bell rang. There were no rules, although the contestants were not expected to reënforce their energy with razors, brass knuckles or sections of lead pipe, and the referee took pains to collect these bits of impedimenta as they appeared. In the engaging theory built around the consumer's dollar, business is just a battle royal, except that the contestants may bring along their brass knuckles, blackjacks or any other of the more intimate weapons they fancy.

If a community is spending 40 per cent of its supposed income for food, then it is plain that the automobile dealers can sell more cars only by inducing the members to cut down on their food or some other item. Everything, in this theory, is sold in competition with something else. The foods are all in competition with one another and with everything else. If a woman buys an electric refrigerator, then the women's-wear people, and after them the cotton, the silk and the notions people, all go in for sackcloth and ashes. If a woman buys a cotton dress, then even the silkworms weep. If she buys a silk dress, the South goes into mourning. It is, indeed, a sad picture. The tale of business is so utterly harrowing that every minute somewhere a heart is breaking.

The Old Economic Man With an Alias

THERE is only one trouble with this tale as it is told: It has nothing at all to do with anything that has happened, is happening or may happen in the section of the earth that we call the United States. The congeries of figures called the consumer's dollar is neither the consumer's nor anyone else's dollar. It is not a dollar at all. The proportions simply represent what has been spent, and have nothing at all to do with the national income or what might be spent. In fact, we can never know the national income with any high degree of accuracy, and the best estimates that can be made are never current. It might also be noted that the consumer's dollar gives no place to rent or any equivalent payment for housing, and also makes no provision for insurance or for saving. Also, this consumer is most fortunate in that he never gets ill enough to need a doctor or gets into enough litigation to require a lawyer; or if he does, he makes no payment for their services. And he is equally fortunate in paying no taxes of any sort.

As we look this gentleman over we begin to think that we have seen him somewhere before. Is he not that same character who stopped buying clothing and shoes some years ago in order to buy an automobile? The more pessimistic bankers told us all about him; we were led to believe that the buyers of automobiles had quit wearing clothing and were eating almost nothing. And many of us spent days searching the roads for half-naked, half-starved families who had dedicated their lives to the service of installment payments. Some of those gloomy bankers are dead; the others are busy discounting installment paper. The gentleman who now turns up as the consumer's dollar is the same chap who went crazy buying automobiles

In a somewhat earlier age he was a very dignified creation. His name was then the economic man. He was a creature of the older economists, who used him to prove anything that they liked in the way of limitation. For if a man can eat only so much and wear only so much, and so on, then is not the limit for his consumption of goods rather definitely fixed? Since the limits of consumption are fixed, then the limits of income growing out of providing for consumption—that is, production—are also fixed and the affairs of the world resolve themselves into an equation. Out of this thought

have grown all the schemes, such as socialism and communism, for arranging the equation so that everyone shall have enough and no one shall have too much.

Accepting a theory of limitation requires no thinking at all, for it fits in with exactly what we imagine ought to be. And yet no able-bodied human being has ever reached the complete personal saturation point—a point where he has absolutely quit buying. Few of us buy evenly; we swing from frugality to near or extreme extravagance. But almost no one on the swing back from extravagance ever quite reaches the point of his former frugality. We are always moving our necessity line up. I recall a wealthy man in the Middle West who, after building himself a great house, found life was becoming a burden. He declared that he was just living for things. He resolved to go back to complete simplicity. He started to build another house that would not have a room or a thing in it that he did not absolutely need. And when he had finished adding this and that which he could not get on without, he awoke to discover that his new house was not so very different from the house that he had built out of vanity as a show place!

The Cost of Selling What No One Wants

IT IS coming to be recognized that there is no virtue in self-denial. Donald M. Marvin, the economist, of the Royal Bank of Canada, has said:

"From the economic point of view, we must recognize that the old virtue of rigid frugality may create individual fortunes if it is generally practiced, but it does not add to the wealth of the nation. It is on these grounds that one looks with optimism upon the tendency of the consumer to increase the number of items which he considers as necessities and to branch out more and more widely in his desire for new luxuries."

There is a limit to the amount of anything that may be sold in one place or to one man. The limit in the specific case may be set by quantity, quality or price, or by a combination of all three. And so there must be limits to the aggregate of what may be sold. But all that we know about the limits is that, as soon as they are definitely fixed, someone or something comes along and proves them to be wrong.

We thought that the limit of automobiles was a car per family. Now a car per family is often inadequate and we are beginning to discover that the real limit has to do not with population but with road facilities. Certainly there cannot be more central heating systems than there are buildings to heat. But a recent survey has uncovered that more homes are without central heat than with it and that the business to be done exceeds by far all the business which has been done since central heating was devised. Every house seems to have a telephone, but actually there are only nineteen million telephones in the country and the business is only starting. Nearly a million new telephones have been installed in New York City alone within ten years.

The evil of the doctrine of limitation, whether it be disguised as the saturation point, the economic man or as the consumer's dollar, is that the unthinking are led to believe that competition is an acute malady which is somehow inseparable from business life—that selling is largely an affair of outwitting the other fellow and only slightly an affair of serving the man who has the means to buy. It is amusing to walk into a side street and find two little stores each placarded with signs: "We have no connection with the store across the street." The proprietors have gained the fixed idea that each must outwit the other; and since fixed ideas are exclusive, they have forgotten all about the public from which they must draw their custom. It ought to be equally amusing when sections of large industries try to sell against one another instead of to the public. But lately the word makers of business have started calling the ancient pastime of knocking the other fellow by a scientific name. The old anvil chorus is now termed "superselling."

Superselling may be roughly defined as the operation of getting a customer to buy what you have to sell, instead of what someone else has to sell. There is not now more than a normal amount of it, but it is being given more attention than usual because the general run of salesmanship has so greatly improved that the wasteful Barnum stuff stands out. Superselling is very expensive and self-destructive, but it is normal. It probably would not be noticed at all today were it not backed up by the bunk of the consumer's dollar, which has affected those who gulp their figures instead of sipping them.

That which is now called supersalesmanship is normal because every business success is quickly followed by a number of imitators who hope to succeed by doing exactly what the pioneer did. The pioneer's idea may be so big that there is business enough for him and also for his imitators. Then still more imitators rise. They all try for the business of the pioneer instead of for new business. They play against him and one another instead of to the public. Then they begin to misrepresent, to cut prices below costs and to do anything that will gain sales. And while the crowd is fighting, the pioneer or some able imitator slips out of the row and builds up new outlets for goods. Then the others either do likewise or spend themselves in fighting one another. Those who fail complain about competition. If there were one-half the competition that is talked about, there would be practically no one in business, except perhaps a few ex-lion tamers who just love danger.

Some very great changes are going on in the art of salesmanship—in that art which is peculiarly American and which is not and never can be a science. The wastes of selling are still high, but large numbers of concerns have discovered that most of these wastes have to do with not selling instead of with selling. There has been a confusion between the cost of not selling and the cost of selling. The cost of selling what no one wants is still high and is likely to remain so

The cost of selling articles and commodities which were once in staple demand, but are now being superseded, must, of course, be very high. It is not always easy to distinguish between the cost of doing useful things and the cost of doing useless things.

For instance, Canton flannel is a staple and is used for no end of purposes today, but those uses are different from yesterday's. It would not pay to put on a campaign designed to persuade the dwellers in steam-heated apartments to make their own night clothing and to make it out of Canton flannel. If such a campaign were put on—and quite as absurd ones are being tried all the while—it would be expensive.

But the expense would not be a cost of doing business, and the inevitable failure of any company that kept to the plan long enough would not be due to competition but to a failure to compete.

Mistaking Men for Sheep

MOST of the competition that one hears so much about is not competition at all. A deal of what passes for competition arises out of the notion that all consumers are alike and can be made to act alike—that they might all be forced to dress entirely in cotton or in wool or in silk, or be persuaded to eat a great deal of one sort of food and very little of any other sort. And so, instead of extending their markets and hunting out new customers, the concerns with the competition mania spend a lot of money trying to change human nature in a way that it cannot be changed. While the highbrows are complaining that the people of the country are standardized, the sales managers are swearing at the impossibility of so standardizing them that they will all ask for the one product.

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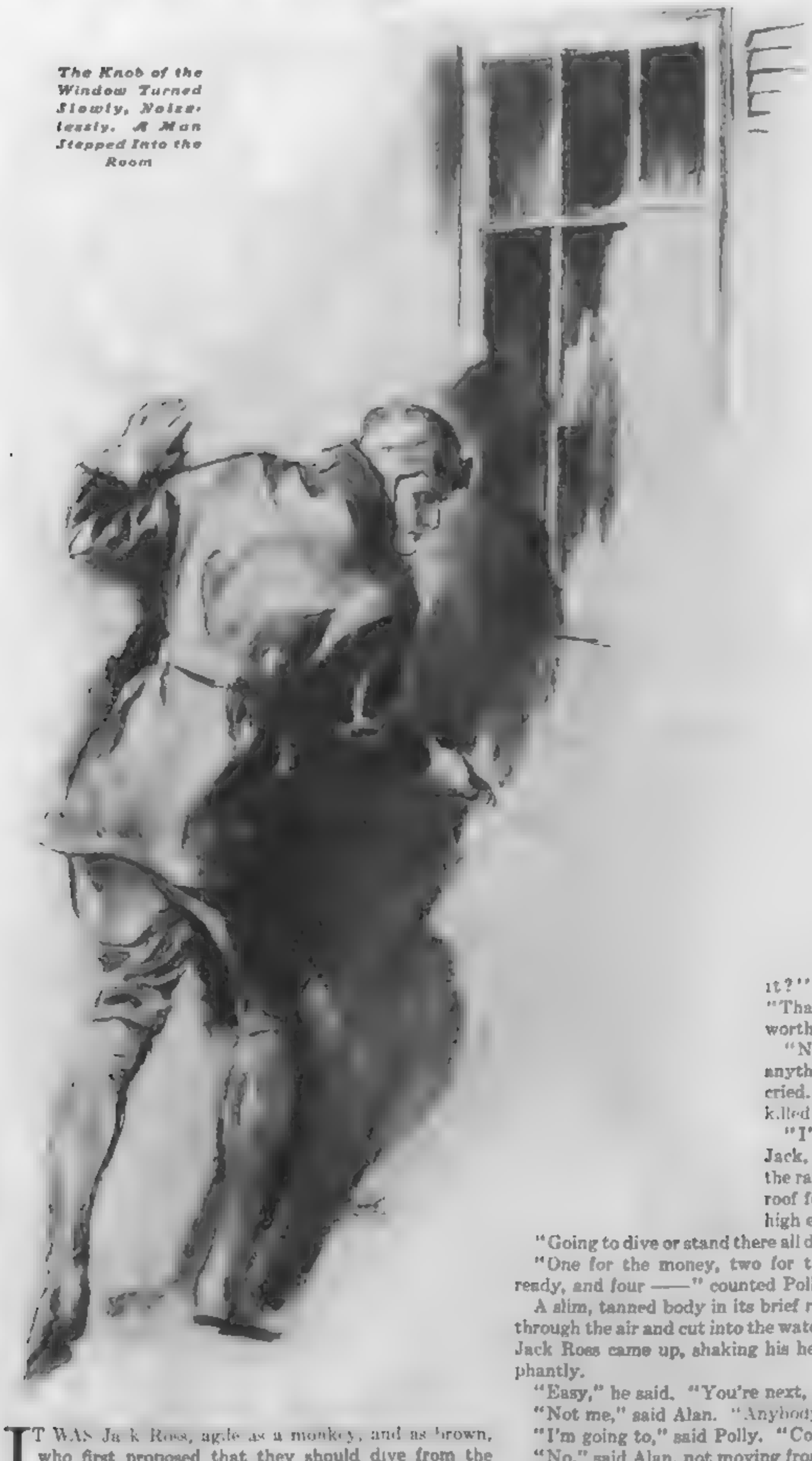
THE OBSTACLE RACE

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



The Knob of the Window Turned Slowly, Noiselessly. A Man Stepped Into the Room

IT WAS Jack Ross, agile as a monkey, and as brown, who first proposed that they should dive from the veranda of the clubhouse.

"You'll break your fool neck," said Stevie Lane.

"It's against the rules to go on the veranda in your bathing suit," said Polly McRae. "I got spanked last time."

"I don't care," said Jack. "I'm sick and tired of diving off this old platform. Why, anybody can do it. Tommy Villard does it, and he won't be eight till next year. Come on!"

"Aw, it's only a few feet higher than the diving platform," said Alan Heaton. "Who wants to dive off the old veranda? Not me. I stay right here on this old float."

"Scared?" queried Jack Ross.

"Scared, nothing!" said Alan. "Wasn't I the first one to dive off the platform? That was four years ago, and I wasn't eight yet."

"Yes," conceded Jack, "but anybody can dive off that old platform."

"Nobody dared to till I did it first," said Alan.

"Then why are you scared to dive off the veranda?" said Jack.

"Don't keep saying I'm scared, Jack Ross," said Alan. "Diving off the veranda is just as easy as diving off the platform; so why bother to do it?"

"Then why don't you?"

"Don't want to."

"Afraid to, that's what."

"If you keep yelling that, I'll duck you," threatened Alan.

"Oh, stop squabbling," said Polly McRae.

"Huh," said Alan Heaton, with the dignity of twelve, "do you think I'd squabble with a little ten-year-old wart like him? He can dive off his old veranda if he wants to. I wouldn't even think about it."

"Come on!" cried Jack, beginning to mount the veranda. "Last one in is a Chinaman!"

"Why don't you dive off the roof while you're about it?" said Alan Heaton. "That would be something worth doing."

"Now, Jack, don't you do anything of the sort!" Polly cried. "You'd get yourself killed!"

"I'm not cuckoo," said Jack, balancing himself on the rail of the veranda. "No roof for me. This is plenty high enough."

"Going to dive or stand there all day?" said Stevie Lane.

"One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four ——" counted Polly McRae.

A slim, tanned body in its brief red bathing suit arched through the air and cut into the water with hardly a splash. Jack Ross came up, shaking his head and puffing triumphantly.

"Easy," he said. "You're next, Alan."

"Not me," said Alan. "Anybody can do that"

"I'm going to," said Polly. "Come on, Alan."

"No," said Alan, not moving from his seat on the float.

"Alan's scared! Alan's scared!" chanted Jack Ross from a safe distance out in the water.

The other children took up the chorus: "Alan's scared to dive off the veranda! Alan's scared to dive off the veranda!"

"I'm not scared!" shouted Alan Heaton. "Why, I'm not afraid to dive off the roof!"

"You mustn't do that," said Polly. "It's awful high. You'd hurt yourself and catch a licking besides. You come along, Alan, and dive off the veranda with me."

"Won't," said Alan doggedly.

"I'm going to," said Polly, "and if you don't you know what I'll think of you."

"Who cares what you think?" said Alan. "Go on and dive, Miss Fresh Egg."

She swung herself up to the veranda. She was tall for her age, which was ten, and the Nantucket sun had colored her hard little body several shades darker than her brown hair.

"It's not so high, Alan," she said. "Not much higher than the platform."

"I know that," said Alan.

"Here I go," said Polly, and she dived.

She came up grinning. "No trick at all," she said.

"I'm next," cried Stevie Lane. He executed a dive which brought him flat on his chest.

"It's a cinch," he declared. "Try it, Alan. It's a cinch."

"I wouldn't be bothered making a silly old dive like that," said Alan loftily.

"I'm ashamed of you, Alan Heaton," said Polly as she scrambled on the float. He cast at her a disdainful look.

"Go ahead, Miss Fresh Egg. Be ashamed. Be ashamed all you want to. You'd think it was something grand to dive off that little old low veranda."

"Well, you're scared to."

"Aw, you make me good and sick," said Alan. "I'm going home."

At quarter-past six next morning, when he heard the cook's alarm clock in the room above his, Alan Heaton slipped out of bed, got into his regular daytime costume—khaki shorts, a shirt and sneakers—and on tiptoes crept out of the house. Through the cool morning he made his way hurriedly to the club. He was as cautious as a scout looking for Indians. In an even minute he had gone into the family bathhouse and emerged in his faded blue bathing suit. He stole up to the clubhouse, gained the veranda, and, with the nimbleness of a squirrel, shinned up a pillar till he reached the roof. The tide was high, but the water looked a mile away. He hesitated for only a second. Then he drew in his breath and dived from the roof. It was not a very good dive. He half turned in the air. He came up with a sharp pain in his chest and right shoulder. Although it hurt him when he put on his shirt, he dressed in two minutes, and was home in bed when his mother called him at half-past seven.

At breakfast his father, a doctor, noticed that Alan grimaced when he raised a spoon of oatmeal to his mouth.

"What's the matter, son?" Doctor Heaton asked.

"Nothing, dad."

"What are you making faces for then? Arm hurt?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Here, let me have a look."

Then, "Why, Alan, you have a broken collar bone! Now how did that happen?"

"Diving, I guess," said Alan Heaton.

"What on earth is the matter with Alan Heaton?"

Dave Murray, captain of the crew, asked the question, and this was not the first time it had been asked during Alan's three years in college.

"Nothing," said Chandler, who pulled the number-three oar in the varsity eight. "Nothing, except that he's a donkey"

"Maybe," said Murray; "but I wish there were a few more donkeys around who can stroke a crew the way Al can. Let's go and tackle him once more."

"It won't do any good," was Chandler's gloomy opinion. "Al's a donk, I tell you. You can't blast him loose from an idea—and he has some pippins. I can't figure him out at all. Perhaps it's a case of chipmunks in the old attic."

"We'll go and work on him," said Murray.

They found Alan Heaton in his room, bent over a battered desk on which were spread the disjointed fragments of a problem in calculus.

He looked up as they entered, and grinned.

"Know anything about higher mathematics?" he greeted them.

"Glad to say I don't," replied Murray. "Al, you were a sap to take that course. I warned you. You never did have any more head for figures than a codfish, and yet you had to go and pick out one of the stiffest courses on the list. Why didn't you take Appreciation of Music along with the rest of us? All you have to do is sit through six concerts and look goofy with joy. And it counts a full point too."

"You can look goofy without listening to music," said Alan. "But maybe you're right, Dave. Maybe I was simple to go against this calculus stuff. It's over my head most of the time. At that, I get a sort of kick out of trying to keep afloat."

Murray became businesslike and serious.

"You know why we're here, Al," he said.

"I can guess," said Alan Heaton. "But it's no use, Dave. Sorry, but my mind's made up. I'm not going out for the crew this year."

"It isn't a question of going out for the crew," Murray argued. "You won't have to battle for a place in the boat After the way you stroked us home ahead of Princeton last year your job is safe and sure. All you have to do is step into the shell, grab your old oar and do your stuff. You're the best stroke seen in these parts in twenty years, and nobody denies it. Well?"

"I'd like to oblige you, Dave," said Alan, "but you don't really need me. Spider Goodhue, from the freshman boat, is a corking fine stroke. With him in there in my place you'll be as fast as last year."

"Spider isn't bad. I admit that," returned Murray. "But he hasn't your experience. He'll develop with training, but you're a born oarsman, Al."

"No fault of mine," declared Alan Heaton. "I was raised in Nantucket, and it seems to me I've spent most of my life in a boat or in the water. I don't mind pulling an oar, but it's no longer much of a treat. That's why I'm going out for tennis."

Murray made a disgusted face.

"A minor sport!" he grunted. "Besides, you'll never be anything but a dub. You're too slow and clumsy."

"I've been playing some tennis," said Alan. "It's a tough game. I'm not so hot at it, but I'm going to stick with it awhile, anyhow."

"And throw away the captaincy of the crew next year?" put in Chandler. "You've got that sewed up, remember."

"Yes. I suppose so," said Alan. He frowned. "I guess you fellows, and everybody in college, must think I'm nutty or something," he said. "Perhaps I am. But there's something that won't let me row on the crew this year."

"Something?" Murray shot at him. "What?"

"That's just the trouble," said Alan. "I don't know. Lost my taste for it, I guess. When I was trying to make the freshman crew, and the next year, when I was trying to get on the varsity, I was all hopped up and excited, and I worked like a galley slave. You know that."

Murray nodded.

"Now my heart isn't in it," went on Alan. "The idea of going down there to the river and going through the old motions gives me the heebie-jeebies. I'm not going to do it, that's all. You've got a great crew without me, Dave, and you'll lick 'em all. So let me out. We've been all over this a dozen times before, and I've told you every time that I'm through with rowing. I know all your points. Maybe I'm a quitter and a boob and anything else you want to call me, but I'm not going to row, and that's final."

The crew captain and Chandler went out of Alan Heaton's room, shaking grave and baffled heads.

"Do you get him, Dave?" Chandler asked.

"No. Miss him by a mile," said Murray. "He's the queerest bird I ever bumped up against."

"Too deep for me," said Chandler. "Here's a fellow who is a regular rowing fool, and he's offered the captaincy of the crew in a silver dish, and he turns it down to play outdoor ping-pong, which he plays like a town clown. I guess it must be a case of sea gulls in the old lighthouse."

"Alan!"

"Yes, Polly."

"Let's not dance this one."

"All right. Tired?"

"No. Not a bit. But I want to talk to you."

"Anything the matter?"

"What makes you think so?"

"You sound so serious, Polly."

"Do I?" said Polly McRae. "Sorry. Let's go out and walk along the beach."

"I'd love to."

Arm in arm they left the bright-lit club and the music and the laughter and chatter of the dancers, and strolled along the beach, silvered by the new moon.

"Great night," said Alan Heaton.

"Marvelous," said Polly.

"You said you wanted to talk to me."

"Let's go and sit on our rock."

"Fine."

They came presently to a spot where a great rock, like a stranded whale, jutted out into the sea.

"Same old rock," said Alan Heaton. "Remember the first time we sat on it, Polly?"

"Of course I do. We pretended it was a desert island. You were Robinson Crusoe. I was Mrs. Friday."

"You wore a funny little green bathing suit, and you'd cut off your hair with the garden shears, so you looked like a rather bad little boy. You were a mighty fresh egg in those days, Polly McRae."

"You were fairly fresh yourself, if memory serves me," said Polly.

"I don't doubt it," said Alan. "But we shouldn't be harking back. That's a sign of middle age."

"Aren't we middle-aged, Alan?"

"Nonsense. Twenty-six isn't middle-aged; and you're younger than I am."

"Nowadays it is," said Polly.

"Tommyrot! Why, you don't look very much older right this minute than you did when I first saw you sitting on this very rock, and that's a good seventeen years ago. You're a bit leggier, that's all."

"Is it seventeen years? Yes, it must be. Well, we've had a lot of fun in those seventeen years, haven't we, Alan?"

"Indeed we have, Polly."

"We've been good friends."

"The very best."

"And now you're going away."

"Yes. Who told you?"

"Well, you didn't, Alan Heaton."

"I was going to," he said. "Really I was. I was going to tell you tonight. How did you find out?"

"Dad told me."

"I see. What else did he say?"

"He said you're a fool—a first-class, all-round fool, if you must know."

"It's possible that he's right," said Alan. "Those were my uncle's sentiments too. My dad said about the same thing, only he went into more detail and added that I was a foggy-brained chucklehead who didn't know which side my toast was buttered on. What do you think? Come on; you might as well make it unanimous."

"I don't know what to think," said Polly. "As long as I've known you I don't understand you very well, or why you've done some of the things you have done."

"For example?"

"Well, this last mad idea of yours," said Polly. "If ever there was a young man sitting pretty it's you. You've done well in the bank. Brilliantly, dad says. You know your uncle plans to retire in a few years, and both he and dad agree that you're the man to take charge of things. It isn't because you are your uncle's nephew or because dad has known and liked you since you were a kid. You'll get the place on your merit. Just consider this: Not many men have a chance to be the president of a bank when they're thirty."

"I know that, Polly. Please don't think I'm acting on a wild impulse. Believe me, I've thought about it—hard—for months. I've considered every side of it. And I know what I want to do, and I'm going to do it "

"Are you really going to New York to practice law, Alan?"

"That's it."

"But you're not a lawyer."

"Not yet; but I've been studying law, and in a year or so I think I can qualify for admission to the bar."

"But, Alan, is that sense? New York is crowded with young lawyers. You know practically nobody there. It may be years before you can make even a decent start."

"I know all that, Polly. Maybe it isn't sense. To other people, that is. But it's my plan. You see, I'm going to be an aviation lawyer."

"Never heard of one."

"My own idea," said Alan Heaton. "I'll specialize in the law of the air. Big future there."

"Eventually, perhaps," said Polly. "But it's a big gamble."

"What would you have me do?" burst out Alan. "Stay in my nice, soft, made-to-order little niche and vegetate?"

"I didn't know you hated being a banker."

"I don't. I like it a lot. I seem to have a natural gift for banking, and I like this pleasant old town and the people. But I will not let circumstances get a hold on me. I will not stay here because it is the safe-and-sane thing to do."

He thumped the rock with his fist. Polly sighed.

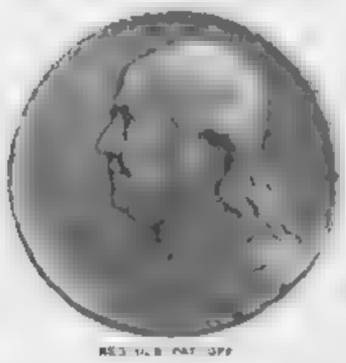
"I'll miss you, Alan," she said.

"And I'll miss you, Polly."

(Continued on Page 158)

"Polly," He Said, "You're the Loveliest Person I've Ever Known. You're My Dearest, Truest Friend, and ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1929

The Less the Better

THE adoption of the national-origins provision of the Johnson Immigration Act, which at this writing seems likely to become effective July first, will put an end to the wearisome controversy over the respective merits of that system of selective immigration control and the present method of reference to the census of 1890. It is unfortunate that such a controversy should ever have arisen, for the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems of selection are so evenly balanced that the ranks of the restrictionists have been divided and any united movement toward a common goal has been out of the question.

To add to the embarrassment of the restrictionists, both the defenders of Chairman Johnson's 1890 plan and those of Senator David Reed's national-origins provision have learned to their discomfiture the truth of the old saying that politics makes strange bedfellows. Alien blocs and their professional propagandists have given most active support to the method of quota determination which would work out more favorably to their own countries of origin. For them the issue was sharply drawn. Official figures told each racial group precisely what it had to gain or lose by the change from the old system to the new; and they instantly became united and violent partisans of the method which would admit the larger number of their own over-sea kin. Thus, for the moment, without at all losing sight of their main purpose, which is to weaken or, if possible, batter down all restrictive legislation, they flocked to the side that most favored their racial interests.

As a result of this temporary division of the alien element, patriotic and disinterested restrictionists also found themselves divided and aligned shoulder to shoulder with their avowed opponents in respect of the main issue. Their position was such that any aggressive movement directed against the hyphenates was likely to work as much harm to their allies as to their foes. They were in an ugly predicament, and sundry alien groups made the most of it.

The adoption of the national-origins provision would put an end to these mismated alliances and restore the old line-up of restrictionists against anti-restrictionists. In these circumstances it should, we believe, be welcomed by all native Americans who have at heart the future welfare of this country and do not divide their allegiance.

We cannot fail to realize that the abandonment of the 1890 quota plan will deprive us of a substantial volume of high-type immigration, rich in desirable racial values. We must also concede that this loss will be offset by the increase of other equally assimilable strains. If unfilled quotas, under the new régime, result in reducing the net inflow of aliens, it should be a source of gratification and not of regret.

We have much to learn about wise immigration policies from our neighbor to the north. Canada's need of immigration is perhaps as great as was our own sixty or seventy years ago, but she has very wisely and steadfastly insisted upon getting sound stock or none at all. She is content to make haste slowly in the development of her rich empire, and her people and their descendants will be abundantly rewarded for her foresight and self-restraint. Blood will tell, and quantity is no substitute for quality.

The adoption of the national-origins provision, when, and if, it takes place, will be a milestone, but not a stopping place on the long road to rational control of immigration. There are still many battles to be won. The formidable opposition which every restrictive measure develops is a constant reminder that the bars which have been so laboriously put up will be knocked down one by one if the restrictionists relax their vigilance for even the shortest time. The violence of the hyphenate attack upon Senator Reed's provision is weighty but unpleasant evidence of the power which is constantly boring from within. The only sure defense against this power is to keep it under by steadily decreasing our annual influx of aliens.

The high-water mark of this incoming tide was reached in the year 1907, when the number of aliens admitted was above twelve hundred thousand. In the twenty-one years which followed, the tide slackened, until during the fiscal year 1928 the figure was only a little above three hundred thousand. We hope this number will never be exceeded; and in the years to come we should rather see an average below two hundred thousand than three hundred thousand. No matter how high the standards may be set for the control of our immigration, we shall never be free from the danger of having too much of it. We must think of the economic as well as of the biological phases of our problem. We must bear in mind the unemployment that exists even when the country is reasonably prosperous, and in self-defense we must make proper allowance for conditions that will inevitably arise during periods of depression if we have committed the blunder of subjecting American labor to an overdose of imported competition. We impose heavy and sometimes almost prohibitive tariffs upon commodities, but none upon the potential labor which every able-bodied immigrant brings to these shores.

Congress has made a good start at the solution of our more pressing problems growing out of immigration, but it still has ahead of it several years of laborious and tedious work. It must not only see that our lawful immigration is higher in quality and lower in volume but it must give serious and effective attention to the gigantic traffic in bootleg immigration that makes us the laughingstock of Europe. It must overcome opposition to legislation that will make the deportation of undesirable aliens swift and easy. It must recast our naturalization laws, stop the leaks and stamp out the traffic in fraudulent papers. It ought, in view of recent experiences, to give careful study to a practical plan for the registration of aliens and their certain identification for official purposes. It should find swifter and surer means for dealing with the imported criminals who are the backers of rum rings, dope rings and commercialized vice. It should give the Southwest adequate protection from low-grade Mexican labor.

The only way in which we can hope to be forever rid of immigration problems is to permit ourselves so to be shorn of our power, our pride and our prosperity that our migration will become an ebb tide setting toward lands more favored than our own.

A Lesson in Taxation

AMERICANS traveling abroad are apt to arrive at the inference that Europeans are more dexterous tax-gatherers than are Americans. Apparently this is not true in respect of all kinds of taxes, for a large German delegation of experts on taxation, road construction and automotive industries is touring this country to study the gasoline-sales tax and its relations to highway development. In the early days of the gasoline tax it was used largely for upkeep of roadways. Latterly it has been used more and more for new construction as well. Once feared as a possible deterrent to consumption, it seems now to be generally recognized that a reasonable tax does not check use of the automobile and is a tax that is scarcely felt by the user.

Whether this would remain the case if gasoline were more expensive and the tax higher is less clear. In Europe gasoline prices are much higher than in this country. But in Europe, also, sources of public revenue are more needed than here.

Furthermore, the roads of Europe as a whole are sorely in need of reconstruction, and it is obvious in many countries that the routing of highways based on the military considerations of ages ago is not the routing adapted to the expansion of automobile travel.

The Germans are tireless investigators and they will learn much in this country, some of it certainly as useful to us as to them.

Russia Solves a Housing Problem

ACCORDING to Russian press reports, the Soviet authorities in Moscow have issued an order for the eviction of all householders, outside of stated exempted and privileged groups, from their homes when these homes contain more than one hundred and fifteen square meters of floor space. Since a square meter is not much more than a square yard, the scope of the order becomes apparent.

The householders who are thus to be set out on the street at the appointed time and forced to provide for themselves other living quarters are, in general, those whose annual incomes exceed fifteen hundred dollars. The homes thus emptied are to be used to house workmen—that is, communistic workmen.

The evicted home owners are very graciously to be allowed to build new homes with their own money, later, perhaps, to be dispossessed again. Apparently this is deemed a better method of getting homes for workmen than to build new houses for them. The groups enjoying exemption include, outside of workmen, teachers and scientists, members of the technical professions, artists and veterans of the revolution. It is thus seen to be largely the business classes that are to be subjected to the order; and most likely the move is designed as a weapon against private trade.

The European Trade War in Coal

THE trade war in coal going on in Europe provides a striking illustration of the hazards of foresight. When the treaty of peace was negotiated it was apparently taken for granted that shortage in coal was imminent. In each country efforts were exerted to extend the operations of mines, and in Germany the utilization of lignite was subjected to forced developments. The British coal strike of 1926 greatly stimulated production in the other countries of the Continent. The coal production was in most mines high in 1928, with a few conspicuous exceptions. In consequence, competition in the coal trade has become accentuated.

In one form or other, export aid is being given to facilitate the export of coal, directly or indirectly, at the expense of domestic consumers. In Germany a sales tax is being imposed on domestic consumption to aid exports. Something resembling an open export subsidy is being used in Great Britain. Poland quotes coal at Dantzic at practically the pit-head prices of the distant Silesian mines. The French protect their trade by what they term "appropriate" methods. Apparently dumping has become more or less the order of the day in the European coal industry.

In the meantime the use of coal is relatively declining, through fuel-saving devices and substitution of other forms of heat and power.

THE CAPITAL EXPECTS

By Richard Washburn Child

WASHINGTON. Every new administration comes in with the gentle rush and smiling expectancy of a season of spring and early summer. The capital, in the sense of the great government machine, breathes its gossip from ear to ear, from the congressman to the foreign ambassador, from the bureau stenographer to the shopkeeper, from the office hoper to the salon holder, from the cabinet officer to the campaign contributor, from the lobbyist to the newspaperman.

"The capital," they say in whispers, "rather expects ——"

What the capital expects often happens not. A former President once exclaimed in anger, "What do I care what the capital says? This is the worst whispering gallery in the universe!"

Nevertheless, the capital, during the honeymoon of a new administration, learns more of what to expect than the country. After a time the country—meaning you and me—may see things a good deal more clearly than the capital. Later on, the capital—street corner and cozy corner, Executive offices and Senate cloakroom and all around the town—gets confused and malicious, or hectic, overzealous and fevered. At first, however, when the administration and its legislative adjunct are merely finding their seats in the saddle, there is no use trying to do intelligent expecting without being in Washington itself.

An old civil-service employe who has long been an observer of the debuts of administrations, hit the nail on the head.

He says, "When the corn is high those in it can't see half as much as those out of it; but it takes nearsighted folks like me to see the first sprouts of an administration."

"Well, what conclusion do you reach?"

"I reach this one: Coolidge didn't leave any sweat under the saddle, but nobody is sure we won't have some this time."

In this sentence he expressed the feeling of the wise—the old hands on the Hill, the veteran correspondents, the wiliest of the old, seasoned hostesses, who sometimes are unofficial observers. He expressed the rather more inarticulate opinion on the part of the overgrown three-quarter million Federal officeholders who, in Washington and outside, seeing much and saying little, have learned to smell the scent of new personalities and newly varnished models coming down the wind.

The program for Congress, unfortunately, is not closely related to the most valuable things which this Administration might give to the country if Hoover undertook to write his own ticket. None of Hoover's usefulness as an organizer capable of giving us a better and more competent machine of government, none of his world economic knowledge which may lead us to protection of our growth in the world competition without clashing with others, none of the wisdom which can lead us through economic rather than political channels to assurance of peace are developed in this congressional program. These things which the capital may expect of the new Administration are still up the sleeve.

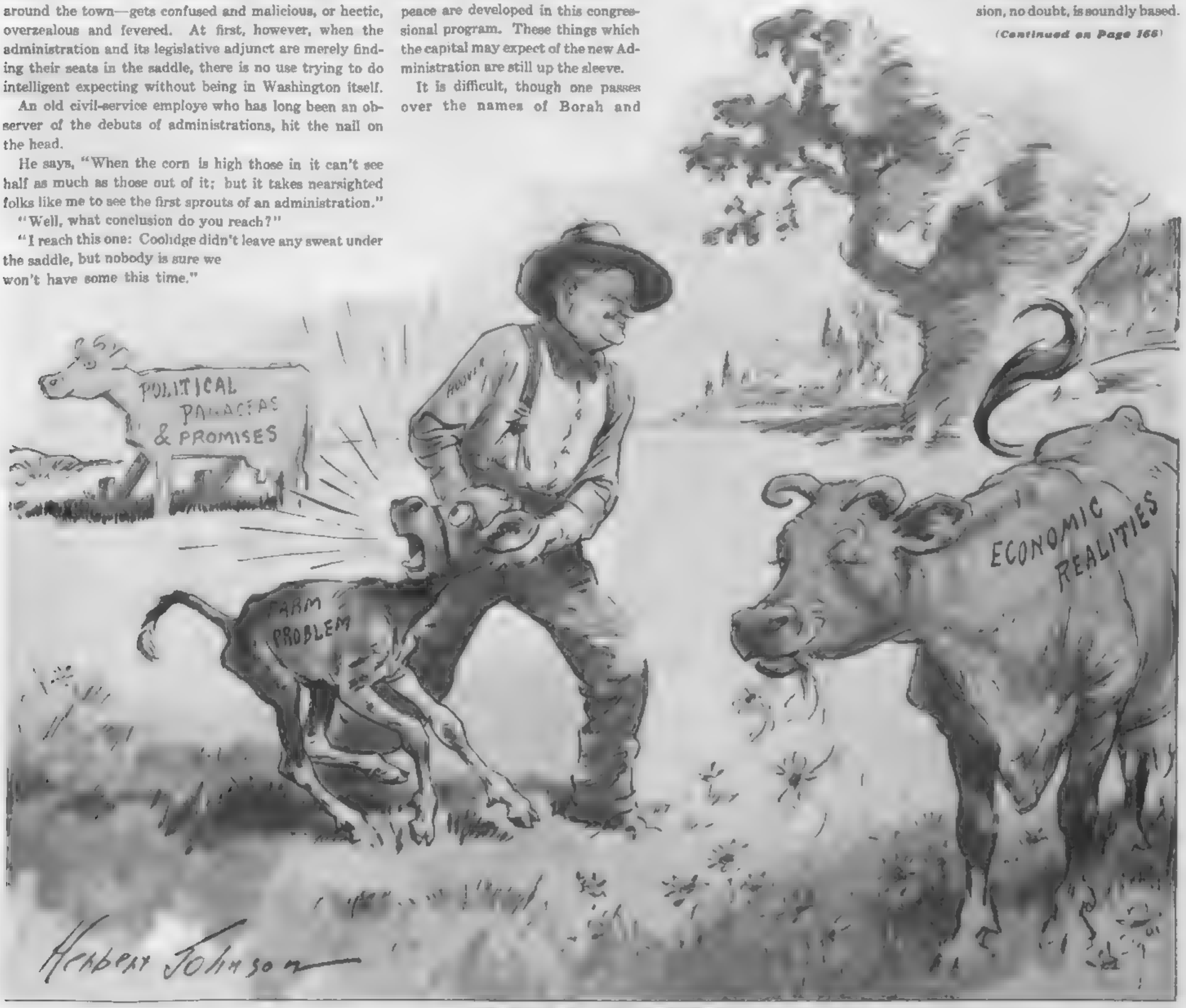
It is difficult, though one passes over the names of Borah and Johnson, Smoot and Burton, Glass and Reed, and Longworth, to find in the Senate or the House men with both the wisdom and courage to say what the first congressional bill of fare represents.

What does it represent? Tariff and farm relief. And perhaps more prohibition and domestic and international gimcracks. So there may be a good deal of talk and tinkering. There may be the old-style lawmaking which tries to change many inevitable facts of the economic world by mere words. And we have not gone past the period of pressure for government to issue not laws but commandments. We are still trying to make paper and ink guarantee peace. We still are to have with us the social-welfare tendency to obtain benefits for unworthy Pauls by shaking it out of the pockets of the worthy, but unwilling, Peter taxpayers; we still are told to believe that this process is humane and that the bucket of relief, aid, dole, bonus and subsidy has a bottom.

On the Capitol Hill there is left a great deal of the old school of Too Much Government.

The demand for tariff revision, no doubt, is soundly based.

(Continued on Page 166)



A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Give Till it Hurts

NO, really, I'd just as soon sit and watch you play—honestly I would. I really don't feel like playing bridge at all tonight."

"Don't be foolish, Joe. I asked you out to luncheon, and this is on me. I wouldn't think of going Dutch."

"Of course I don't mind driving, Bill. Don't be ridiculous. You and Irene just nestle down there in the back seat and forget all your worries. We don't care, do we, Winifred?"

"Go right on playing and finish your set. We've got all the time in the world. What's the score? . . . One-love? Well, go right ahead. I really don't think those clouds over there mean business."

"Yeah, that's my last one, but go ahead and smoke it. Don't be silly. I've had more than are good for me today."

"Well, I have seen it twice before, but I'd love to see it again. I'm not being polite, I mean it. It's a wonderful show."

"Finish that part of the paper. I'm in no hurry for it."

George Bernard Shaw, Esquire, of Dublin and London, Visits America as Distinguished Guest of the Illuminati

"Hash? Charlie, your wife couldn't have picked a better dish. I've always maintained it's the most underrated of foods. Suits me to a T." —PARKE CUMMINGS.

Good Riddance

SHE always hummed while playing bridge,
So none will shed a tear.
Please send no flowers for Maggie Midge,
No wreath to deck her bier.
—Strickland Gillilan.

A Real Find

TWO unbleached gentlemen from sunny Alabam' were fishing off a dock.

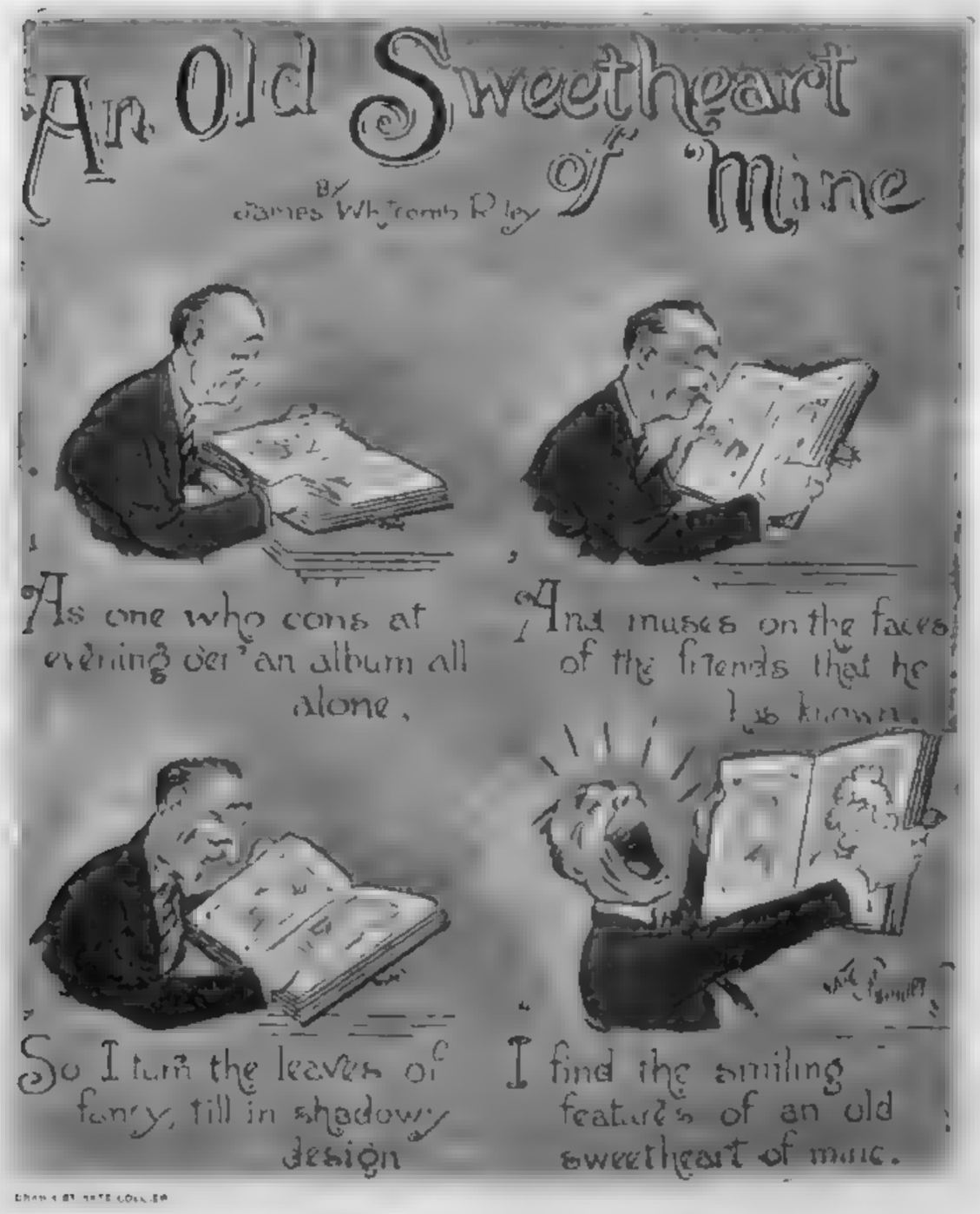
"Ah foun' a white pearl in an oyster once," one of them bragged, "an' Ah didn't wuk fo' two weeks."

"Dat's nuffin," was the unblushing reply. "Ah foun' a black pearl in a washtub an' Ah ain't wukked since."

Escape

ARISE, my love, and hale the trunks adown the store-room stair; vacation days have come again, the skies are soft and fair, inviting us to run away from rule and rubber stamp, and rest in Mother Nature's arms—we're packing up for camp! What joy to quit the hackneyed round, the commonplace routine, and taste the sweet tranquillity of hills and woods serene; sophisticated pleasures pall, we long for sylvan bowers, and yearn to live as simply as the birds and trees and flowers.

(Continued on Page 145)


An Old Sweetheart of Mine
By James Whitcomb Riley
As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

"Take My Advice, Bill! Never Interfere in a Family Quarrel If You Don't Want to Finish Third!"

Enjoy the famous Campbell's quality in Beans!

Quality has made Campbell's a household word. The Red-and-White Label is accepted as the symbol of all that is good, all that is delicious in food.

No wonder, then, that people expect and get a special goodness in Campbell's Beans. No wonder they are the national favorites—served in more homes—leading all others by far.

Slow-cooked to a golden brown, whole yet mellow and tender, flavored through and through with Campbell's wonderful tomato sauce—they are irresistible in all their latest, most tempting perfection.

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

THE BLACK CAMEL

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Charlie Stooped Down and Carefully Sifted the Sand

XIV

CHARLIE went to the street, got into his flivver, and in another moment was traveling rapidly toward Waikiki. It was good to feel the faithful little car shuddering under him again; so often in the past it had carried him along on the trail of innumerable clews. Many of these clews had led him, as he put it, "into presence of immovable stone wall." Thereupon he had swung the car about, seeking a new road. And the road that ended in victory had, in most cases, stretched before him at last.

As he sped through the brilliant morning he thought of Huntley Van Horn. He pictured the cinema actor on the night before, walking alone across the lawn at the very moment when the black camel must have been kneeling at Shelah Fane's gate. No one was with the actor, no one saw him; he could easily have stepped into the pavilion, silenced the woman forever, and then calmly joined the two people on the beach.

What sort of man was Van Horn? Charlie wished he had read a few of the movie-gossip magazines his children were always bringing into the house. Not the sleek, pretty-boy type of film favorite, that was evident. Cynical, aloof, well-poised, he was the type who could keep his own counsel and turn an expressionless face on anyone who sought to pry into his affairs. Ah, yes, Mr. Van Horn would bear thinking about. Such thinking might yield a rich reward.

But it was not with Van Horn that Chan was immediately concerned. He was on Kalakaua Avenue now, and though the sun was still shining above him, he had entered a zone where rain was falling. He saw, as he approached the hotels, tourists who wore raincoats and carried umbrellas; evidently they took this liquid sunshine with a seriousness that amused a *kamaaina* like Charlie. He turned sharply to the right, and moving on past the lovely gardens of the Grand Hotel, parked his car in the drive at the rear. Walking unconcerned through the drizzle, he went over and ascended the hotel steps.

The head bellman, a Chinese boy with a winning smile, greeted him in Cantonese. Chan paused to chat for a moment.

No, he explained, he was not looking for anyone in particular; he would, with kind permission, stroll about a bit. He crossed the high, cool lobby, returning the jovial greeting of a young assistant manager.

He walked down the long corridor, toward the lounge. Unlike many of his fellow citizens of Honolulu, he had no feeling of somewhat resentful awe in this impressive interior. Having been to the mainland he regarded himself as a traveled man, a judge of hotels, and he approved heartily of this recent addition to the charms of Waikiki. He nodded affably at the flower girl and stood for a moment in the entrance to the lounge. This room always inspired him. Through the great archways opening on the terrace he caught the shimmer of the sea, breath-taking fragments of a scene no coast in the world can surpass.

The huge room was empty of guests, but a few silent Oriental servants were busy arranging the floral decorations for the day. On tiny slivers of bamboo stuck in bowls of sand they mounted innumerable hibiscus flowers, beautiful and fragile blossoms that would fade when evening came. Chan passed through onto the terrace facing the ocean, and luck was with him. The only occupants of the place at that moment were the two old people with whom he had seen Tarneverro talking the previous evening.

He stepped over to the Hong-Kong chairs where they sat, and stood looking down at them. The man put aside his morning paper; the woman glanced up from her book.

Chan bowed low. "May I wish you good morning," he said.

"Good morning, sir," the old man replied courteously. There was a pleasant Scotch burr to his words, and his face, lined by hard work under a hot sun, was as honest as any Charlie had ever seen.

Chan pushed back his coat. "I am Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police. You have I think perused, in morning paper, story of quick finish of noted actress. I am sorry to intrude my inspeakable presence between you and this charming view, but gentleman you know was friend of the departed lady. It therefore becomes unevitable that I speak to you for short moment."

"Happy to meet you," said the old gentleman. He rose and pulled up a chair. "Be seated, inspector. I am Thomas MacMaster, of Queensland, Australia, and this is Mrs. MacMaster."

Chan achieved a notable bow, and the old lady gave him a quick, kindly smile. A bit of idle chatter seemed in order.

"You are enjoying nice holiday?" the detective inquired.

"That we are," returned MacMaster. "And we've earned it, eh, mother? Aye, after long years on a sheep ranch, we're off to revisit old Scotland at last. A very leisurely journey, inspector; we mean to miss nothing

(Continued on Page 34)

New times . . new methods . . How much less time the modern woman spends in her kitchen than did her mother! Mechanical appliances to work for her. Color to cheer her. Sunbrite Cleanser to cut her cleaning time in two . . to save her hands. "Double-action" Sunbrite *purifies* as it scours. Just one economical cleansing process with Sunbrite. Go over the refrigerator once a week with Sunbrite, inside and out, to keep it clean and sweet. Order a supply for all your cleaning tasks . . today.

S W I F T & C O M P A N Y

White Soap Chips for fine household linens.

(Continued from Page 32)

along the way. And delighted we are" he waved toward the beach—"that we did not miss this bonny spot."

His wife nodded. "Aye, bonny it is. We're very much afraid we'll no have the strength of character to move on."

"Speak for yourself, mother," MacMaster said. "When the moment comes, I'm sure I'll have strength for two. Do not forget that Aberdeen is waiting."

"In behalf of Honolulu," beamed Chan, "my warmest thanks for all these treasured compliments. I recognize they come from honest lips, and my heart feels itself deeply touched. But reluctantly I must approach subject of last night's homicide. May I open my remarks by pointing out that some *malihini*—some stranger—must be responsible for this cruel event? Here people are kind, like climate. We seldom murder," he added feelingly.

"Of course you don't," murmured the old lady.

Looking up, Charlie saw Tarneverro in the doorway. The fortune teller's dark face lighted with satisfaction when he saw the group on the terrace, and he came rapidly down the steps. Chan sighed. He would have preferred to do this thing himself.

"Ah, good morning, inspector," Tarneverro said. "Good morning, Mrs. MacMaster. And how are you, sir?"

"A wee bit lost," answered the old man. "I cannot feel just right and not be at my work. But mother tells me I must learn to rest."

"You certainly must; you have it coming to you." Tarneverro smiled. "Inspector, I am happy to see you on the job at this early hour. You are no doubt here to verify my alibi, and that is quite fitting and proper. Have you asked these two friends of mine the important question?"

"I was approaching it with suitable preparation," Chan replied.

"Ah, yes," the fortune teller continued. "Mr. MacMaster, in the matter of that unfortunate affair last night—I happen to have been one of the few people in the islands acquainted with the poor girl, and it is important that I establish to the inspector's satisfaction the fact that I was elsewhere at the moment of her death. Luckily I can establish that fact with your help." He turned to Charlie. "After I left you in the lounge last night, you saw me return to my conversation with Mr. and Mrs. MacMaster. Mr. MacMaster will tell you what happened after that."

The old man frowned thoughtfully. "Mr.—*er*—Tarneverro suggested that we go out on the veranda—I believe you call it a *lanai*—that looks across the palm court. We did so, and for the matter of a half hour sat talking about the old days in Queensland. Finally Mr. Tarneverro had a look at his watch. He said it was thirty minutes after eight and that he must leave us, as he had a dinner engagement down the beach. We stood up ——"

"Begging humblest pardon," Chan cut in, "did you by any chance consult own timepiece?"

"Aye, that I did," returned the old man. His manner was very earnest and there was an unmistakable ring of truth to his words. "I took out my watch ——" He removed an old-fashioned timepiece from his pocket. "'I'm a wee bit fast,' I said. 'Eight thirty-five, I make it. Mother, it's time old folks like us went upstairs.' You see, on the ranch we were always early abed, and well-established habits are hard to break. So we came into the hotel. Mother and I stopped at the elevators and Mr. Tarneverro went round the corner to his own room on the first floor. While we waited for the lift, I stepped to the desk to set my watch the correct time. Eight thirty-two it was then, and I made the change. Those are the facts, inspector, and mother and I will swear to them."

Chan nodded. "The speech of some is like wind in empty space," he said. "But blind man could see your word is good."

"Aye, it always has been. From Aberdeen to Queensland no one has ever questioned it, inspector."

"You have known Mr. Tarneverro long time?" Charlie asked.

Tarneverro answered. "Ten years ago," he remarked, "I was playing in a Melbourne theater. I was an actor in those days, you know. Our company stranded, and I went out to Mr. MacMaster's ranch, a few miles from Brisbane, to work for him. I stayed a year—the happiest year of my life. For, as you may see by looking at them, these two are the kindest people in the world, and they were like father and mother to me."

"We did nothing," the old lady protested. "It was a joy to have you and ——"

"Alone and lonely as I was," Tarneverro interrupted, "it was great luck to come upon people like these. You can imagine my delight when I ran across them again at this hotel the other day." He rose. "I take it that is all you wanted to know, Mr. Chan. I'd like to have a talk with you."

"That is all," remarked Chan, rising too. "Lady sir—may vacation continue as happy as it is this bright morning on undescribably lovely beach. I am so pleased that our paths met here at famous crossroads."

"We share that pleasure, sir," MacMaster replied. His wife nodded and smiled. "We'll be thinking of ye as we travel on to Aberdeen. Our very best wishes for success."

Charlie and the fortune teller went inside and sat down on a sofa. "You are favorite of the gods," Chan remarked "If I needed alibi I would ask nothing better than word from honest people such as those." He meant what he said.

Tarneverro smiled. "Yes, they're a grand pair. Simple and wholesome and addicted to all the old virtues." He paused. "Well, inspector, you know where I was during those vital eighteen minutes. How about the others?"

"I know also where Robert Fyfe was," Charlie replied, "though much about his actions puzzles me. Speaking of the rest, they have no such luck. Not one has offered alibi."

(Continued on Page 121)

"Is That So?" Said Ballou. "Well, You Won't Find Maya's Picture Here, Or Anything Else That Will Interest You, for That Matter"

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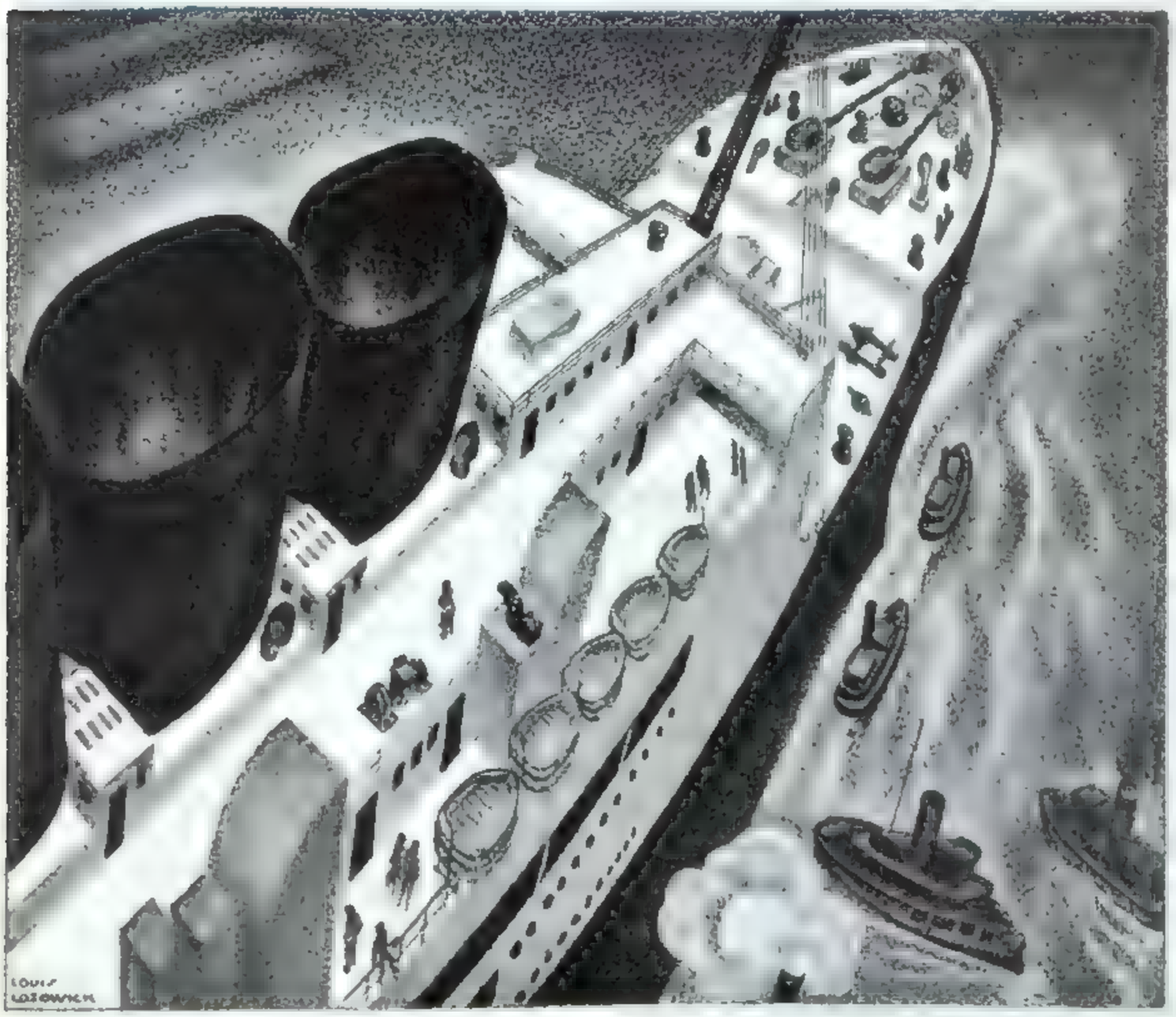

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LEAVE IT TO MIL

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

"Now, Uncle Dick, You Call Me Lucille. It Makes Me Think of My Dear Old Grandfather"

THE first reason I stopped to look was because her beautiful blue eyes were swimming with tears; it was only afterward that I noticed she had the kind of face which makes you wonder why you never visited that town before.

When the agent saw I had not followed him inside, but had remained in the hall, he popped his head out of the door and then remarked in a whisper, "Her name is Lucille Fitzpatrick. Every so often I spot her with her ma in the elevator. I hear she's taking treatments from the electrical doc at 567. Well, now, Professor Mather, to get back to business, how does this here de-luxe suite hit you?"

Up to that moment the city of Kearneyville had not impressed me favorable as a location. It was no metropolis by a long shot, and two previous private gyms had gone broke in their first six months. But an hour later I had signed the lease, paid the first month's rent, hired a carpenter firm to put up lockers and fixings, and dickered with a plumber for shower baths. It was that one sight of Lucille Fitzpatrick which had tipped all my ideas upside down.

I was still thinking of Miss Fitzpatrick when at midnight I got off the train at Pearl City and dropped into Pete's Place for a sandwich. Probably it was the resulting expression on my face which made my old friend Millard Whitaker drop his ham and eggs long enough to take a drag at a cigarette and say, "Hello, Edison! What are you thinking about now? Some way of grafting magnolias on tomatoes so as to raise magnetos in your own garden?"

"Don't kid me, Mil," I replied. "This is serious."

"I am not kidding you, Uncle Dick. I am just trying to draw you out for the benefit of my newspaper syndicate. Just what were your feelings before you went over Niagara?"

I cannot say that my old friend Millard Whitaker had ever proved his friendship in any serious way. He was a local press agent about five-feet-four in height and always smoking cigarettes. He had never taken any exercise in his life and was proud of it. If anybody had ever hit Millard a good wallop he would have broken into little pieces. But he had the kind of face that makes you say, "There is a man full of ideas and practically well-balanced, except for the white around his eyes." Moreover, he was an amusing companion, though sometimes he got on my nerves by calling me Uncle Dick and the Billiard Ball King and similar titles, because, though only twenty-seven years of age, I had lost practically all my hair.

"Millard," I said, "I have decided to locate my private gym in Kearneyville, and as long as you are a press agent I thought maybe you could give me some publicity suggestions."

This was a notion which had come into my head at the moment. It seemed to me that Millard might tell me something I could use in attracting the interest of Lucille Fitzpatrick.

After borrowing five dollars in a careless way, Millard lit a fresh cigarette and said, "Barrymore, you have come to the right shop for publicity. I will show you how to become so famous you will have to buy double bolts to keep out the hordes of enthusiastic cash customers eager to buy superb rejuvenating health. I will see to it personally that your bald head becomes better known than the sun which rises over the eastern hills."

"All I want, Millard, is just some one practical idea."

"You will get that idea, Henry Ford. I will give you a free-gratis, eighteen-carat, platinum-set idea that will make you the cynosure of all Kearneyville."

"What is that idea, Millard?"

"Leave it to Mil, Socrates—leave it to Mil. The edges are a little rough yet and I want to sandpaper them and run an emery wheel along the grooves. After that, if you are not surprised and delighted, your money will be refunded at the box office."

He would not go into further details. The fact, however, that I passed a sleepless night was not due to thinking about Millard's mysterious idea, but to the fact that I could not put out of mind the picture of Lucille Fitzpatrick and her blue eyes filled with tears.

During the next few days I was so busy getting ready to move to Kearneyville that I almost forgot about Millard. Once I telephoned to his hotel, but they said he had gone out of town for a few days. This did not worry me much, because, to tell the truth, I was not counting a great deal on Millard's idea, and also because of the fact that Mil was not what you would call reliable and you had to watch him like a hawk on account of his fondness for practical jokes.

There was the evening he broke up the annual banquet of the Duckhunters' Association by telling them about a tiger which had just escaped from the zoo. And there was the time when he got everybody in town eating sauerkraut with a story of a thousand-dollar pearl lost in one of the barrels. Nobody could absolutely bank on the truth of anything Millard said. For instance when, in response to questions, I remarked, "Yes, I am only twenty-seven and the reason I have scars on my head and no hair is because I entered the World War at the age of sixteen and ran into a shell in the Argonne"—it was the simple truth. On the other hand, when Millard stated, as he always did when slightly lit, "Yes, I saw five years of it and won the Victoria Cross twice," it was nothing but the blackest kind of a lie.

Thus, though Millard was always full of ideas and capable of press-agenting a campaign for or against vegetarianism or Sunday amusements or boxing matches, he did not get many opportunities to work at his profession because he was not dependable and you could never tell when he would turn a serious proposition into a practical joke. A good many times irritated and two-fisted people had tried to get back at Millard, but, in spite of his small stature, he had always escaped.

On the morning I left Pearl City for Kearneyville I ran into Millard on the street. After borrowing ten dollars in a careless way, he lit a cigarette and said, "The strategy is all arranged, Napoleon. Leave it to Mil. When you land in your new home you will find my little idea already on the job and working for you every day in the week, including Sundays."

"What do you mean, Mil?" I asked, beginning to feel slightly uneasy.

"You are one lucky boy, Dick Whittington. Your fortune is made. A couple of days ago a friend of mine, running down to Kearneyville, asked me to come along. I decided I would be a traitor to your best interests if I didn't personally set my little idea to work; so I did."

I began to get cold all over. "You mean you went to Kearneyville and did some publicity stunt on my account?"

"Leave it to Mil. And it is a corker. You will thank me for it the longest day you live. It is the smash of the century. When you realize how much good it is going to do your gymnasium, you will choke up with emotion and want me to take half the profits. Well, good-by, Uncle Dick, and remember that in dealing with the public it is no use to confine yourself to the truth, because that never got anybody anywhere yet."

I tried hard to get Mil to tell me just what he had been doing or saying in Kearneyville, but it was no use; in the end I was obliged to get on the train fearing the worst. The only thing that cheered me up in the least was the knowledge that at last I was in a position to get introduced to Miss Fitzpatrick.

The first couple of days I spent having bars and other apparatus installed and also trying to find out just what Millard had said or done about my gymnasium—that is, assuming he had actually been to Kearneyville, which, of course, was not sure. Also I threw out lines to get acquainted with somebody that knew Miss Fitzpatrick.

It was on the day I opened that an incident occurred which made me fear the worst. I had already seen a couple of prospective pupils, and had noticed they regarded me in an extremely peculiar way, when number three buzzed at the door. She was a widow at least fifty years old, with the kind of face that makes you think of an armor-clad

Continued on Page 39

PACKARD

Over uncharted seas New England clipper ships sought and found a rich commerce —establishing permanent trade routes

The log of Packard achievement records the sailing of many uncharted waters—the marking of many new channels of progress for the guidance of an industry. Packard has most often found the way now generally followed.

For thirty years a policy of creative research has contributed to Packard supremacy. The automatic spark advance, spiral bevel gears, four wheel brakes, instant chassis lubrication and now a unique and exclusive shock absorbing system—these are but a few of today's proven motor car features originated or sponsored by Packard.

Packard's reputation for advanced engineering and design is firmly established—in the air and on the water as on the highway. Packard's intent is ever to excel —to build for a discriminating and growing clientele a motor car of acknowledged quality leadership, both mechanically and artistically. Those at the helm of Packard management will hold to no other course.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 37)

battleship camouflaged. She was one of those persons who do not hide the fact that they are going to get what they want, no matter what the cost to others.

"Professor Mather," she said, "I am Mrs. Wandle and I am more than pleased to put my physical welfare in your hands. We none of us wish to retain any superfluous years. Tee-hee!"

There was something about the way she laughed that made my blood run cold. You could see it was not merry laughter but only tactics.

"Yes, Professor Mather, you are just as Mr. Whitaker said. You are the living proof of your wonderful secret system."

My blood began to run colder and colder. I did not have a secret system of any variety. But trying to control my voice I asked in a casual way, "Oh, did you meet Mr. Whitaker?"

"Tee-hee, I should say so. He was in town twenty-four hours and there wasn't a luncheon club or social or gathering of any kind that he didn't address in your favor. And now that I have seen you face to face I know he didn't tell the half of it. Tee-hee!"

Though I threw out hint after hint to find out just what Millard had been up to, she did not seem to get the point. And by the time she had tee-heed her way out of my little office I was in such a state that I wired the following curt message: "Millard, what have you been saying about me? Answer immediately."

The reply came collect at three in the morning. "I promise you nothing, but you may be surprised. Leave it to Mil."

II

AFTER a night spent wondering just what I was up against, I reached the gym next morning feeling a hundred years old. It was like during the war when you waited for an enemy plane to lay an egg. At 8:30, when the buzzer sounded, it gave me such a shock I could feel the blood leaving my face.

But I had no sooner opened the door than the blood came back with a rush. There was a reason. Two ladies stood at the threshold and the younger was none other than Lucille Fitzpatrick herself.

"I am Mrs. Fitzpatrick," said the older lady, "and this is my daughter. We heard Mr. Whitaker speak of you at the Wednesday Club and then and there I made up my mind to have Lucille try your wonderful secret system."

All this time Mrs. Fitzpatrick was giving me the up-and-down, while Lucille, after wiping the tears from her eyes, had walked over to the window.

"My daughter has practically given up hope," said Mrs. Fitzpatrick in a low voice. "We have tried so many different medical treatments and not one has done her the slightest good. But after looking at you I am sure all Mr. Whitaker said is true, and I have the utmost confidence that your wonderful secret system will be exactly what Lucille needs. But I will let you talk with her yourself, professor."

For the moment I forgot all about Millard Whitaker.

"Miss Fitzpatrick," I said, crossing to the window, "I wish you would tell me just how I can aid you."

Two tears started from her eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from wiping them away personally. She tried to speak and then pointed down at an old flivver passing below. There were eight persons in it—five little shrimps of boys and three girls. They wore slickers painted in a comical manner, as was the car itself. All hands were laughing and shouting, and they all had the kind of faces that made you wish they were about ten years older.

"That is how you can help me," Lucille explained in a choked voice. "I want to be just like that. I want to be young."

"You are young," I said, considerably surprised; for Lucille Fitzpatrick looked to me exactly the right age to marry a man of twenty-seven.

"I have never been young," she answered bitterly. "I have been cheated out of my youth. I was just twenty-two last week and I feel like an old woman of forty. The reason is my parents have never let me enjoy myself and act in a natural manner. I was always being told to remember I was a lady and to read good books and do fancy work and this and that. And now that I know what I really want of life ——" She stopped; shut her teeth together and squeezed her handkerchief into a ball. "I want to mix with people of my own age. I want to be young—really young—just like that crowd in the car. And they don't like me and won't stand for me because they think I'm old. And I am old. And I can't help it. So there."

"Well," I said, "there is no doubt that proper exercise will give you the young feeling you wish. If you only follow my instructions I can guarantee the results."

There were tears in Lucille's eyes when she left the gym with the lesson schedule in her hand, but this time they were tears of joy.

In my own case, I was so much moved that I had great difficulty in getting my thoughts back to Millard Whitaker and wondering just what he said about me.

All day long there was a steady stream of prospective pupils, mostly, to my surprise, elderly or middle-aged women. In fact, there were so many of them that before evening I arranged for a lady attendant.

At 5:30, after vainly trying to find out the cause of it all, I had an inspiration, locked up the gym, and hurried over to the want-ad office of the Kearneyville News. Picking up the file, I turned to the date following Millard's visit.

Then the secret came out. With cold sweat trickling down my forehead I read the following headlines:

BALD-HEADED BAMBINO IS SIXTEEN AT SIXTY

"Uncle Dick" Mathers, Fifty-Seven Years Young, To Establish Youth Gym at Kearneyville

Physical Culturist Nearing Three-Score Will Show Aging How He Stays Young

Half Century Ago Red Man Scalped Dick, But Taught Him Secret Health System

III

IN SPITE of having had considerable experience in professional wrestling, I now found myself in a position compared with which toe holds were just light recreation. It was not merely a question of living a lie in a quiet way; it was a case of being hourly forced into uttering some atrocious falsehood. Every luncheon club in the city made a date for me to speak on Forty Years Wiped Away, or Fifty-Seven Years of Rejuvenation, or something like that. And perfect strangers would come up and engage me in conversations like the following:

"You are certainly well preserved, prof."

"Yes," I would have to reply, "I guess so."

"I wouldn't have supposed you was fifty-seven."

"Some don't," I would say.

"Was you in the Spanish-American War?"

"No, I wasn't."

"I suppose you wasn't able to go."

"Yes, that was the reason."

"I heard you was captured by Indians. How does it feel to get scalped?"

"It would be hard to describe it."

"Well, you certainly got a wonderful secret system from the red men."

"It seems to work out all right."

But worst of all was when I stopped to think of my relations with Lucille Fitzpatrick. I do not know how others would feel under the circumstances, but when, after the second lesson, Lucille said, "I am going to call you Uncle Dick," I spent the next fifteen minutes punching the sandbag and trying to make myself feel it was Millard Whitaker. Yet this was nothing at all compared with my sensations during the third lesson, when Lucille said, "Oh, Uncle Dick, it is such fun following your system. Nobody has ever made me laugh so much since my grandfather played with me when I was just a little girl. You are just like my grandfather."

That night I took a flying trip back to Pearl City with the intention of wringing Millard Whitaker's neck. As he was not in town, all I could do was to leave a sharp note at his room. Two days later I received the following night letter collect:

Well, Methuselah, if you want to quarrel with your bread and butter and sugar, that is your privilege, but don't get excited, because a man of your age ought to watch out for his arteries. Try playing dominoes for a half hour every evening, and stop eating carbohydrates. When you get up in the morning, do bending exercises with a vitamin in each hand, gradually increasing the number till you can muscle out 112 at the same time. Then start over again, but substituting calories. Breathe down deep into your lungs and flood your whole being with Nature's white mule. Live in a regular manner, think cheerful thoughts, and hold no grudges against anyone. That is my prescription.

OLD DOC WHITAKER.

(Continued on Page 106)

"Lafayette, I Am Here," He Said, While I Sat There All Confused, Trying to Decide What Form of Violence to Employ First

Watch This Column

OUR WEEKLY CHAT

"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures It is free.'

Evelyn Brent in "Broadway"

"BROADWAY" and "SHOW BOAT," two of the most beautiful and perfectly synchronized of all the talking-pictures yet produced, are but samples of the remarkable work Universal is doing in this new form of entertainment. Bear this in mind—Universal has always taken the lead in new departures and it is only natural that we should lead in talking-pictures. However, we are still making silent versions of every subject for those theatres not equipped with sound apparatus.

—C.L.

"*Show Boat*" has electrified the people wherever it has been shown, and before it runs its course, it will entertain all the movie-fans in America. The synchronization of sound and action has been referred to by the critics as "Superb."

"*Broadway*" deserves the same characterization. It is a sensation—popular with all ages—full of surprising beauty and the modern spirit of the Great White Way. What has been said about it by the foremost critics has attracted the whole moving-picture industry.

"*Scandal*," which has been running in New York, starring LAURA LA PLANTE, has made a big hit. These are Universal Days, universally. Keep your eyes open for our announcements.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

GOING TO THE DOGS

(Continued from Page 15)

same way over and over again, an occasional jewel is found in the toad's head of banality. Sometimes, indeed, it is possible to reconstruct a whole social era out of a tiny titbit. Thus we are solemnly informed by Miss Leslie that "the fashion of wearing black silk mittens at breakfast is now obsolete. It was always inconvenient, and neither useful nor ornamental."

I have cited the foregoing excerpts not to satisfy any spirit of levity or to adorn an otherwise inconclusive tale, but to point a moral. I have made no attempt to look for the outlandish or the bizarre. It can easily be found. The stalls are today full of handbooks on etiquette fully as absurd as anything ever printed a hundred years ago.

Owing to the uncertain methods of compilation, little reliance can be placed upon the contents of these books so far as the manners of a specific decade are concerned. Many of their rules and injunctions might be safely challenged by reasonable human beings. What value they have, assuming that it is really of any value, is that, taken altogether, and without too much attention to date, certain general tendencies of American social usages may be deduced.

Etiquette of the Elevator

If one expects to find in these curious records of obsolete customs an indication of what might be called comparative progress, he will probably be disappointed. He will discover that the technic of etiquette changes little, and then usually owing to some physical or mechanical reason, such as the introduction of lawn tennis, the bicycle or the automobile—in a word, that such changes come of necessity and not by reason of any alteration in the general point of view, which, instead, presently adapts itself to the new conditions and perhaps starts thereafter on a frolic of its own.

I should also here record, for the peace of mind of posterity, that the books of etiquette written at the time when elevators were first used in America show that the same discussion as to whether gentlemen ought to keep their hats on in the presence of lady passengers went on then as now. And also, then as now, it was about an even break, which is the reason the same question is still being argued. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the origin of a point of etiquette. Without the invention of the elevator we should have no such issue. It is a fair field for the application of pure reason, but it will be resolved against the men for the simple reason that Americans, fearful lest they be suspected of not knowing how to behave and having no social courage, will play the craven's part and meekly expose their bald spots to the draft.

After all, etiquette is in most cases but the shield of cowards, and when nobody is any longer to the manner born it matters little that we may be thought like the hoi polloi. So we all naturally drift toward the easier, more comfortable and expeditious ways. Moreover, such changes as do come, come quickly. One day the women are wearing their hair long and the next day short. The changes usually occur because an influential minority decides for one reason or another that that is the way things should or shall be done. It is all a matter of how much sway over the public mind and imagination these leaders—whether dressmakers, social eccentrics, fashionable fools or movie stars—exercise. The movies will undoubtedly have a tremendous effect upon American manners and customs for a long time to come. Everybody knows how to kiss these days, under Greta Garbo's and Clara Bow's expert tutelage. And what the public learns from the screen about contemporary manners will, on the whole, be a good deal more accurate than Manners that Win or How to Behave or any other works which must be ultraconservative in order to show clearly the gentility of the writers and which, as well, are generally five or ten years out of date when they venture outside commonplaces about the correct way to eat soup.

Books on etiquette do not reflect actual conditions, since they assume to tell only what should be done, and not what is. Their function is to lead erring sinners against politeness, if not to repentance, at least into the right way of eating, drinking and paying calls; it is not their business to tell us what the sinners have been up to. Therefore, it is useless to expect to find in any such book the slightest suggestion of the existence of any widespread contemporary habits or customs that were or are contrary to law or ethics. Yet etiquette has nothing whatever to do with morality.

Thus all we can expect to find in a book on etiquette is a statement of how perfect examples of sober, law-abiding and godly people do, or at least should, conduct themselves; although it by no means follows that the majority of those of the widest and, in a limited sense, the best social experience are any of these. For example, it would be quite hopeless to turn to any book on etiquette published since 1918 in order to find out what was the etiquette about serving wine. We know perfectly well that at the present writing—1929—if one wishes to know whether it is customary to pass cocktails before luncheon, you will not find out by reading Mrs. Emily Post's Etiquette, and no doubt that is as it should be; the danger lies in the possibility of the future historian or student of manners concluding that in this tenth year of the XVIII Amendment the people of the United States drank no liquor.

Something Pinkish or Yellowish

In "a house which has the remains of a cellar," Mrs. Post admits that the miraculous pitcher still flows. But how about the cellar which has no such liquid surplus?

"A water glass standing alone at each place makes," says she, "such a meager and untrimmed-looking table that most people put on at least two wineglasses, sherry and champagne, or claret and sherry, and pour something pinkish or yellowish into them."

Mrs. Post is either disingenuous about what she allows her readers to infer most people do or she jolly well knows what that pinkish or yellowish "something" is. This is written not for the purpose of criticizing an excellent book of its kind, but to show that the kind affords very little information as

(Continued on Page 42)

Seaside Attractions

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Exit Captain Kidd

Modern developments in the fight of medical science against asthma

"Pieces of eight," screeched Captain Kidd, of Los Angeles, California.

"Send that parrot away, Mr. Stevens," the family physician had ordered.

So out went the Captain—and with him went Mr. Stevens' stubborn, puzzling case of asthma. Within two days the sharp attacks had entirely ceased.

Modern medical science, which has reached forward so amazingly these last few years, must often look to strange corners for the solution of our ailments. A Los Angeles physician had traced his patient's trouble to tiny dust-like particles from the parrot's feathers. Each time Captain Kidd preened himself, this "dust" mingled with the air—and his master wheezed distressfully.

When medical science turns detective

Mr. Stevens had merely taken a fairly common, though mysterious malady from a highly original source. Many individuals are affected similarly by the proteins of certain foods, of plant pollens and of bacteria, as well as by the hair and skin emanations of pets such as dogs, birds, and horses.

Whatever the irritating substance may be, the process by which it causes trouble is always the same. Thus asthma and hay fever, though widely different in many respects, are really only different forms of the same disturbance—so-called "protein sensitization."

Physicians are able to determine what the irritant is in any individual case by making a series of skin tests with minute quantities of protein extracts. If the offending protein is one that can be easily avoided, the obvious thing to do is to keep away from it.

In cases, however, in which the trouble-maker cannot be avoided, a simple "desensitization" treatment may be given. Though not invariably successful this preventive treatment has brought relief to thousands of sufferers.

* * *

Life is rarely at stake in cases of asthma, and probably never in hay fever; yet momentous research problems were gladly encountered and brilliantly solved to ease the distress of those who are afflicted.

For medical research workers—devoted men and women in our own as well as other laboratories—are actuated by *two* high purposes: first, *to save life*, of course; and the second, not less compelling than the first, *to alleviate pain and suffering*.

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Every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose, conforms to the same high standard of excellence. You will find that Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia, for example, is exceptionally pure and keeps remarkably well. That is why you can always depend upon its uniformity and medicinal activity. Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

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BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

JOHNNY HINES
FILM STAR

Well known members of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

Smoking long, plump cigars on busy days is like attempting nine holes of golf in a lunch hour. That's why so many cigar smokers these days are carrying tidy pocket packets of BETWEEN-THE-ACTS. The modern cigar . . . *timed for brief smoking intervals.* Ten little chapters of Havana charm. A 15¢ cigar with ten "stop over privileges" . . . and without a penny's waste in a packetful.

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

P. LORILLARD COMPANY, ESTABLISHED 1760

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to the habits or even the customs of the people it purports to describe.

Secondly, customs change so rapidly that no book can possibly keep pace with them from year to year. Five years only, and even those customs which were not obsolete when written have already become so.

Lastly, no deductions can be made from the prohibitions contained in such books, for the prohibitions are directed toward the most ignorant of the author's clientele and the books themselves are written for people who do not know how to behave—not for those who do. The oft-repeated admonition never to "eat peas with a knife" does not indicate that most people offended in that respect at the time the opus was published.

Neither should one infer from Mrs. Post's various protests against "spitting out" things which one has accidentally taken into one's mouth, and does not wish to retain there, that most people get rid of the objectionable substances in that way.

If You See it on the Screen——

I will guarantee that a shrewd selection of excerpts from any book of etiquette published prior to 1900 would lead to a fair inference that the members of the average social circle in the United States habitually conducted themselves like chimpanzees. Even Emily Post gives us a hideous moment with her "If food is too hot, quickly take a swallow of water. On no account spit it out." "Aha!" some historian of A.D. 2000 will exclaim, if the print is still legible, "those same spitters we read about in 1853 were at it in 1929!"

I stress the characteristic of books on etiquette which obliges the author to outgild the lily of conventionality wherever morals are involved. Smug propriety is their stock in trade. Lectures on the glory of womanhood crowd recipes for escalloped oysters, youth restoratives and how to receive a proposal of marriage. No books on etiquette prior to 1900 ever advocated the slightest independence on the part of women. We are not interested in whether gentlemen or ladies ought or ought not to carry flasks or drink cocktails at teatime, but we are in whether or not they do. Young people will not seek information about these things on the shelves of libraries but among their contemporaries and associates. "Sure they do! Don't I see them?" has far more sanction than a pedantic paragraph in a Book of Behavior, no matter how luxuriously bound. To the economic independence of women are due the most momentous and far-reaching changes in our manners and morals in a hundred years.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the obvious, such as that tennis and bicycling started the movement toward the short skirt or that bridge has killed the old-fashioned, heavy, formal dinner, where, after the men came in, everybody sat about in couples and made conversation until half-past ten. The vast improvement in home cooking, the multiplicity of restaurants, the absence of any general interest in wine as distinguished merely from alcohol, and the inability of most people to talk of anything but golf, Palm Beach, the stock market and the theater, conspire to prevent the ordinary dinner invitation from being hailed with enthusiasm. Good food is no longer any treat. And, besides, everybody is dieting these days. Anyhow, we can do as well if not better at home, and at that, without having to work for it. No, the dinner is dead or nearly so, except as a preliminary to a "real party"; for we must "eat somewhere," as the saying is. These things take care of themselves.

When there is such a plethora of money as exists today no one can achieve any distinction by having menservants rather than maidservants, halls of marble instead of plaster, or caviar in place of Yarmouth bloater; he must at least either marry Peggy Joyce or hire the Madison Square Garden and entertain his friends with an entire circus.

How manners may perhaps be made is illustrated by the experience of a scion of an impeccable, if impecunious, Gotham family who took a research job as social arbiter for one of the best-known companies in Hollywood. The picture had been written for and around the star, who was on the screen at least four-fifths of the time, always, of course, in a different dress. One scene showed her as hostess at a dinner party. The guests were assembled, the dining-room doors thrown open, the butler appeared, bowed and announced "Dinner is served, madam"; whereupon the star, who occupied a throne in the center of the screen, arose, took the arm of one of the guests, and led the procession into the festal hall.

When the New Yorker, in performance of the duty for which he was being paid, explained as tactfully as he could that it wasn't done that way in the best families—at least, not where he came from—and that the hostess went in not first but last, the lady screamed: "Me, last! What sort of bunk are you handing us? Of course I go in first! How could the star go in after everybody else? I don't believe you know a thing about it." Or rather, this is a refined, euphemistic and emasculated version of the way she put it.

The heroic youth insisted that he was, in spite of logic and obvious desirability, nevertheless right; whereupon the lady disdainfully ignored him, called her own butler to the telephone in San Francisco, and being promptly assured of her infallibility, proceeded to enact the scenes over again in the same way. Now that scene will be watched in breathless admiration by forty millions of people, and hereafter, in spite of all final authorities, the American hostess will be going in to dinner ahead of her husband, on the theory that if you see it on the screen it's so, and that gentlemen should follow ladies. Incidentally, the social arbiter was fired then and there—as he deserved to be for questioning the right to priority of a queen.

When William Randolph Hearst recently sent a moving-picture company to shoot a film of native life at Tahiti, the director found, to his annoyance, that the dusky belles had all abandoned their picturesque costumes in favor of ones similar to those they had seen worn upon the silver screen by Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson, whose coiffures they had likewise copied. It required a substantial financial bonus to induce them to discard their new finery for their former innocent habiliments.

Girls Will be Girls

Even if these old books on etiquette were not the truck which they are and wholly useless as giving us a picture of what was actually going on at the time they were written, they would still be valueless as indicia of progress. A hundred years—nay, rather a thousand, as the psalmist said—are but a day in the sight of God. The pendulum of custom swings back and forth, back and forth. The new becomes old and the old new again. I myself have heard the same old stories—chestnuts in the time of the Pharaohs—resurrected not once but twice, each time to die and be again recalled to life after ten or fifteen years as recent, personal experiences of some of my dearest friends. O homo sapiens! Who gave thee such a name? Show me the great philosopher who never recounted the experience of a Cæsar or a Casanova as his own.

Could it be shown that the great-grandmothers and grandmothers of the present generation were as hoydenish and wild as the young girls of today, might it not console the mothers and aunts who feel positive that their daughters and nieces are going straight to the devil? Or if I could show that great-grandmother was as much disturbed about grandmother as mother is now with daughter, ought it not to bring comfort to mother's harassed spirit? Not that it will! The argument that history repeats itself in the family circle is a washout.

The chief criticisms directed against the young women and girls of today are that they are selfish, spoiled and out for what they can get, that they are lacking in respect for their parents, that they are immodest in dress and deportment, and that they drink, smoke, make use of paint and powder and allow too much familiarity on the part of the other sex. These animadversions are made earnestly by some, venomously by others.

Now, without passing judgment upon their truth or falsity, I merely suggest that the most casual perusal of the books and magazines of the period even prior to the Civil War would indicate that in spite of a certain stilted formality which, along with the language of the same epoch, was a hang-over of the ceremonious aspect of European society so greatly admired in this country, the young had things pretty much their own way. They herded together, ignored their parents, ran the parties to suit themselves, raced up and down the hotel corridors, flirted, and even hung about the barrooms of Saratoga in a way that would not be countenanced today. Mr. Buchanan, a conservative and observant Englishman, wrote, in 1857:

"The young, indeed, of both sexes carry on matters just as they please, so that the old seem either to be left on the shelf altogether, or only brought upon the stage to look on, bestow their approbation and pay the expense. Here at Saratoga, in all the parties we visited, whether balls, concerts or promenades, the married ladies were seemingly only valued as persons necessary to give countenance to the assembling of the young; while these usurped all authority and influence, and monopolized the exclusive attention of the men."

The Demi-Demimondes

The young girls were rude and inconsiderate in 1868. "Our very girls are brusque and blunt with selfish egotism," said The Galaxy, in an editorial on Manners of the Day in that year. "This anyone must see who observes their intercourse with their own sex. Ask any woman of thirty-five who was brought up among cultivated people, if she did not receive more consideration, more deference, even as a girl, from women of her mother's age than she now receives as a woman from young girls, unless she is a great dispenser of society favors—that is, unless they have something to gain by deference and it will pay to be polite."

It seems to me that I heard this said no longer ago than 1928.

The English girl of the 60's, the Saturday Review said, "is a creature who dyes, paints and enamels, studies the arts of vice that she may render herself attractive to those accustomed to its pleasures, is immodest in dress, behavior and conversation, and whose whole object in life is to marry the man who, of all she knows, has the largest fortune and the least brains. . . . With purity of taste, she has lost also that far more precious purity and delicacy of perception which sometimes mean more than appear on the surface. What the demi-monde does in its frantic efforts to excite attention, she also does in imitation. If some fashionable *decergondée en evidence* is reported to have come out with her dress below her shoulder blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day, and then wonders that men sometimes mistake her for her prototype or that mothers of girls who are not quite so far gone as herself refuse her as a companion for their daughters."

"This of course touches England primarily, but it concerns us also," commented the North American Review. "The same complaints are made here, less in degree, but in kind the same; since the days of the Potiphar Papers every Saratoga and Newport season has brought to light an increasing love of luxury, fastness and display. Will the Saratoga woman of ten years hence be such a woman as the Saturday Review

(Continued on Page 45)

Restore the lustre of your top with this durable waterproof finish

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Many auto top materials do not stand up under this terrific attack.

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No. 7 Auto Top Finish will stop this deterioration—will bring back the beauty of your auto top, and protect it from the driving rains and hot summer sun.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont—the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics. It is made to renew auto tops, waterproof them, and restore their original lustre. You apply it with a brush, and it dries hard overnight. If you prefer, the garage man will apply it for you.

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Waste gives Industry "*something to shoot at*" .... Timken Bearings go straight to the mark and *score* .... thus the world's best weapon against Waste is placed in the hands of Industry.

America's 684,000,000 horsepower is changed from *waste*-power to *work*-power. Billions invested in equipment, machine tools, farm machinery, rolling mills and railroad cars are preserved from the sharp inroads of depreciation wherever wheels and shafts turn.

A huge replacement program is on foot, surging forward, sweeping Timken on and ever forward as Timken-equipped machines supplant the obsolete.

Reasons?—friction reduced to a mere fraction .... lubricant conserved .... machine life preserved .... radial and thrust load-carrying ability combined in one compact unit.

Then, that exclusive achievement—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel —as a final triumph.

Industry need no longer shoot wide of the mark .... "Timken-Equipped" is the universal guide and safeguard in designing or buying machinery.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

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describes in these terms: 'Belladonna flashes from her eyes, kohl and antimony deepen the blackness of her eyebrows, "bloom of roses" blushes from her lips'? Is she of this sort now?"

The sympathies of a newspaper correspondent at Saratoga were deeply aroused in 1865 by the "sickly, languid appearance of a young lady who had a seat directly opposite me every day at the dinner table; her form was emaciated, her skin perfectly transparent, and a deathlike hue seemed to pervade the whole atmosphere about her; the eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy and under them was perceptible the inevitable blue-black coloring—the telltales of a debauchee."

He wanted to meet and, no doubt, to do something for her, until to his horror he learned that "she for whom my whole soul has yearned in sympathy for a week was daubed all over with paint, and most shockingly disfigured herself to gratify a prurient taste to be in the extreme of fashion. Looking around me at the dinner table today I saw no less than six ladies disfigured by a daub of blue-black paint on the lower eyelids. The next fashion possibly may require ladies to wear rings in their noses. It is bad enough to wear paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry, but when earth's angels begin to paint about the eyes, wear false busts, and false hair in a bag behind their heads, to what extremes may we not expect the dear creatures to go!"

Lady Friends of Lady Nicotine

"We have heard the same report from Newport," comments the editor of Godey's Lady's Book. "The ladies paint under their eyelids to give a more brilliant effect to the eye. What is Republican America coming to? These places—Saratoga and Newport—are the Sodom and Gomorrah of our Union."

Yes, things certainly looked very black in 1865!

In 1868 the growing practices of smoking and of dipping snuff, by refined women in both North and South, were stigmatized by Schuyler Brightley in the April number of The Galaxy as shockingly on the increase. In the South particularly, owing to the influence of their negro mammies, "young and tenderly nurtured girls, belonging to the richest and proudest families in the neighborhood, smoked to an extent that would be regarded as dangerously excessive even among men; and not cigarettes or cigars or yet elegant little chibouks or nargiles, fashioned to suit their delicate lips, but short, black dudeens from the North, and pipes of native invention made of a reed stuck into a bowl of red earth or a corncob."

In the North many of our great grandmothers smoked pipes, and I have the names of three elderly ladies of distinguished social position in New York who smoked them as late as 1870. Amy Lowell smoked long black cigars, and so did the wife of the president of one of our leading institutions of learning only twenty-five years ago.

As to the use of snuff, Mr. Brightley says:

"Of the fact that dipping has been introduced into New York little is known, and the statement that such is the case will surprise and alarm all who have had experience with its abominable concomitants and fearful consequences. The terrible evil is making its way insidiously into more respectable circles of society. It may be said that this is only a liberal 'quid' pro quo for all the offensive indignity which chewing tobacco by men has heaped upon the olfactory sensibilities of women, but it may be left to healthy-minded women themselves to decide if there is any parallel.

"Yet there is not a tobacconist in town who does not keep a special kind of snuff for the express accommodation of women. It is a partial secret of the trade, only familiar to the initiated; but the traffic will soon be conducted openly, unless woman herself can be induced to relinquish or refrain from the pernicious habit which sustains it. Dipping is the practice of thrusting a softened stick into snuff, contained in a cup or other vessel, and then rubbing it into the space covered by the inside of the upper lip."

Those who are appalled at current stories about flask-toting collegians and intoxicated flappers should turn back to The Round Table of 1866 and read the article about Drunkenness Among Women, which created an enormous sensation not only all over America but in Europe. The Civil War, the author charged, was largely responsible. Part of it is worth quoting in order to show the similarity not only in the conditions alleged as to the prevalence of drink but in the technic of obtaining it.

"The nervous excitement incident to parting with fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers, the horrid anxiety as to their fate during the protracted campaigns, sometimes the freedom from restraint produced by their absence, all have combined to lead women astray in this wise, who, under normal circumstances, would never even have felt temptation."

Small Trimmings

The writer stated that while fortunately the hard-drinking times had passed away and the recent temperance movement had banished liquor from many sideboards, the drink habit was spreading among women.

"It is not alone at the watering places that the ladies thus indulge. At their own homes, at the stores, and at those public nuisances called ladies' restaurants, they are accustomed to drink liquors. The sight of a tipsy or intoxicated woman is not uncommon at the seaside, and it is by no means extraordinary upon Broadway. We have the best authority for stating that . . . the vice of fashionable drinking is now more prevalent among the ladies than among the gentlemen of this country. . . . Certain dressmakers make it a point to furnish their customers with drink, and some of the most fashionable *maisons des modes* are, in fact, fashionable drinking houses. In some stores bottles of wine are also kept on hand for lady shoppers, and in others the merchants allow their boys to be sent to the nearest barroom for liquor when ladies desire it. At the so-called ladies' restaurants all sorts of fancy drinks are as freely ordered by and supplied to women as creams and ice used to be, and anybody who will take the trouble to visit one of these restaurants may see well-dressed, fashionable ladies enter unattended and call for liquors at all hours of the day.

"These are startling facts, but there are others more surprising and equally true. Our fashionable female drinkers do not care so much for wines and claret punches and sherry cobblers. They can obtain such beverages at dinner or at even parties, and when left to themselves they prefer stronger spirits. Whisky and brandy are the favorite drinks with these ladies. It may be true that a woman is very far gone upon the downward road when she can order and drink such stimulants in a public saloon, but still hundreds of women in our best society do this every day. Some of the saloons which they frequent do not have the stronger liquors upon the bill of fare, but a neat little sign which reads 'If you do not see what you want, ask for it' gives the hint to the initiated. In dressmakers' bills the significant item 'small trimmings' often covers up the expense of liquors which the lady has ordered through the modist who panders to her vitiated taste.

"At the watering places a bribe to the waiter procures a secret supply of liquor, which, by the connivance of the landlord, is charged as 'extra luncheons.' . . . Mothers of families are breaking the hearts of their husbands and daughters by this vice. Girls of eighteen, the daughters of our most respectable merchants, have been seen grossly intoxicated in Broadway stages and upon the public streets. Many a home, apparently most elegant and attractive, is rendered a perfect pandemonium by one of the lady inmates through this weakness. The belles at fashionable watering places, this summer, who sit upon the piazzas late at night and think it very amusing to be made 'funny' by drinking with gentlemen, little know the fate that is in store for them. . . . The artificial life of most American women and the exhaustion that follows their reckless disregard of the rules of health create the necessity for stimulants, and when the habit of indulgence is once formed the inebriate asylum seems to be the only permanent remedy."

Headed for the Bowwows

The editors of The Round Table replied to the widespread criticism evoked by this article by reasserting its truth: "By careful inquiry and investigation we are now satisfied that it would be possible to print the names of a greater number of respectable females—women, that is, of respectable families—than would fill the space occupied by this article—three columns—who within the last five years in the city of New York have fallen victims to drink. . . . Women drink whisky freely in America today who five years ago could not have been induced to moisten their lips with it. There may be better explanations of the phenomena than any we have yet offered, but there can be none which can explain away the fact."

That is certainly a great deal worse than anything I have read about the young girls of today.

The whole of society was deteriorating, according to The Galaxy: "In the course of the last twenty-five years, the period during which our wealth has notably increased, there has been a great and widespread deterioration in our manners and in the tone of our society. . . . The selfishness, the materialism and the fondness for coarse pleasures show themselves in the change that has come over society in the cities, great and small, which are held up to us as the schools of the good manners of our day. Sociability has disappeared, and in its place we have society."

As for the theater! They had the same uproar on Broadway over the equivalent of sex plays in 1868 as they did sixty years later in 1928. It had reached a low ebb indeed, not so much on account of the nudity—after all, the critics were strong

White Birches Along the Androscoggin River at Shelburne, N. H.

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men!—but just general lack of taste! The stage was becoming thoroughly commercialized, decent people wouldn't go any more, it would be ruined!

"The theater! What are the most successful theatrical entertainments of the day? The Black Crook and La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, to which people throng by hundreds of thousands. Is the change from tragedy and comedy or from no theater to these entertainments less a change from grossness because the opera and the ballet come from Paris and their presence here shows that we have become less provincial? And when we say 'coarse,' we make no squeamish objection to these performances on the score of indecency; we refer to the low, groveling, frivolous and utterly material character of the entertainment."

To the same general effect is the lamentation of J. S. Redfield in the North American Review for October, 1868, entitled Modern Women and What is Said of Them: "If our politicians are every year becoming more and more corrupt, our theaters every year more and more indecent, and our society more and more abandoned in its luxury and frivolity, we shall very soon reach a point at which there will be little sacred for life and property—if that, in some quarters of the country, has not been reached already. The soberest of American cities has had its winter's excitement furnished by the cancan, the officers of the law in New York act or remain inactive according to the relative length of the plaintiffs' and defendants' purses, while the high whirl of Newport and Saratoga serves as a ready Lethe for all moral obligations. A rather disheartening picture might be drawn in this way of our probable future; and yet we cannot believe in its truth.

"The purpose of what we have written is to correct for our readers the false notion widely entertained—and, as we have seen, in highly intelligent quarters—that an advancement in intellectual culture and material well-being—that is, in civilization is necessarily or even probably accompanied by an improvement in manners. As to complaints of deterioration," the writer not unwisely adds, "they are as old as the world. Who can doubt that Shem, Ham and Japhet mourned over the low tone of morals and manners after the great rain, and wondered if they should ever see a real old antediluvian gentleman again?"

In 1815, a subscriber, writing on Modern Manners in the North American Review, inquired: "Allow me to ask if the violation of decorum, the want of etiquette, the rusticity of manners in this generation must not be a source of exquisite regret and mortification to those who have seen the last? What idea can the unfortunate young people of the present day have of ancient polish and refinement? So extensive is the deterioration of society, so deleterious the consequences of abandoning established systems, that even the well intentioned know not how to conduct themselves."

It is reported that, buried in the site of ancient Ilium, a statue was recently unearthed on which was inscribed: "The younger generation is going to the dogs."

BEAUTIFUL, BUT NO LONGER DUMB

(Continued from Page 4)

the technical education to anticipate them, they must learn by trial and error. The first-run houses can afford to hire expert supervision, the neighborhood houses cannot, and it is safe to say that you are unlikely to have heard a talking picture to good advantage unless you have caught the first-run showing.

Eugene O'Neill revived the clumsy old device of the aside in order to contrast the real thoughts of his people with their expressed sentiments. In directing The Bishop's Candlesticks, a Paramount talkie, George Abbott introduced a similar mental soliloquy, but without any necessity of having the actor's lips move. You see him staring abstractedly and his thoughts are heard on the screen, the voice being doubled in. The technic is infinitely more effective, for it does not violate Nature. The superior resourcefulness of the talking screen over both stage and silent pictures is only suggested by this incident.

The silent pictures tried repeatedly to use the negro to advantage and failed. The talkies not only have produced a rare black comedian in Stepin Fetchit, but they are making all-negro pictures out of Octavus Roy Cohen's stories that are a mild sensation in the business. Without his characteristic speech, the negro simply did not register on the screen, and the title writers' ideas of negro dialect did not help matters. Porgy, a great stage success, is inconceivable as a silent picture, but perfectly feasible as a talkie.

No voice has been lifted against the talking news reels. "There," say the critics, "is a legitimate field for talkies." Unanimously their reports of, for example, Mr. Hoover's inauguration were to the old news reels as an incandescent electric to a tallow candle. What makes them so? The completeness of the illusion, of course. Well?

"There is another tremendous advantage in this canned entertainment," Mr. Abbott, whose fame to date is of the stage, wrote recently in Vanity Fair. "The director is in a position to select the best performances and use them permanently. He does not have to concern himself about the vagaries of opening-night nervousness; he can rest content that his original cast will stay with him until the end of the run and, what is more, that the individual performances will remain set and not undergo the violent changes which are the inevitable by-product of a long run in any spoken drama."

The most graphic test of sound versus silent pictures I have encountered up to now is the contrast between the talking and silent versions of The Letter. The former was heard to disadvantage in an unsuited projection room at the Paramount lot in Hollywood, the silent by chance several days later in a handsome new theater in Las Vegas, Nevada.

It is true that the silent version, in this case, as it will be in most cases henceforth as long as both are made, was a by-product of the sound, and slighted at its expense, but with every allowance for this, the awkwardness of the "dummy," as they now call them in Hollywood, was as quaint as a 1908 motor car.

As a talking picture, The Letter, though good entertainment, soon will be relatively primitive. Alongside its silent sister, it is as Paul Whiteman to the town band. The ponderous device of printed titles seems as absurd as the placard, "This is Bosworth Field," hung on an Elizabethan stage in lieu of scenery. The trial scene in the old is a parody; when Miss Eagel's lips move and no sound comes forth, the sensation is that of a bad dream, and every nuance of her story on the witness stand is lost in the creaking titles. The best single performance is that of a Chinese actor in the rôle of a lawyer's clerk. In the talkies he steals his scenes, but voiceless, he becomes a lay figure. Few in Las Vegas yet having had an opportunity of hearing talking pictures, the audience was well content, oblivious.

At one point only did the two versions meet. A celebrated battle between a mongoose and a king cobra, originally a short travel subject, was lifted bodily into The Letter for symbolical purposes. This sequence naturally was devoid of authentic sound in both versions, nor was the sound missed. Yet the next time a picture is

(Continued on Page 48)

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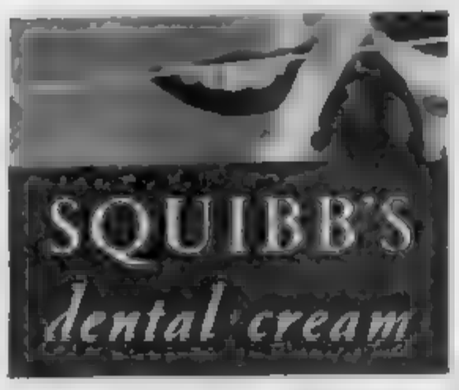

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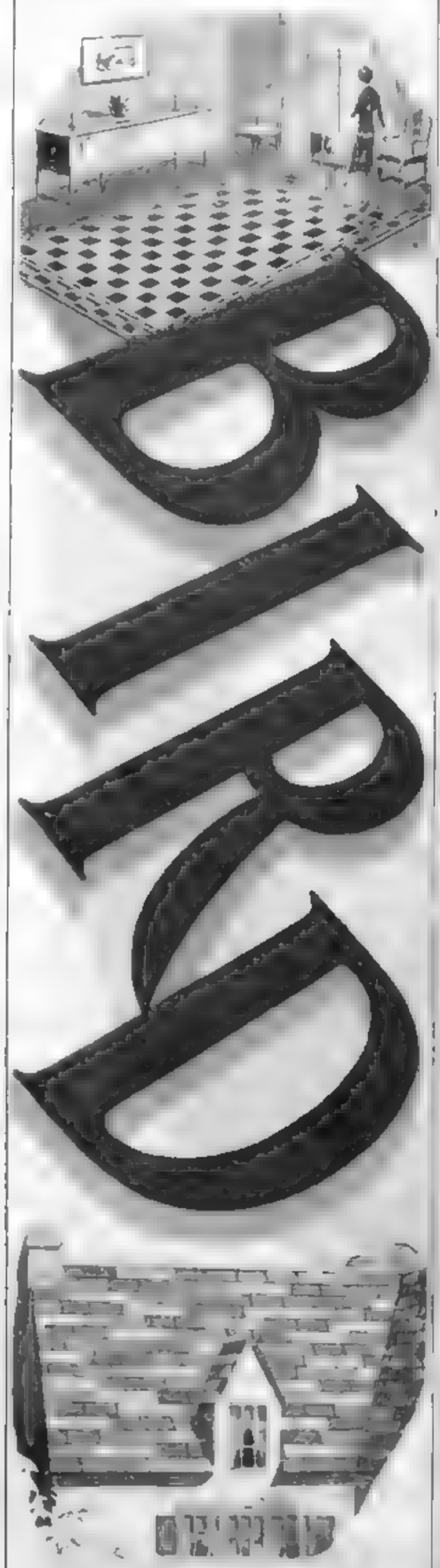

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taken of such a duel, is there any reason to suppose that the hiss of the snake, if cobras do hiss, and the angry chatter of the mongoose, as vouched for by Kipling, would not heighten the effect if recorded on the film?

As this is written, the M-G-M talking version of Madame X just has been released in New York and a retreat has been detected on the left wing of the critics. "Perhaps there is something, after all, in these gadgets," the most recalcitrant are admitting in print.

If they fall back before Madame X they may be expected to ask for an armistice soon, for M-G-M and other producers have better talking pictures on the fire. Madame X is a grand old piece of hokum, once a favorite vehicle of La Bernhardt. Reasonable odds, up to 1000 to 1, are offered that, if the stage play were revived tomorrow on Broadway with an all-star cast, it would not run for eight weeks, for, though it contains much highly effective theater, the play is written to the taste of an earlier day. But the same story, poured into the more fluid mold of talking pictures, directed by Lionel Barrymore, a master of both stage and screen, and played by an excellent cast, all, except Ruth Chatterton, old film players, ravaged the hard-boiled critics of New York and flooded Forty-second Street with the salt tears of audiences.

Two of the best of the pioneer all-talking pictures were Interference and The Doctor's Secret. Both were written for the stage and all that Hollywood did to them was to make as faithful copies as lay in its power. They were an advance on what had preceded them, and as landmarks and novelties they were interesting and profitable, but they were imitations. Written to the physical limitations of the stage, they were photographed to the same limitations. The actors huddled nervously together on a few cramped sets, they clung slavishly to the dialogue of the play, they talked all the time as if there were no other means of expression, and there was no motion in them. They omitted only to ring down a curtain at fixed intervals while the camera shifted its scenery. The single gain over the stage was that the actors could be seen and heard from any part of the house, but as the voices were considerably short of the real thing, the gain in audibility was not wholly an advantage.

Just Another Noise

Part of this was due to the unfamiliarity of all concerned with their new tools; in their perplexity directors fell back on such stage training as they had. Principally it was because of the shortcomings of the microphones then in use. One mike was used to a set; it was relatively insensitive and the actors, it was painfully evident, were continually in mortal dread of straying outside its range. Not until Fox made In Old Arizona was it demonstrated that talking pictures need not be taken in a bandbox.

Much of the prejudice against talkies has been postulated on such pioneer enterprises.

"They told me these were the last word in talkies," the objectors protested—"and what did I see? Fair mechanical copies of a genuine handcraft article. They certainly aren't motion pictures, and they are not skillful counterfeits of a stage play. They are cross-breeds, and barren, like their kind; just another noise in a too noisy world."

It is a familiar argument and a familiar situation. Early automobile manufacturers put dashboards on their machines, only omitting the whip sockets, and there was general agreement that they were bad mechanical counterfeits of a horse and buggy. The early railway coaches were faithful copies of the stagecoach, and the visionless protested that the counterfeit did not deceive them for a moment.

If the talking picture had stopped at the Interference stage, probably it would have gone the way of the Cameraphone and its other ancestors, but where new inventions commonly must grope painfully forward, the way was paved and marked for this one. On the one hand, the technology had been worked out in advance for it in radio, telephone and phonograph laboratories; on the other, they had free access to the accumulated experience of the stage and silent pictures.

A Momentous Box-Office Issue

What quality is it, precisely, of the motion picture that we are to lose in the talkies? "Pantomime, the oldest art in the world," moan the holdouts.

So? Well, in the first place, all the pantomimists Hollywood ever produced can be counted on the fingers of one hand without resorting to the thumb. Whether or not it is the oldest of arts, certainly it is one of the rarest. The artist who can tell a sustained story in facial expression and bodily gesture, without broad clowning, is excessively scarce.

The pantomime to which we have been accustomed in pictures, then, usually has been mimicry within the powers of ordinary actors, and far from complete; otherwise titles would have been needless. It is a common commodity, and the curious belief that it cannot be employed in the talkies must spring from some assumption that the power of speech destroys all muscular action. Pantomime is a part of everyday life, always has been present on the stage, is present in the talkies, and will be used increasingly wherever it serves a purpose better than speech. That, because of the power of the close-up, will be much more often than on the stage. There is no reason why it should not be as often as commonly in silent pictures. Stepin Fetchit, the inimitable shiftless coon of Hearts in Dixie, is magnificent pantomime. Yet when he speaks, the effect is doubled.

Charlie Chaplin adds to pantomime, in the list of assassinations chargeable to the talkie, "beauty and sex appeal."

"It's beauty that matters in pictures—nothing else," he is quoted in Photoplay. "The screen is pictorial. Pictures. Lovely looking girls and handsome young men in adequate scenes. What if the girls can't act? Of course they can't. They never have. But what of it? Who has cared? Who has known the difference? Certainly, I prefer to see Dolores Costello in a thin tale, than some aged actress of the stage doing dialogue with revolting close-ups. Beauty and sex appeal. These are what the people have gone to see, want to see, care about."

We will come a little later to an exhibitor's views on that momentous box-office issue, sex appeal. Meanwhile Mr. Chaplin assumes that beautiful women and handsome men cannot act. The first answer to him is that Warner Brothers are not thinking of displacing Miss Costello with some aged actress in revolting close-ups. She will continue to be seen, and prominently, in pictures. She will talk, it is true, but she talks very well.

Secondly, the stage always has been rife with competent, though beautiful actresses, and has numbered many who combined great beauty and great talent; nor is a good profile necessarily a mark of stupidity in leading men. Thirdly, if beauty and sex appeal are all the public have cared about, why have they gone in numbers for sixteen years to see Mr. Chaplin's films and made him wealthy? His comedies have been nearly devoid of physical beauty, his heroines negligible in his stories since Mabel Normand left his company years back. Lastly, the musical show of the Ziegfeld sort, in which beauty and its sex connotations are 90 per cent, is just the entertainment which Hollywood expects to be its best seller.

Mr. Chaplin is the great, unreconstructed rebel of Beverly Hills. He talks nonsense about pictures in general, but in his own case his misgivings have reason. As a truly great pantomimist, he has less need of dialogue than any. He declares that he never will speak, and his followers are well content. A resounding kick in the pants never has needed amplification in words.

No Time to Talk

The feature comedy of the Lloyd and Chaplin type is a highly peculiar product unlike anything the theater has known before, and no more than a second cousin of pictures in general. It is made with much greater care and patience. Its heartbeat is the gag, an essentially pantomimic device. A gag may be subtly worked out, but its basic humor is broad, and broad humor requires no diagram. It moves at a breathless speed antagonistic to speech. When a policeman chases a tramp, for example, both conserve their breath for better uses than talk. Moreover, pantomime being a swifter form of expression than speech, dialogue slows up the story; less of it can be told in the same space.

Harold Lloyd has finished the silent version of what sounds like his best comedy, and now he must produce a sound version. Admittedly — unless Chaplin dissents—sound effects can heighten a gag immeasurably, and there will be no question about sound effects. But dialogue! The public, and therefore the exhibitors, demand all-talking pictures just now. "All-talking" is a box-office shibboleth. To the movie goer it distinguishes the genuine from the goat-gland talkie, in which sound effects, music or a little dialogue has been added as an afterthought.

Esther Ralston Sees Her Own Voice Under the Microscope

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(Continued from Page 48)

Mr. Lloyd's theory is that there are various points in the picture where speech will be an aid to the comedy or drama, but that much of the way talk only will trip the story up. He would talk at the former points and remain mute at the latter.

But, he is told, anything less than all talking will not be accepted today. Furthermore, once you are heard to speak when your lips move, you must continue to speak when your lips move. The audience cannot bridge such a gap and the illusion is destroyed. This probably is true, for the present at least. The way to circumvent it is to avoid the appearance of speech when you wish to get an effect silently, but the Lloyd picture already is made in its silent form. Both versions are to be released in September, leaving little time for indecision or experimentation. Without precedents to guide him, he must decide shortly, and his decision will have an important bearing on the immediate future of feature comedies. As one whose pictures make nearly as much money in the rest of the world as they do in the English-speaking lands, it is difficult to see how he ever can abandon silent versions entirely.

Lon Chaney is another for whom the talkies offer peculiar difficulties. Mr. Chaney is the Maude Adams of the films, which surprising statement means only that he leads a deliberately and rigidly secluded private life, answering no fan mail, autographing no pictures, making no public appearances, all with the wise purpose of surrounding himself with mystery. An adept at make-up, he made his first notable success as the paralytic beggar in The Miracle Man years ago, since when he gradually has fenced off a rich corner of the movie pasture all for his own. He plays only grotesque rôles—the deformed, the weird, the diabolical and the uncanny—his real self masked by ingenious make-up.

What Make-Up for the Voice?

Having a good thing, he is loath to tamper with it. He will continue to make silent pictures for the present and watch developments. "If I am forced to come to talking," he says, "I shall have to put as much make-up on my voice as I now do on my face. If I should speak in a natural voice, the illusion would come toppling down on my head." So, while watchfully waiting, Mr. Chaney may be found back in the hills practicing making funny noises deep in his throat.

The one concession Mr. Chaplin makes to the talkie is synchronized music, and that must make it unanimous. "I am going to synchronize to music," he says. "That is something else again. Quite different and of inestimable value. It tells its own story; for music, like pictures, is a universal language."

If there is dissent it must be at the United Artists studio. None less than Irving Berlin wrote a theme song for Mary Pickford's first talkie, Coquette. At the Los Angeles première Mr. Berlin in person sang it before the performance and, presumably, orchestras or organs are playing it as a prelude at regular showings, but only in the last scene of the picture was this melody or any other incorporated into the film as a background.

Upon being asked why, a spokesman for United Artists stated that the picture was so good that it did not need the adventitious aid of music, which amounts to saying that a juicy sirloin steak needs no salt and pepper or that gravy is a covert insult to good fried chicken. No drama, no emotional drama such as Coquette, certainly, is so good but that proper music will make it better, and the right musical background would have aided this one notably.

The power of music to key a mood and set a scene is so terrific that it is all but indispensable. The stage lost much when it gave up incidental music; the inevitable Hearts and Flowers sawed on a protesting violin for a death scene became ridiculous, but the fault lay with showmen, not with music. No greater contribution ever was made to the movie than the introduction of augmented orchestras playing standard music in picture houses by S. L. Rothafel. Their rise from peep shows to dominance in show business dates from Roxy's move.

Tin Pan Alley Goes to Hollywood

Roxy brought in good music primarily for its own sweet sake and only incidentally for its contribution to the picture. From the days of the piano player in the nickelodeon, efforts to cue films musically have been indifferent. The best orchestra or most resourceful organist has not the time in which to prepare a proper score. But in the studio where the film is made, music written specially for it or selected for its appropriateness can be built into a synchronized score which is the complement of the picture at every point, and which reproduces as richly in a Floydada, Texas, theater as in Grauman's Chinese on the boulevard.

Consider just what this means to the American Federation of Musicians. The birth of jazz, the movie palace and the radio have made every fifth citizen a saxophone player in recent years. If that citizen plays for pay, whether in a chop-suey dance floor or the Philadelphia Symphony, he carries a union card. The union numbers 160,000 members and such is its power that a violinist who earned eighteen dollars a week in New York on the union scale in 1910, draws a base pay of eighty to ninety dollars today.

With the better recording of phonograph records and the invention of huge automatic-magazine phonographs which play by the hour unattended, the lesser dance halls and cafés have been turning to canned music. Now that music is being shipped in from Hollywood in the same can with the picture, the movie orchestra appears to face early extinction. Of the 16,000 union musicians in New York, many are out of work and many more expect to be soon. The union thinks the situation sufficiently serious to warrant increasing the dues and imposing a 2 per cent tax on income in order to raise a war chest. In Los Angeles a local palliative has been devised in a double-wage scale for all sound-picture work.

This same ill wind has blown the mint into Tin Pan Alley. Virtually every song writer in the alley, good, bad or worse, has moved to Hollywood, where the necessity of going to work at the outrageous hour of 8:30 A.M. has been tempered by minimum guaranties of $25,000 a year, plus generous royalties on sheet-music sales, and already the renaissance in sheet music worked by the talkies has restored it to the counters of the 5-10-25-cent chain stores. The boys work in pairs and $2000 to $4000 a week for these combinations is quite commonplace.

Meanwhile picture business is swallowing the sheet-music industry bodily and preparing to gobble up the musical stage, lock, stock and brassière. The one best bet of the talkie for the time being is the musical show. Millions never have seen a real musical comedy or revue. Such entertainment has been confined for years to the larger cities and played at prices prohibitive to John and Mary. Shortly they will be available at movie prices to any town large enough to support a wired movie house; for Hollywood intends to glorify the American girl in a great big way.

A Pot of Gold at Rainbow's End

Broadway still hugs the conviction that the personal touch is essential to this form of entertainment, if no other; that the fleshly theater must offer flesh. This may be true on Broadway without affecting the boom in the sing-and-dancies in the least. The millions who cannot afford Follies prices and the millions geographically denied the Follies, plus the novelty, will take care of that.

To this end, picture business not only is hiring directors, song, book and lyric writers, scorers, effect men, librarians, composers, dancers, comedians, chorus units, specialties, coaches, prima donnas and tenors until it has become difficult to cast and stage a new musical in New York, but it is buying into every musical show that will take its money. Any producer may have generous production money for the asking in return for the picture rights to his opus; whether the show fails or not matters little to its backers. Though it was an exceptionally good and tuneful piece, Rainbow failed last season in New York for some obscure reason, yet Warner Brothers paid Philip Goodman, the chief mourner, $40,000 for the wreckage, and made a shrewd buy. The same firm has bought into the Witmark music house and taken over all copyrights in the Witmark catalogue. A self-sustaining and self-sufficient music department equipped to deliver anything from a theme song to a grand opera is the aim of every major producer, and the directorship of such a department is one of the sweet new jobs on the Coast.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Stout. The second will appear in an early issue

Behind-the-Camera Shot of Maurice Chevalier at Work on "Innocents of Paris"

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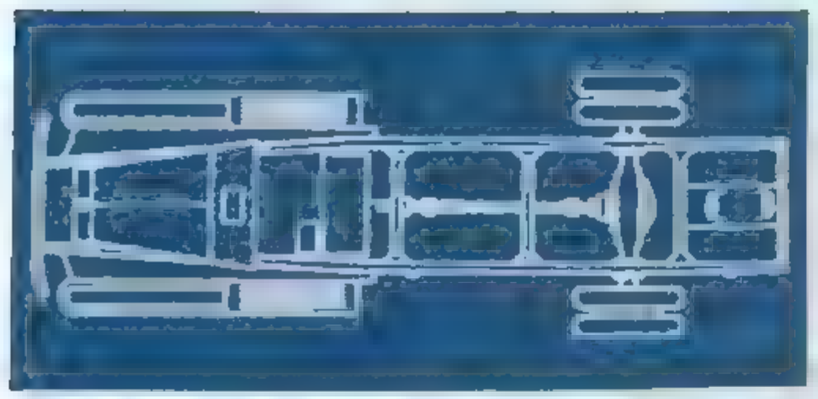

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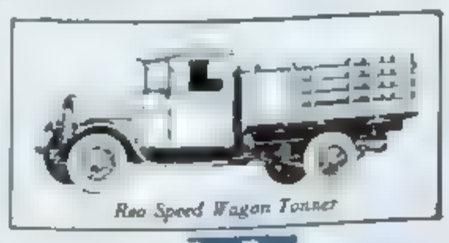

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SPEED REO WAGON

STEINWEG AGAINST BONN

(Continued from Page 9)

make mistakes now and then—even Mr. Dockery's experts. I don't question the good faith of either side. I think Mr. Steinweg is absolutely on the level and that he thinks he bought a forgery. He must know now that that picture, if genuine, is worth three and four times what he paid for it, and he's certainly not coming here to hand over an eighty-thousand-dollar picture for twenty thousand if he knows it."

"You say that picture is now worth eighty thousand, Mr. Hinkle?" interposed the judge.

"Yes, sir!"

"Then why doesn't your client take it back and return the twenty thousand?"

"Because her reputation for eighteen years of fair and honest dealing is not for sale. Further than that, Your Honor knows that the good name of a picture is like the good name of a woman; when it's once called in question it loses most of its commercial value. The picture now rests under a serious doubt and we're going to lift that doubt by a public trial and the adjudication of this court and jury, although it means putting a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand dollars into Mr. Steinweg's pocket."

Steinweg—a dumpy and dark-faced man with black hair coiling tightly above his low and slanting forehead—sat at the counsel table with hairy hand cupped to his ear and listened to this delightful forecast with the alert but impassive expression with which men of another decade were to listen to jokes and funny speeches over the radio.

"Call your witness, counselor."

"Mr. Steinweg!"

The buyer of the picture walked around behind the jury box.

"What's the object of calling this witness?" asked Little Amby, lifting a halting hand as Steinweg neared the chair.

"To prove the purchase of the picture and the representations by Mrs. Bonn that the picture was the original."

"That's all conceded."

"And that this picture in court is the one that Mr. Steinweg bought of Mrs. Bonn."

"Oh, pshaw. Don't sit down, Mr. Steinweg. Is this the picture you bought in Mrs. Bonn's shop down by Jefferson Market?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Steinweg eagerly.

"That's good enough for me. I know Mr. Steinweg for a man of great wealth and reputation, and I'm not going to make him swear that he hasn't made a shabby substitution. I concede this is the picture."

Little Amby rose, puffed out his lips and stomach, strutted to the jury box and eyed the twelve men, giving them a stern nod. Several of them pursed their lips also and nodded back at him. He turned and gave a similar nod to Steinweg, who was passing him from behind the box.

The stand was then taken by Mr. Abner Seitz, an old gentleman with a heavy red face and a reverend white beard. He testified that he was an expert appraiser of paintings in the employ of the Killora Art Galleries, had given years of study to old and valuable paintings, and that pictures by Frans Hals had been passed on by him on four occasions. Mr. Dockery then asked him, without objection from Little Amby, if, in his opinion, the picture in court was an authentic work of Frans Hals.

"Let me look at it again," said Mr. Seitz conscientiously; and he put on gold-rimmed spectacles and tipped back his head.

The picture was brought to him. It was an oil painting thirty-two inches high by forty-two wide, in a heavy and ornate gold frame. It was a combination of portrait and interior, in the manner of Frans Hals, whose clients evidently liked to show that they were people of background. The chief figure was an oldish man with long dark hair, slight mustache and chin tuft, and wearing a black velvet coat with white lawn collar and cuffs, lace-edged. He was seated at a table on which books were open, and was scrutinizing a small vase held in his right hand; in the shadow were seated two other men in seventeenth-century dress, both intent on the main figure and seeming to await his decision.

"It is not," said Mr. Seitz confidently.

"Please tell the jury why you are sure that this picture was not painted by Frans Hals."

"There are so many points," protested the witness, spreading his shining and wrinkled hands. "Here is one that anyone may appreciate: The work is not signed as Hals signed his pictures. Look—the inscription reads 'ÆTAT. SVÆ 48 ANNO 1645,' and then come the painter's initials, in monogram. It is well known that Hals did not put down the ages of his subjects, and always signed his name in full."

"You don't think this picture is genuine because you don't like the signature?" asked Little Amby.

"If you don't think that's important you might ask your bank," snapped the witness testily.

"No questions," said Little Amby, releasing Seitz, to Dockery's obvious surprise.

Erwin Gedney, sitting patiently in the rear of the room, had also been surprised. He understood very well that the painting in dispute was a forgery and fraud, since the original was hanging in the Dutch gallery of the New York Museum of Fine Arts. Little Amby, to his mind, had no case at all, was committed to a preposterous enterprise. But the alleged expert Seitz had just committed a cardinal error and had proved himself unfamiliar with the work of the great Dutch master.

"What paintings of Hals did you have occasion to pass on, Mr. Seitz?" asked Dockery.

"I recall the portrait of Hille Bobbe called The Fisherwoman," answered the witness after thought.

He was excused and his place was taken by one Roy Gilmartin, who testified that he was a dealer in old paintings on Walker Street. His expertness was not protested by Little Amby, and he was permitted to testify that the picture was not genuine.

"No questions," said Little Amby, glancing at the clock.

"Is that the plaintiff's case?" asked Judge Smallman.

"I don't think more expert testimony is needed," said Dockery. "It would only be cumulative. What we have put in is sufficient, Your Honor must find, to shift the burden of proof to the defendant."

"How long will the defendant's case take, Mr. Hinkle?"

"The direct will hardly take an hour, but the cross, redirect and recross, as Your Honor will readily anticipate ——"

"We'll take the defendant's case tomorrow," said the judge, rising.

"Jury and all witnesses in the case on trial report here tomorrow morning at half-past ten!" shouted the court clerk as all present stood until the judge had passed down and out.

Erwin, somewhat puzzled, but not at all uneasy, returned to the museum for a few minutes at his desk before going home for the day. He passed the Dutch gallery and glanced in at the picture, The Hard Question. He dismissed the matter from his mind with a shrug and a smile.

But it wouldn't stay dismissed; it rose aggressively in less than half an hour. As he was riding homeward in the jammed and suffocating Subway, expertly reading his newspaper by resting it on the crown of a fellow sufferer's head, he came across a reviving headline:

$80,000 PICTURE ALLEGED FAKE
OLD MASTER IN MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS SAID TO BE WORTHLESS COPY

Ambrose Hinkle gave a judge and jury in Part XIV, Supreme Court, to understand today that the picture The Hard Question by Frank Hall hanging in the New York Museum of Fine Arts and claimed to be worth upwards of eighty thousand dollars is an arrant forgery and not worth a dime.

"This is the genuine Old Master," went on Mr. Hinkle, pointing to a picture in the courtroom, "and I shall unfold about it a tale of intrigue and chicanery in the lives of great and wealthy New Yorkers that will shock the city."

Mr. Hinkle has never shunned the limelight and he may have exaggerated the sensation he promises, but he generally makes good on his statements of fact, and if the Museum of Fine Arts, supported in part by public moneys, has made such a blunder the public wants to know it. The trial proceeds tomorrow.

Erwin's eyes brightened with honest indignation. The charge was absurd and would be easily and utterly refuted, but it was an outrage that it should ever have been given publicity. It was of a piece with the character that common report gave to this Ambrose Hinkle.

III

ERWIN had the proud privilege of hearing his name bellowed through the echoing corridors of the county courthouse on the following morning, but it did not flush him with pleasure; having suffered the law's delays during one day, he had cheated a little and had not come until a quarter to eleven.

He was ushered into a crowded courtroom. The counter-attraction of the Wednesday matinée downstairs was played and done; and the newspaper advertising had helped. The only seat that was vacant was the witness chair, and to that seat perilous beside the august bench Erwin was ceremoniously conducted.

"Half-past ten means half-past ten, Mr. Gedney," said Judge Smallman sternly, as if half-past ten had never meant a quarter to eleven or better to himself

Little Amby addressed the court: "In view of Mr. Dockery's remark of yesterday, to the effect that I didn't know much about paintings, I'm presenting him with this witness as an evidence that I'm learning, and he seems to be glad to have him. I was informed that the New York Museum of Fine Arts claims to have the original of this painting; in the interests of justice, and disregarding whether it would help or hurt my client's case, I subpœnaed the curator of paintings and told him to bring all his proofs with him, and here he is, and I ask Your Honor to reopen the plaintiff's case and let him take full advantage of anything that the witness can tell this court and jury. That might seem to be pushing fair play to an extreme, but it's also a matter of business with us. My client's business reputation is at stake, and we propose to establish here and now that the picture which she sold is original, genuine and authentic; and no alibis or postmortems."

He took a turn up and down before the audience, looking in mute challenge from individual to individual.

"Erwin Gedney," said Erwin, answering the stenographer after he had been sworn.

"What is your business, Mr. Gedney?" asked Attorney Dockery.

"Assistant curator of paintings in the New York Museum of Fine Arts on Fifth Avenue in this city."

"How long have you been in that position?"

"Two years—three years in August."

"What are your duties?"

"The care of the paintings. That includes cleaning, repairing, restoring, framing, and so forth. We have five million dollars' worth of paintings in the museum."

"Whose valuation is that?" called Little Amby from his seat.

"That of the auditing committee, Mr. Hinkle."

"Do you also buy paintings for the museum?" resumed Dockery.

"The pictures are bought by the committee on paintings, but the committee commonly calls on us for our opinion. In matters of great importance, as in the

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purchase of that Rembrandt for half a million dollars last year, the committee prefers to rely on experts, who are better known and probably more competent. Mr. Aspinall, whom I see here in court, was chief adviser to the committee in the matter of the Rembrandt, if Mr. Aspinall will pardon me for mentioning it."

The crowd waved to and fro, trying for a view of the celebrated Aspinall. Erwin had seen the famous connoisseur unexpectedly, and had blurted out his name, being relieved to find present a generally accepted authority.

"What experience had you before going to the museum?"

"I studied and worked in Paris for some months following my graduation from Yale. I hoped to be a painter, but ——" Erwin paused, smiling.

"If he's good enough for the museum he's good enough for us," said Little Amby bluffly. "Particularly in view of the experts we've heard already."

"Look at this painting, Mr. Gedney, and tell us if, in your opinion, it is the work of Frans Hals."

"It is not," said Erwin with a cursory glance at the picture.

"Will you say it is a copy by another artist?"

"It is a copy."

"Have you seen the original of this painting?"

"Frequently. It is hanging in the Dutch gallery of the New York Museum of Fine Arts right now."

"Mr. Hinkle tells me you were served with a *subpœna duces tecum*. Have you brought the papers with you?"

"I have here," said Erwin, lifting a portfolio, "documentary proofs tracing our picture back to 1758, at which time it was in the possession of Count Cornel of Brussels; there is here a memorandum of sale by the count, and the chain is complete into Mr. Ben Barry of New York, under whose will the museum received the picture last year. These papers were given us, together with the painting, by Mr. Barry's executor."

"I offer these papers in evidence."

"As evidence of what, Mr. Dockery?" asked the judge. "They bear on the picture in the museum only. Both pictures may be originals."

"I join with Mr. Dockery in asking Your Honor to admit these papers," said Little Amby. "I'll state frankly that I propose to call in question that picture in the museum, as a part of the defendant's case, and since the museum is a semipublic institution I'd regret very much to cast slurs on it without allowing it every possible defense. I'll concede that these papers are genuine, and since they are produced by the museum, I won't require that they be legally proved. Glad to have them, as a matter of fact. . . . Mr. Gedney," he continued, "that subpœna was addressed to the curator. Why didn't he come here himself?"

"I suppose he thought I knew more about the picture. I passed on it in the curator's absence when it was before the committee."

"And now you're here to defend your opinion?"

"You might say so."

"And supposing that the picture you passed on in the curator's absence turns out to be a fake, you'll be in bad?"

"I can't say."

"What do you think? On your advice the committee accepted that picture for the museum and paid five thousand dollars to the grandson of Ben Barry. You'd be fired, wouldn't you?"

"If I should be guilty of such a stupid blunder," said Erwin stiffly, "I'd resign."

"So you're here to defend your job, aren't you?"

"I am not."

"Does your salary as assistant curator cut any figure in your budget?"

"I live on it, if that's what you mean."

"I don't think this is proper cross-examination," protested Dockery.

"Come, now," said Little Amby roughly. "Here's a young fellow has made a bull, but it's his story and he's going to stick to it."

"I'll allow the testimony to stand," said the judge. "But I think you've gone far enough on that line, Mr. Hinkle."

"When you examined the picture for the museum, Mr. Gedney, did you X-ray it?"

"No, I did not."

"You know the X ray is used to test paintings, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"How did you examine this painting in the museum?"

"Merely by looking at it."

"And how long did you look at it?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"Whom do you consider the greatest authority on art in this country?"

"Paintings? He's here in court."

"Mr. Aspinall?"

"Mr. Aspinall."

"Mr. Aspinall has been looking at that picture for an hour. . . . Very soon now, Mr. Aspinall. . . . If Mr. Aspinall were to say that picture is an original by Frans Hals, would you defer to him?"

"I can't suppose that Mr. Aspinall ——"

"Go ahead and suppose it."

"I'd be seriously inclined to reconsider."

"Step down. . . . With Your Honor's permission, I'll reserve my motion to dismiss until the end of the case. . . . Mrs. Bonn, take the stand, please."

The sturdy defendant, a typical housewife of the laboring class, but with the face of a prize fighter gone to flesh, trudged to the chair and held up a large and muscular hand; her greenish eyes were as steady as glass marbles.

"What's your business, Mrs. Bonn?"

"I keep a curiosity shop on Sixth Avenue near Jefferson Market."

Her voice was deep and somewhat hoarse, agreeing with her appearance; its note suggested that she asked no special consideration and was willing to meet all comers on a strictly business basis, without fear or favor. Her hands were quiet in her sloping lap; she turned her head and looked full and unsmilingly at the jury.

"You sold this picture in court to the plaintiff for twenty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get that picture?"

"I bought it at an auction sale of the furniture in Mr. Ben Barry's house in East Ninety-third Street, about two months before the old gentleman died."

"And how much did you pay for it?" asked Dockery.

"I've forgotten—ten or fifteen dollars."

"For an old master that your counsel says is worth eighty thousand dollars? You're excused."

"We'll have the auctioneer," said Little Amby. "Mr. Nickels!"

A stout and bald man with a dusty complexion took the chair and frowned attentively at Little Amby while he toyed with the heavy watch chain stretched across the big stomach.

"I'm a licensed auctioneer," he said, answering questions. "April last year I held a sale at the house of Mr. Ben Barry on Ninety-third Street east of Lexington Avenue and sold off the furniture."

"Including pictures?"

"There was some pictures—some old pictures. There was about a dozen old pictures."

"Did you sell this picture here in court?"

"That I cannot say, counselor. I might have. Well, I'll say I did, if Mrs. Bonn says I did. I've known Mrs. Bonn for upward of fourteen years ——"

"No. You're under oath. If you don't remember, say so."

"Well, I can't remember. It was mostly the furniture, and if pictures are any good they go down to the big galleries like the Killora Galleries, where they can get a price. Most of my customers are in the furnished-apartments line and they just want a picture."

"You had a written authority from Mr. Barry?"

"Well, I would want that. Here's the letter he wrote me with his own signature."

Little Amby took the letter and had it marked for identification.

"Now, Mr. Nickels, you say you sold some paintings. Did you make any statements or representations about these paintings at any time before knocking them down?"

"I wouldn't do that. This was an auction, counselor, and not a private sale. When I sell, I sell as is; the buyer looks at the goods and takes his chance, and if they're not what he thought they were he has no comeback."

"No questions," said Dockery, waving the witness away.

"Mr. Ben Barry Third!" called Little Amby.

An elegantly slim young man, small boned, small headed, with chubby and sallow face and brooding dark eyes, went to the stand and was sworn.

"I am the grandson of Ben Barry who lived on East Ninety-third Street," he said, answering Little Amby. "Yes, my grandfather left the picture to the museum and they paid me five thousand dollars according to the will."

"You're familiar with your grandfather's writing and signature?"

"On checks," said the witness with a droll smile. "Yes, that's his writing and he signed that."

"I offer this letter in evidence," said Little Amby. He read it to the jury:

"ABRAHAM NICKELS & SON, Auctioneers.

"*Gentlemen:* This is to empower you to sell at public auction all the furniture and personal property in my residence on East Ninety-third Street, New York City, and you are to retain a fee of 10 per cent. You must complete the sale before April fifteenth next, as I have sold the house and am giving title that date.

"Respectfully,

"BEN BARRY."

"Now tell us something about this picture, Mr. Barry. Did your grandfather have a copy of it?"

"I don't know which was the copy, but he had a copy. One was in his house in Long Branch, and I understood that was the original; and this one was in the town house."

"You saw those two pictures during your grandfather's lifetime?"

"Yes."

"And the Long Branch picture is the one in the museum?"

"Yes."

"And you received five thousand dollars from the museum, as provided in your grandfather's will?"

"Yes."

"Who were the executors?" asked Judge Smallman.

"This young man from the museum has produced a certified copy of the will," said Little Amby, tendering the document to the judge. "Your Honor will observe that it was made before this auction sale, and the executors are attorneys of the highest standing. But they're not art experts, any more than I, if Mr. Dockery will still agree to that. They read the will, looked around for this picture, found it in Long Branch and turned it over to the museum. Fortunately for Mr. Barry here, who got nothing from the estate but this five thousand dollars, the man who passed on the picture for the museum wasn't an expert either; though that may be news to him now."

The judge turned his chair toward the witness stand and settled back to listen and scrutinize as Little Amby called Mr. Roger Aspinall.

The gray-haired and monocled man, who had been the target of curious glances since his identity was announced, rose and went to the chair.

The audience stared at him with vast respect and latent hostility, the latter caused by his eyeglass. If he proved superior, masterful, magical, his monocle would be graciously forgiven him, and even considered another evidence of his quality.

"I don't think we need ask Mr. Aspinall to qualify as an expert," remarked Little Amby. *(Continued on Page 56)*

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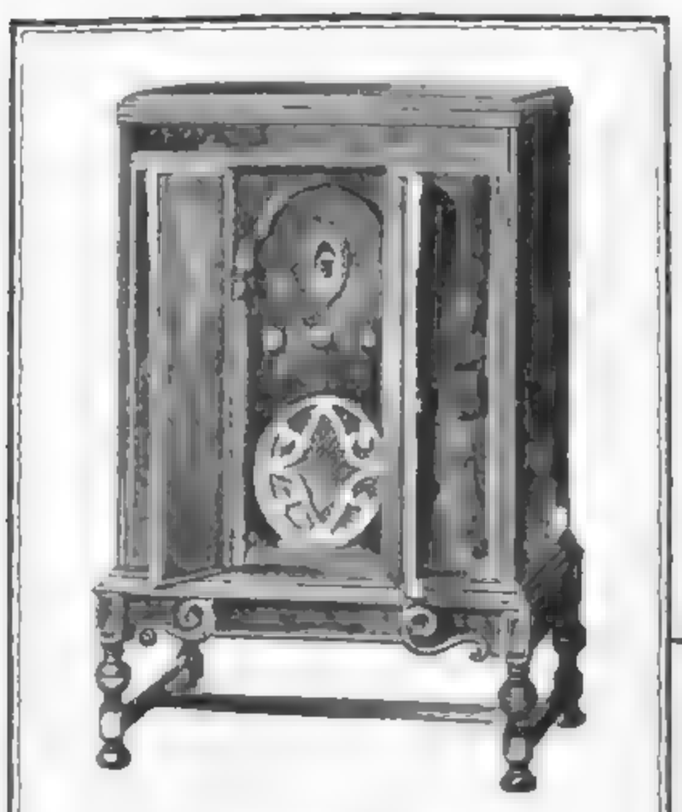

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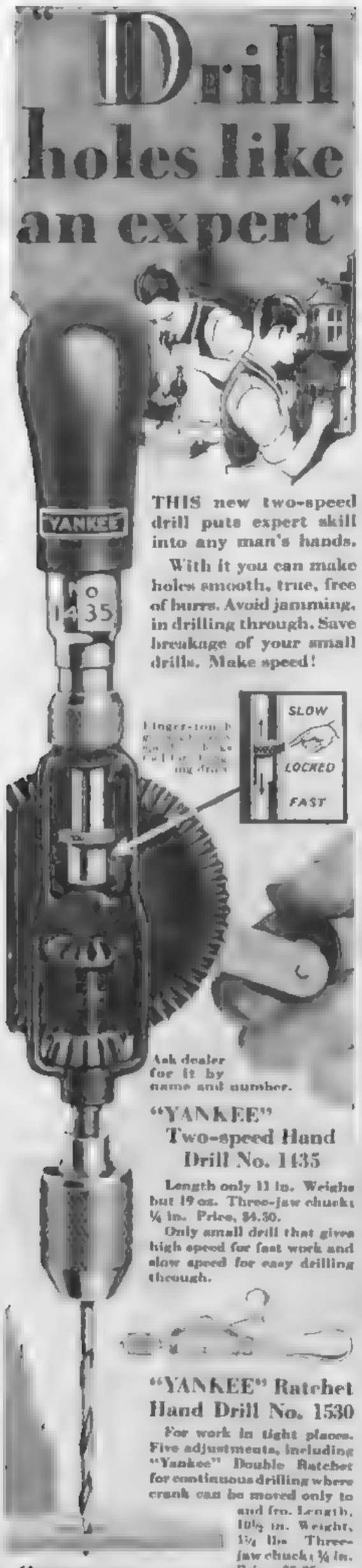

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(Continued from Page 54)

"If this is the Aspinall," said Dockery. "You are Roger Aspinall of Aspinall Brothers, owners of the Aspinall Galleries in New York, London and Paris?"

"Guilty, as charged," said the witness smilingly.

"Mr. Aspinall," said Little Amby crisply, "have you examined this picture now in court before you and marked Plaintiff's Exhibit A in evidence?"

"I have, sir."

"And can you say whether or not it is an original painting by Frans Hals, the great Dutch master?"

"In his opinion," suggested Dockery.

"But it is not a matter of opinion," demurred the witness. "There is no doubt about it at all. Yes, this is an original painting by Frans Hals."

"How much is it worth?"

"I really couldn't say. A picture of this quality is worth what one can get for it. There was a price mentioned here, and if I heard that such a price had been paid I couldn't say that it was much out of line."

"Eighty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, Mr. Hinkle. It would be rather full, but not out of the way entirely."

"Did Hals paint two of these pictures?"

"This subject? Not to my knowledge. I dare say I could tell you from memory where is every painting by Frans Hals, called the Elder. But perhaps I should not be too confident; this affair has been a revelation to me. Until you came to me yesterday I had been assured that The Hard Question was in the Dutch wing in the New York Museum of Fine Arts."

"Your witness," said Little Amby cheerfully.

"How did you recognize this picture, Mr. Aspinall?" asked Dockery.

"By looking at it, certainly."

"You didn't X-ray it to see what it was made of?"

The witness allowed himself a chuckle. "My dear sir, I know these pictures as one knows one's friends. Meeting a friend, one does not proceed to X-ray him to see what he is made of."

"Do you know the expert who testified yesterday—Abner Seitz?"

"Sorry."

"He testified that Frans Hals didn't sign his pictures this way, but simply wrote his name out in full."

"He is mistaken. He confuses the master with his son called Frans Hals the Younger, a much inferior artist."

"He named a picture signed that way and called Hille Bobbe the Fisherwoman."

"Precisely—painted by the son, and generally known as the screech owl Hille Bobbe, to distinguish it from the Kaiser Friedrich Museum's example of the same subject, which is by the Elder."

Erwin, who had found half a seat, listened to the witness in wonder and growing alarm. The witness' comments on the testimony of Abner Seitz coincided with what Erwin knew.

"There is no doubt in your mind, Mr. Aspinall?" asked the judge perplexedly. "Have you seen the picture in the museum?"

"I stopped by this morning, sir. It is a copy—a modern copy."

The judge called the lawyers up to him.

"Mr. Hinkle," he said, with a cautious glance at the jury, "after hearing these witnesses, and particularly Mr. Aspinall, I have very little doubt that a grave mistake was made. This picture is the one that Barry intended for the museum."

"That's not an issue in this case, judge," retorted Little Amby, "but I'll meet you on it as I'll meet the museum if it tries to claim it. This picture was sold at auction without representations of any kind. It's not like a case where a jeweler sells a string of real pearls for fifteen dollars, the jeweler intending to sell and the buyer intending to buy a string of beads, and there's a mutual mistake on a material matter; then the contract may be void. All we're interested in here is proof of the auctioneer's authority to sell."

"You say that you'll meet the museum on the question, Hinkle?" interjected Dockery with an enlightened and angry look. "And for whom will you be acting, pray? Are you representing both sides?"

"I simply meant to say," blustered Little Amby, "that I'll put my witnesses at your disposal if the museum offers to attack your client's title to the picture."

"I don't know whose client he is, Hinkle! I thought he was mine. Judge, let me tell you my position here. This man Steinweg came to me and told me he had been defrauded by this Ma Bonn, and it seemed very likely to me, as the woman is a notorious receiver and confederate of criminals. Steinweg brought me these alleged experts, and my generous opponent gave me every help here in court to make out a prima facie case. So that he could come in with world-renowned experts and give the picture tremendous advertising! Who owns this picture, anyway, Hinkle? I feel that I've been used, and this court has been used, and I'm inclined to withdraw from the case right now."

"I cannot aid you to decide that, Mr. Dockery," snapped Little Amby, returning to his seat. "That's all, Mr. Aspinall. Thanks."

Dockery conferred for several minutes with the judge and then sat again by his client, Steinweg, and spoke to him with averted face and in a peremptory undertone.

"I have two more experts to call, if Your Honor pleases," said Little Amby. "Through the kindness of Mr. Aspinall, I can offer the testimony of Mr. Arnold Teplitz, the curator of the Frans Hals Art Museum in Antwerp. Mr. Teplitz chanced to be in New York and Mr. Aspinall was good enough to prevail on him to come here. I am also expecting ——"

"May I interrupt?" Dockery rose abruptly. "If the court pleases, my client has instructed me to consent to the entry of judgment against him. The evidence here today has been very informing and he feels that the suit was a mistake."

"Handsomely confessed," said Little Amby. "This is the sort of case I like to try—where the good faith of neither side is called in question. Now we'll prove ours, in the only way good faith can ever be proved, and that's by putting up the cash. I have here"—he held it aloft and then let the reporters take it—"a certified check for sixty thousand dollars, and if Mr. Steinweg wants to sell that picture for twenty thousand less than it's worth, here's his chance!"

"Don't give him that check back!" exclaimed Steinweg. "That I should take such a loss every day and I'll die rich!"

IV

THE committee on paintings met in the museum on the afternoon of the following Saturday; it consisted of five laymen, wealthy amateurs of art. When Erwin and Mr. Brooks entered the room and found places with the dozen people who were waiting to speak to the committee, a research worker from the museum laboratory was telling of his examination of The Hard Question. Mr. Rabinowitz, newly on the committee, had asked some elementary questions and shown considerable ignorance; Mr. Rabinowitz was worth forty million dollars, and hadn't made it by looking wise and pretending to know.

"We call this a shadowgraph, Mr. Rabinowitz," said the worker, handing a negative to the committeeman. "The old-time painters used colored earths and minerals, and they present a denser medium to the X ray than our modern chemical paints and vegetable compounds. We still use their white lead and mercury vermilion, and you can see how they stand out there.

"And the ray shows the technic, too; it goes under the finished surface and traces the brush marks. Frans Hals knew his business, and worked with sure strokes, and not by a niggling process of trial and error, with mistakes and corrections. He was a genius, and though genius is said to be an infinite capacity for taking pains"—seeing that the committee was listening with respect to what he knew, the worker thought he would go on and tell them what he thought—"that is precisely what it isn't. The genius works certainly and easily, taking no pains at all."

Chairman Watt nodded him away, exchanged a remark with an associate and joined his fellows in looking with forbidding kindness at Erwin. Erwin's eyes dwelt depressedly on the unframed picture which had been brought to judgment.

"Mr. Gedney is quite satisfied that he was mistaken in this painting, I suppose?"

"Pardon me? Yes, Mr. Watt."

"It's not a bad copy at all, you know," said Watt.

"No, it's not a bad copy," drawled the committeeman addressed. "But I feel very strongly, and I think it's the sense of all of us ——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"On taking this picture after Mr. Gedney's certification we paid five thousand dollars to the grandson of the donor. He's here today and I suppose he has some suggestion to offer us. Yes, Mr. Barry?"

Mr. Ben Barry III came to the table. "This is what I have to tell you, gentlemen. Under my grandfather's will you paid me five thousand dollars when you accepted the painting. If you don't want the painting now, I don't want your money. With your kind permission, I'll take the painting and return your five thousand dollars. Here's your money."

He handed Mr. Watt a certified check for the sum.

"A very proper attitude, Mr. Barry. How do you feel about this, gentlemen?"

"Let him have it, by all means!"

"And the frame," said Barry. "I want the frame, too—the frame it came in."

"Certainly. You should have something for your five thousand dollars. Mr. Gedney—Mr. Brooks! Let this gentleman have the frame that came with the picture."

"It's a poor place to raise a scruple," said Mr. Rabinowitz deprecatingly, "but it is a fact that we cannot part with the property of the museum in this way. If Mr. Barry will pardon the delay and accept our assurance that we're much obliged to him, we can give him this picture only after resolution of the board of trustees. I'm a trustee and I'll attend to it, and if Mr. Barry will come to see us again next Saturday ——"

"But I might change my mind by next Saturday!"

"Let's hope not," said Rabinowitz with velvety inflexibility. "Mr. Gedney, do you feel that it would be harsh to ask you to assume this responsibility? The museum is in a bit of a fix here. It can't afford to lose the public's confidence, and I'm afraid we'll have to make it very clear that this mistake was the act of an individual. You understand me, I'm sure?"

"I feel the same way about it, Mr. Rabinowitz."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. If you'll let us have your resignation now we'll act on it at a subsequent meeting, and, if Mr. Brooks can spare you, you may feel free to devote part of your time to your own interests. Good day, Mr. Gedney, and thanks for coming here. . . . Yes, Mr. Brooks?"

"If anything I can say would do any good," said the old curator, "Mr. Gedney has been a very faithful worker, and hasn't spared himself or stinted."

"Not a clock watcher, eh?" said Watt considerately.

"Oh, no!" The curator gasped and blushed. "He's not one of the sort that comes and goes exactly on time, Mr. Watt."

"Can you let him dispose of his own time for a few days, until the resignation is acted on?"

"Oh, yes! I can get along without him perfectly for any length of time. Very glad to, indeed. . . . Pardon me? Oh, I see. Hah! I mean to say that his absenting himself wouldn't make the least difference, but he is perfectly invaluable when he is here." (Continued on Page 60)

Making "Slow" Children "Quick"

Through Right Breakfasts

The important part food plays in your child's progress at school recently discovered by dieticians. Many "slow" children really undernourished, say teachers in discussing what they call "the breakfast crime."

Boat racing! Dora Gallagher acts as starter for the four young skippers, while Muriel Davenport looks on. All eat hot Quaker Oats each day to equip them for their activities.

YOUR child's schoolwork is planned to utilize the bright morning hours of the day. Recent nation-wide investigation showed that 70% or more of "hard" classes fall before lunch time

Yet, teachers claim, the majority of children are sent to school inadequately nourished to do their schoolwork well. Report cards reflect this condition, continued poor marks give the children the name of being "slow." *Actually,* they haven't had a proper chance.

Dieticians, working with school authorities, today are largely changing this. And conditions are improving as mothers realize the important part breakfast plays in their children's schoolwork – in their entire lives, in fact.

The need for food's growth elements, properly balanced

To start the day right–according to recent scientific findings of world-respected scientists–the *growth* or protein element of food must constitute an important part of the child's breakfast each morning. Many home breakfasts, investigations reveal, are seriously lacking in this element. Children inadequately supplied are dull and listless.

For these reasons, Quaker Oats is found on almost every dietician's chart for children's proper growth. Food that "stands by" them, that builds muscles and resupplies the body with tissue lost in exercise and play.

Thus children from the age of six months are given strained Quaker Oats and so supplied, in earliest life, the protein in which many cereals are gravely deficient. Then at the age of two years, full Quaker Oats is given as protein-containing, whole-grain food.

70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents – but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*–to start days with food that "stands by" through the important morning hours.

Youthful Mrs. Reardon Ellis, who is training her youngster for athletics. Proper feeding is an essential, and Quaker Oats is on the daily breakfast menu, you may be sure.

16% is protein . . . plus–

In addition to its high content of protein–the "growth element"–Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the *best balanced* cereal that grows–offering the needed food elements in correct proportion to afford the maximum of good.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies, too, the most *delicious* of all breakfasts–a creamy richness that no other cereal known excels.

Quick Quaker–the world's fastest hot breakfast

Grocers have 2 kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

THE INSPIRATION OF AN INDUSTRY

There is hardly a car of worth today that does not reflect, in some way, the influence of Walter P. Chrysler's inspiration—that "disciplined daring" which has made itself felt throughout the automotive industry.

Now, with the creation of Chrysler Motors, the splendid organization built by Walter P. Chrysler wields even greater power to shape and mold the trend of modern progress.

Youthful in spirit, seasoned in experience, high and unswerving in purpose, Chrysler Motors continues to set a brisk but orderly pace; blazing new trails to manufacturing efficiency and decreased production costs; creating new standards of quality; contributing new conceptions of style; establishing new high marks in performance and dependability; affording better public service with constantly increasing values.

Today there is a Chrysler-built car for every purse, for every taste, for every ambition. And all—whatever their price—have in them that quality of distinction and that essential difference which mark them unmistakably as Chrysler Motors products. They are motor cars which set the future mode for the rest of the industry and give to every owner a special pride in the one he drives.

A Chrysler Motors metallurgist analyzing samples of steel for their carbon content. The finest steel procurable is used in all Chrysler-built products.

CHRYSLER "75" CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
All Products of Chrysler Motors

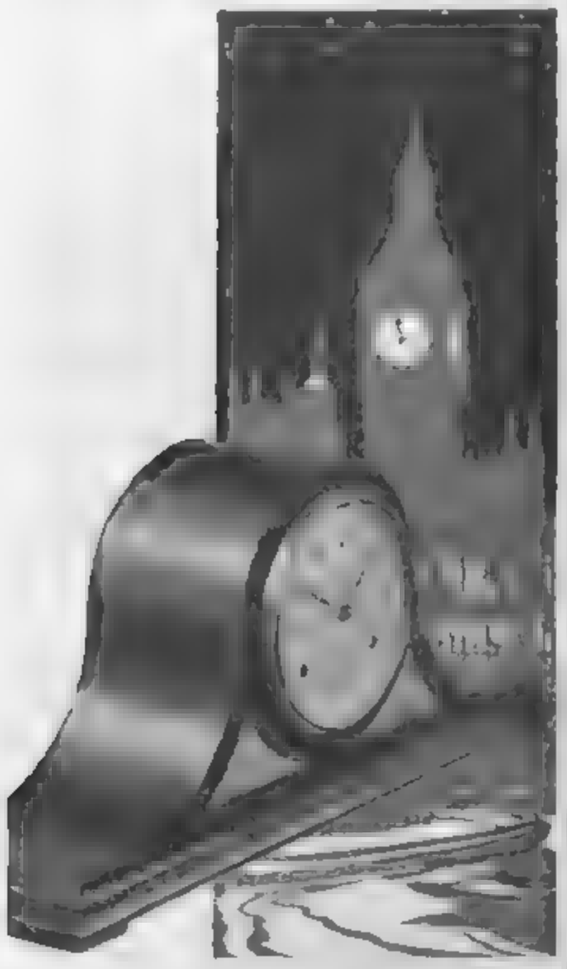
CHRYSLER MOTORS

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

ABOVE THE LIMITS OF PRICE AND CLASS

To ride in a De Soto is to forget low price—to realize in a flash that here is a luxury six which belongs, by right of performance, by right of riding ease and by right of beauty, among the finest. Swift, alert, vigorous, staunch under punishment, smartest and snappiest of the low-priced sixes, De Soto has rightly broken all sales records for a first-year car. It has become in a few months the accepted quality car of thousands upon thousands who delight in zestful driving.

This musical clock



casts a Spell of Old-World Witchery..

HAVE you heard it yet? . . . the magic, mellow melody of Sessions Westminster Chimes? From 22 great radio broadcasting stations every day it comes, directly from a Sessions clock.

Capture these wistful, soothing notes through your radio receiver. Choose your station from the list below. As you listen, remember that at a nearby store where clocks are sold you can choose from many exquisite designs a Sessions Westminster Chime clock that every quarter-hour spreads enchantment while ticking off the minutes loyally and accurately. These fine clocks are actually inexpensive. *Twenty-eight* to *thirty-seven dollars!*

Quaint Booklet Free

Clock experts marvel at Sessions' faithful reproduction of old Westminster's tone and spirit, within fine clocks at such small cost. The intriguing story of this great achievement is told in the illustrated colored booklet, "Chimes That Cast a Spell of Old World Witchery". It is *Free.* Address The Sessions Clock Company at Forestville, Connecticut.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE:

East

WJZ Springfield, Mass.
WSAZ
WAPI Birmingham

Central

KYW Chicago
WORD Chicago
KMOX St. Louis
KMMJ Clay Center, Nebr.
WDAY Fargo, N. Dak.
WRBQ Greenville, Miss.

West

KOL Seattle
KOA Denver
KPCB Phoenix, Ariz.
KGO Oakland, Cal.
KDYL Salt Lake City
KGRS Amarillo, Tex.

© 1929

SESSIONS CLOCKS
WESTMINSTER CHIMES

(Continued from Page 56)

"An ideal employe," said Rabinowitz gravely. "However, Mr. Brooks, the decision is made."

v

"ERWIN!"

"Yes, mother?" Erwin had lifted a brush from his canvas and put it into his mouth.

"Mr. Brooks is on the telephone."

"Right away. In a moment, mother."

"Er-win!"

"Is he still waiting? . . . Hello, Mr. Brooks. . . . Pardon me? . . . No, I haven't got anything yet. . . . No, I haven't looked around to any great extent. I had a few little things to attend to first. . . . What's that? Come down to the museum?"

He hung up and thrust his hands into his pockets and looked gloomy.

"They want you back at the museum! They'll give you your position back! Is that it, Erwin?"

"Do you think so, mother?" he asked anxiously.

"If you aren't the queerest boy. Here you've been discharged from the only position you ever had, and we haven't a dollar in the world, and—and you look sorry. Get on your hat and coat!"

"Mr. Brooks will be there all day."

"And you'll be there all day, too, after this, young man, if you ever get that wonderful position back. I'll never forgive myself for letting you lounge and loaf around, morning after morning, looking for excuses to be late. Go down and see Mr. Brooks."

"What will I say to him, mother?"

Mrs. Gedney reflected shrewdly. "Bow to him nicely when you walk in, and say, 'I understand you wish to see me, Mr. Brooks. I believe you telephoned, and I thought I'd come down here at once and tell you that I'm very, very sorry, indeed, that this has occurred, and if you'll give me another chance ——.'"

"And then what will he say?"

"He'll say, 'Well, young man, I hope this has been a good lesson to you, and hereafter come down here punctually. We thought we would give you a good fright.'"

"And then what will I say?"

"Bow nicely to him, and ——" Mrs. Gedney flashed a penetrating look at her son, who bore it manfully for a moment and then cracked into laughter. "That'll be all from you, young man. Right down the hall; march!"

Erwin marched; in another half hour he was bowing to Mr. Brooks in the workroom of the museum.

"Here is something very strange, Gedney," said Brooks after an interchange that was friendly and sympathetic, though not in Mrs. Gedney's vein. "Here is that infernal picture. It was sent in here to be put back into the frame. Look at that frame."

"What's special about it?" asked Erwin, complying.

Brooks took the empty frame and jerked it asunder; it opened up on a hinge. "A novelty," said Erwin.

"An absurdity," said Brooks. "Of what particular use is a frame like that, Gedney? Pictures are of all sizes, and frames of all sorts."

"This frame was made for this picture. And it came here in this frame." Erwin paled; he shook a fist at Brooks. "Mr. Brooks, I never quite convinced myself that I was careless and stupid enough to mistake that copy for the original! I knew as well as I know anything that the picture I saw in court was the picture I certified to the committee. But the idea was ridiculous."

"What do you ——"

"I don't know." Erwin swung springily up and down the room. "But that frame proves it! There was a substitution made here right under our noses, and the original was taken out."

"But you know that's impossible."

"Oh, well, when a thing happens it's too late to consider whether it's possible or not."

"You know that no strangers carry anything in or out of this museum without thorough inspection; in fact, no one may bring in even a walking stick or a package, except students from known schools. Oh, no; it couldn't have been done without the help of our employes, and we won't consider that."

"If the attendants were here all the time and minding their business. I'll ask the captain, and, by George, if any of these fellows have been playing hooky —— There hasn't been a fire or panic since that picture was hung, has there?"

Erwin stood still, staring. His mind was full of pictures, caught and retained, and he was looking at one now; it showed a large and furious gentleman driving a terrific right to an attendant's jaw; fugitives were about, fleeing with fending hands before them and dreadful glances aside—such fugitives as lend delightful horror to pictures of the Flood or the destruction of Pompeii. Here was likely disorder; here was at least one attendant with something else than the safekeeping of the museum's property on his mind. Erwin explored this memory picture for a hint of the stolen canvas, but could not locate it; it was not within the hemisphere of light that was clamped down over the struggling group and that just grazed the features and limbs of the fugitives.

"You remember that morning, Brooks?"

He shook Brooks' hand, patted him on the shoulder, and wrung his hand again before Brooks could put it away; he darted from the room, but was back again at once.

"Don't give up the picture, Mr. Brooks! And—oh, yes, another idea! Call up Stuart and ask him to come right over, will you, please? No, don't bother; I'll call him. No, perhaps you'd better call him."

"Don't go at that matter like this, Gedney," said Brooks, frowning and jerking in his chair. "Be calm and judicial, do."

"Yes, I'll be calm and judicial, Mr. Brooks, thank you. It's silly to fly off the handle. And, Mr. Brooks, if this comes to anything, I'm going to come back here and go to work for you."

"Eh? I dare say. The very idea, of course, Gedney." Mr. Brooks did not look precisely appalled at the prospect of getting his erratic assistant back, but obviously the thought was new to him and required familiarity to be pleasing.

Erwin marched across the rotunda to the superintendent's office, saying to himself measuredly, "One—two—three—four—five," like a bomber with a catastrophe poised in his hand, forcing himself to be calm and judicious.

"It was the fourth of last May," announced the superintendent, after investigating. "And I'm almost sure it was of a Monday. We'll have in Bruce Finnegan, the attendant. Call Bruce, out there!"

Bruce came. "Do I remember him, Mr. Gedney? I remember him perfectly. He started an argument with a party in the Dutch room, with saying that museums were a curse and if rich men would leave pictures where they found them, it would be better; and not piling them in a museum where nobody came in but bums. He said he could hang a sign Come In over a door to an empty lot and he would get as good a crowd; and if he hung a sign Stay Out, he would get a better crowd."

"But what about the man himself?"

"Oh, he was just a lucky stiff. I was just hauling off to let him have it when he happened to hit me first, and I fell down just then. The doctor said I would need four visits; the super will remember I put in a bil for four visits. . . . What did he look like? Oh, he didn't look like anybody in particular."

"One student card was taken up that morning," supplied the superintendent. "It was for the Dutch gallery, too, by the way. A Mr. Cholmondeley O'Brien turned in a card from the Siegfried Goldwater Art Studios."

Erwin returned to the workroom and called the Art Studios and spoke to Mr. Goldwater, the director. "Chomondeley O'Brien," repeated the director. "No, Mr. Gedney, we have no student enrolled under that name. Last May? No, then neither. I'll be candid with you, Mr. Gedney, and tell you that we can't absolutely control the cards you allow us."

Mr. Stuart, the dealer in artists' supplies to whom the museum gave most of its business, appeared very shortly. He was interested in the trick frame and puzzled by it, seeing no commercial value in the idea; he had no guess as to its origin.

In the matter of the painting itself he was more helpful. "This canvas is a special antique weave," he explained. "It's got out to supply the demand of people who want real antique paintings and also want to name the subject. This picture itself, as you see, is excellently faked; quite a work of art. Very few amateurs, I venture, would say it was not hundreds of years old, and yet I suppose it was done within the last year or so. Why, yes; this cracked and crazed paint is really quite fresh. Comparatively little of that sort of work is done, and less of it is as good as this. I have a hunch, Mr. Brooks, that I can tell you who painted that picture. I'll narrow the field to five or six, at any rate. Shall I call them up and let you know?"

"No, don't do that," requested Erwin. "Just let us have the names. Inquire among the dealers, by all means, but don't speak to the artists themselves."

Armed with a list of painters who worked for patrons who couldn't wait a century or two for what they wanted, Erwin spent the next two days in a feverish but fruitless quest. He had to be direct in his method, as time pressed; Mr. Ben Barry III would be in the museum on Saturday to remove the picture and its curious frame, and Erwin would not halt him, but would only excite pity if he charged that there had been a substitution and could not bring proof. He found no one who would admit having made a copy of the Frans Hals, and he saw no reason to doubt the disclaimers of the artists. Saturday morning arrived and Erwin had nothing to show for his efforts but a dull headache.

Stuart, who had taken a sporting interest in the quest, called him at his home.

"No luck? Strange. I've given you everybody who does that sort of thing, so far as the trade knows. Everybody in New York, that is. But here's one more I've just heard from—a Chicago man just lately in the city. His name is Rulette and he has a place down on Abingdon Square—Watt-284—got it?"

Erwin called the telephone number; a cultured voice said, "Yes?"

"Mr. Rulette?"

"Yes."

"You're a painter, Mr. Rulette?"

"Yes."

"Did you copy The Hard Question by Frans Hals?"

"Yes."

"Hold the wire! That is, I'm coming right down."

"With what—a summons? But come down. Number 85, Apartment 12."

Erwin hurried down to the dingy and triangular old square which is in the heart of Greenwich Village, where many artists wait for fame with gay heroism, and some sober ones even work for it. In the indicated apartment Erwin found a large and red-mustached man in a colorful and frowzy bathrobe, frying eggs.

"Not that I'd mind if you had a summons," he said; "though I'd rather you didn't. You're from the New York Museum of Fine Arts? Glad to meet you."

"We have a picture in the museum that we think was painted by you."

"In the museum? Hung? Well, I'm certainly delighted to hear that. Hung in the museum, eh? This is the first piece of good news I've had since coming to New York."

"You're from Chicago, Mr. Stuart said."

"Chicago. I got a nice commission in New York some time ago—that very picture you mentioned over the phone—and

(Continued on Page 62)

If you could take your health troubles to these great doctors...

Lafayette Ltd., London

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C. B., England's great surgeon, says, "Constipation is civilization's curse. Fresh yeast stimulates intestinal action—has a most important effect on constipation."

He treated German royalty! Dr. Kurt Henius, famous lecturer at the University of Berlin, declares, "Yeast promotes easy elimination. It is a reliable remedy for furunculosis (eruptions) of the skin."

On the roll of distinguished medical service these seven names stand high!

Bearers of titles and degrees from governments and universities throughout the world, they have led thousands from despondency and ill health to radiant happiness and vigor.

These men realize that whatever they say may influence thousands of people. And unqualifiedly, without hesitation they say, "For better health—eat yeast!"

Of course you cannot bring your health troubles to these great doctors. But here they tell you what they have learned about one important health measure. Read their opinions. Benefit from them.

One hundred and forty billion living yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast help prevent the formation and spread of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Better digestion is the quick result. Complexion troubles fade away. Rich new stores of energy are released! Millions already have turned from cathartics, pills and nostrums to this modern, *natural* way to health.

Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Send for free booklet. Health Research Dept. D-90, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York. Start today!

The doctor of the schools of Paris, Dr. Georges Rosenthal, says, "Yeast is the policeman of the intestines."

Decorated by half the governments of Europe, Dr. Edvard Ehlers, famous Copenhagen skin specialist, states, "I invariably prescribe yeast."

Fayer, Vienna

Vienna's official food expert, Dr. V. Grafe, says, "Yeast aids digestion."

The U. S. Government appointed him its official expert on medicines. Dean H. H. Rusby, M. D., of New York, is a distinguished Professor of Physiology in a leading university. "I have recommended yeast for forty years," he says in a forthcoming textbook.

Photograph from "La [illegible]"

Americans eagerly await the forthcoming publication in English of his latest book, "Le Chemin du Bonheur" (The Road to Health). Dr. Victor Pauchet, eminent Paris surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract, says, "Unfortunately, constipation is often treated with irritating medications. Yeast, however, is a safe remedy."

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When there's so little.. *it must be right!*

TODAY'S lithe young man and slender young woman go in the water to *swim*. They have discarded all encumbering folds and flounces for that wisp of garment, the modern swimming suit.

But—when there is so little, that little *must* be right. And a Spalding Swimming Suit *is* right! It is athletically right because it is made with all the know-how that Spalding has learned in 53 years of fitting the human body at play.

It is styled right because Spalding has specialized in smart looking outfits for every type of athlete—from our trimly turned-out Olympic Team to our international polo players.

Spalding Suits are knit with special spring needles, of a superior worsted that gives them four inches extra stretch—extra stretch and freedom that let you cut through the water as if you had fins. These suits are as supple as your own skin, but they always spring back into shape with never a sag or wrinkle.

They have narrow shoulder straps that always lie flat . . . new shorter trunks . . . special rubber buttons that can't break or come loose . . . reinforcements where reinforcements are needed . . . and *no* lumpy seams. There are many models, in all the latest colors and color combinations.

When as little as $5 or $6 buys a Spalding Suit, there's no need to risk the disappointment a cheap suit might cause you. If you can't find a Spalding dealer, write A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., N. Y. C., for a folder of 1929 styles.

© 1929, A. G. S. & B.

Spalding *Swimming Suits*

THE SPEED QUEEN $6.00 — THE SPEEDSTER $6.00 — THE SEA SPRITE $5.50 — THE LIDO $6.50 — THE DEB $5.00

(Continued from Page 60)

came on here specially to do it; and after going back to Chicago I decided to move over here for good. More money here, I thought."

"You specialize in this sort of thing, Mr. Rulette?" asked Erwin, leading up.

"Portraits, rather. Ancestral portraits. I'd like to show you some of my work if you're interested, but I do it mostly on order. Any snapshot or tintype. Particularly satisfactory likeness guaranteed if the customer has no picture of the ancestor; then I can make him look just like the family." Rulette grinned and turned his eggs.

"When did you paint The Hard Question?"

"A year or so ago, for a man named Barry. He got in touch with me in Chicago and brought me on here for the work. It seems that his grandfather had owned this picture and had left it out of the family, and, before it went, the young man wanted a copy of it for old times' sake. I didn't understand that the original was going to a museum." Rulette halted himself abruptly. "You mean to say, Gedney, that the New York Museum of Fine Arts accepted my copy? Well, this will be an advertisement!"

"You'll come up to the museum?"

"Behind a band, my boy—behind a brass band!"

VI

ERWIN had a lengthy telephone talk with Mr. Rabinowitz of the committee on paintings, as a result of which he was told to report at the regular meeting late that afternoon, coming alone, but having the painter of ancestors available. He went to the meeting room as instructed, and found there, with a quorum of the committee, Mr. Ben Barry III and Ma Bonn and Little Amby. The lawyer shot at Erwin an inquisitorial glance and disregarded him.

"Have you come to a decision, Mrs. Bonn?" asked the chairman.

The proprietress of the notorious shop by Jefferson Market nudged her lawyer, who rose, smiling amiably.

"Mrs. Bonn," said Little Amby, "has decided to accept the offer one of you gentlemen made her a few days ago. Though she is very fond of art, being in that line of business herself, and has a warm place in her affections for this picture that came to her under such romantic circumstances, she feels more keenly that as a good citizen of New York and a connoisseur she oughtn't to let her feelings interfere with a public benefit. The price you gentlemen wanted to pay for the picture was sixty thousand dollars, I believe."

"It seemed to us at the time that to buy the picture for the museum was the best way out of an awkward condition," nodded Rabinowitz.

"But Mr. Aspinall, the best-known expert in the business, testified last week that the picture was worth eighty thousand dollars of anybody's money. Mrs. Bonn doesn't wish to seem grasping or mercenary, but she thinks the fair thing to do is to split the difference. Is that your idea, Mrs. Bonn?"

"Call it seventy thousand," shrugged the lady. "I'm agreeable to do anything that shows me a profit."

"I don't think Mr. Aspinall testified quite that way," said Rabinowitz. "However, the offer was sixty thousand dollars and will not be increased."

"In that event, Mrs. Bonn," said Little Amby, "I think you ought to take it as a matter of duty. Let me rule you in this, Mrs. Bonn. . . . Gentlemen, Mrs. Bonn accepts your offer."

"And where is the painting?"

"It will be delivered here as soon as you're ready."

"Have it brought here at once. And do you also represent this public-spirited young man, Mr. Hinkle?" Rabinowitz nodded toward Ben Barry III, before whom, reframed, was the fraudulent copy of the Frans Hals.

The query was unalarming, but the tone in which it was enunciated made Little Amby alert; from the bland features of the committeeman his glance traveled swiftly to the pale and tight-reined Erwin Gedney.

"Mr. Barry is here on his own affair. I understand he is doing a very creditable thing on behalf of the museum."

"Mrs. Bonn," queried Rabinowitz, "you testified at a trial some days ago that you bought the original of this picture at an auction of some of Mr. Ben Barry's effects before his death, and paid ten or fifteen dollars for it?"

"At an auction," cut in Little Amby. "She didn't testify to the precise amount or the relative time, if I remember. I understand why you ask. You must have the pedigree of the picture, isn't it so?"

"Let me correct your memory, Mr. Hinkle, if it is faulty. I gave two hours of my time today to the court stenographer while he read to me from the minutes."

"Then I won't dispute it. It's immaterial."

"I'm not so sure of that. Mr. Barry, you testified that this picture before you—the copy—was in your grandfather's house in Long Branch."

"Yes, sir."

"Before his death?"

"Certainly! That's how the mistake came to be made, Mr. Rabinowitz."

"And now, Mr. Gedney," invited the committeeman, sinking back smilingly, "will you tell again, in the presence of these people, the story you told me this morning?"

"I surely will, Mr. Rabinowitz," cried Erwin, trembling with excitement as he sprang from his chair. "I accuse them ——"

"No, don't accuse anybody. Tell us the facts."

"That picture is not the picture that I certified to this committee! The picture I certified is the one I saw in court the other day."

"Perhaps Mr. Rabinowitz's special knowledge of the testimony will come in handy here, too," said Little Amby. "The young man swore in court that the picture there was a copy, and that this was the original."

"Yes, I fell into that trap. But I know better now. I certified the original picture to the committee, and it was hung in the Dutch gallery, and on the fourth of last May it was taken by a thief posing as an art student and this copy substituted."

"Rather careless of someone, Mr. Rabinowitz. Understand me, I'm not calling the young man a liar, as I am merely in this case as a lawyer and must believe what I'm told by my clients, but I do say the story is wildly improbable. Can anyone put the museum's pictures under his arm and go home?"

"They certainly can," cried Erwin, "when the picture has been prepared for stealing! . . . Very well, Mr. Rabinowitz; no accusations. . . . But someone who had access to that painting between Mr. Barry's death and the time it was turned over to us put a special frame on it so that the thief could snatch it out and substitute the copy in a matter of seconds."

With a strong pull, Erwin twitched the frame open and snatched out the forged picture.

"Don't you reframe paintings here?" protested Little Amby hardily.

"Not when they come as a gift—as a matter of sentiment."

"I'm not going to sit here and take this insult!" exclaimed Ben Barry III.

"You'll have to choose between being insulted and being arrested, Mr. Barry," said Rabinowitz mildly. "There was something else, Mr. Gedney?"

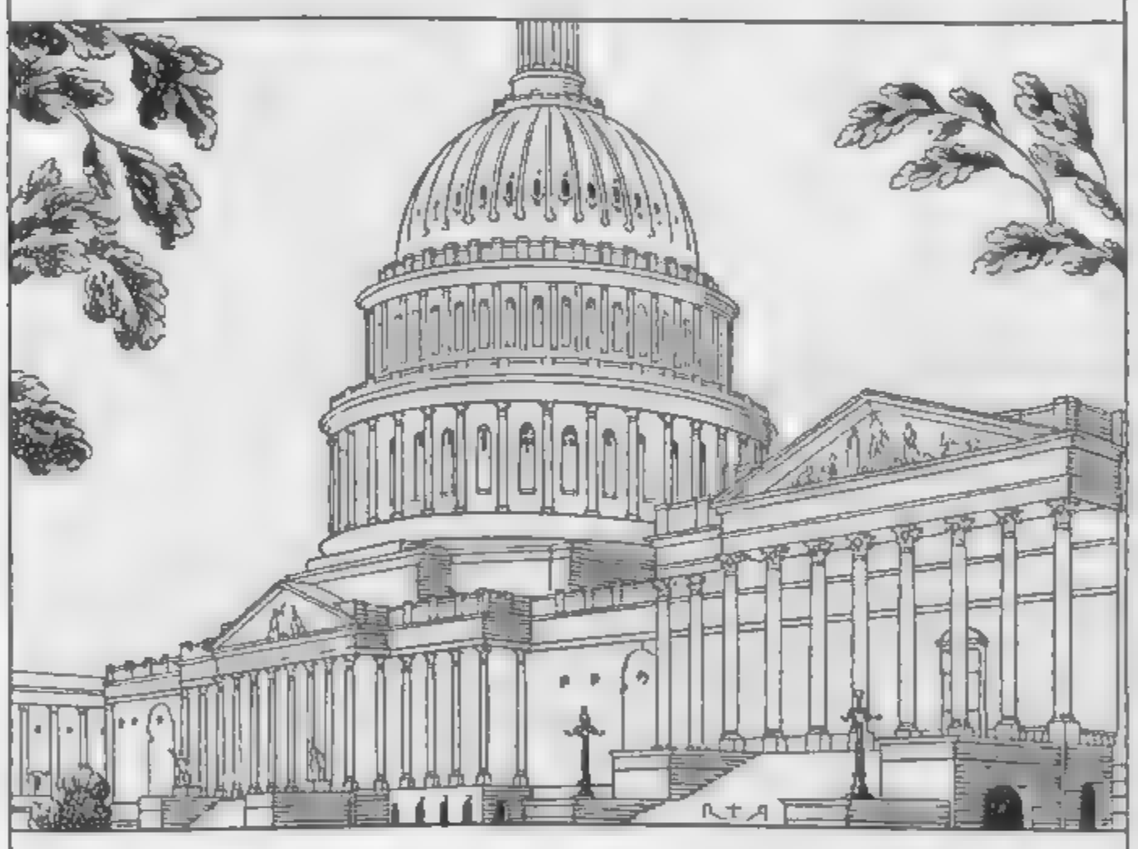
"Mr. Rulette!" called Erwin at the door.

The red-mustached painter of ancestors entered, obviously pleased with himself and with the situation as he apprehended it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Barry," he said. "Mr. Gedney here gives me a flattering

(Continued on Page 64)

Men buy Buicks and Government Bonds with the same sense of security



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(Continued from Page 62)

piece of news—that the New York Museum of Fine Arts has hung that old master I painted for you. I claim to be the youngest old master in the business. Why, there it is! And not skied, either, but floored. Gentlemen, I'm at your service."

"When did you paint that picture for Mr. Barry?" asked Rabinowitz.

"When was it, Barry? After your grandfather's death, I know, because you told about the original being left out of the family."

"But this is all explainable," brazened Little Amby, "if we'll only suppose that this man Rulette is lying 10 per cent; and I'm willing to give him credit for that. We'll suppose old Barry's painting was sold by mistake before his death; the grandson became frightened and called in this dauber to make a copy—not a very good copy but good enough for the boy experts employed by this museum. We'll suppose further ——"

"We'll suppose nothing," interrupted Rabinowitz, suddenly flaming. "Hinkle, I can read your history backward, as can every man who's been active in New York during the past fifteen or twenty years. My conception of this—and I'll back it with a million dollars—is that young Barry came to you to break his grandfather's will. You saw you couldn't do it, but you thought you could wrench this piece away. You've failed. If that picture is not here in our possession in one hour by that clock, you and your confederates here and your creature Steinweg will be behind bars. And the only reason that you walk out of this room a free man, without a policeman's hand on your collar, is because this young rascal is the grandson of our old friend and benefactor Ben Barry. Go on now and call my bluff if you think that this museum, through the people behind it, is not a factor in New York."

"That for your threats," blustered Little Amby, snapping his scrawny fingers. "They can't drive me into a false position. They won't deter me from my duty as a member of the bar and a citizen. I have been grossly imposed on and I shall instruct my client to return the picture."

"But not the frame, Hinkle," bargained Ma Bonn, snatching at a bit of salvage. "The frame is mine."

When they were gone the atmosphere loosened. A box of cigars was passed and fluttering nerves were drugged.

"There is nothing much else before us, except the matter of Mr. Gedney's resignation."

That received a kindly laugh. "Call Mr. Brooks," directed Chairman Watt. "Come right in, Mr. Brooks. We have a piece of news that's going to be very grateful to you—you're not going to lose Mr. Gedney after all. On the contrary, he's going back to you to stay for the rest of his life, if he will."

"Isn't that just fine," said the old curator, looking downcast. "That's certainly joyful tidings. I'm sure the museum should employ him in some department."

"And not in yours? I don't quite understand."

"But I've just put on a very capable young fellow, Mr. Watt. Nothing of a genius, like Mr. Gedney, but so steady and reliable. He's always here on time, and —— My thought was that Mr. Gedney might be the very man for a place in the Egyptian section."

"You don't think time is so important over there with the mummies," said Rabinowitz, smiling but suspectful. "This is a bit embarrassing. We can't accept Mr. Gedney's resignation when he has just saved us sixty thousand dollars, but Mr. Brooks doesn't want him back."

"Oh, now, my dear Mr. Rabinowitz, I don't say that! My thought was only of the good of the museum."

They conferred in chuckling whispers; Erwin was red in the face.

"Gedney," said Watt, "are you the author of a letter we received some months ago applying for a student allowance?"

"And promising to keep his post with Mr. Brooks and to do nothing until he heard from us," said Rabinowitz. "Did he keep his promise, Mr. Brooks?"

"That letter was from Gedney," said another committeeman. "Well, Mr. Gedney, we're inclined to send you to Paris to study painting. I'm frank to say that forty thousand dollars of the purchase price of that painting had been subscribed by the members of this committee. You're supporting your mother? We should do something special here, Watt."

"Say two hundred and fifty per month for two years, or during good behavior?" suggested Rabinowitz. "And, Mr. Brooks, take the address of Rulette; you can give him some work. If he is going to produce old masters, it might be well for us. . . . Eh, Mr. Brooks?"

Erwin called his home. "Hello, mother! I've wonderful news for you!"

"Oh, I'm so glad. Mr. Brooks gave you your place back?"

"He did not. That's the very point."

"What's that? Erwin, did you get the place back?"

"No, no! The committee stood up for me, but Brooks said I didn't get up and go to work in time, but probably I would rate high if I went with the mummies. Oh, say, mother, Brooks stood up for me fine, but not like the committee."

"Erwin—Erwin, what will we do?"

"We're going to Paris for a couple of years, with so much money we'll have to carry some in our hands! I'm coming right home, but I couldn't wait to tell you."

"Erwin, you oughtn't to joke when we're in this terrible fix, and you know I'm so worried."

"Hello—hello!" He heard her sob as she hung up on him. He snatched his hat and bolted down the wide granite steps into Fifth Avenue.

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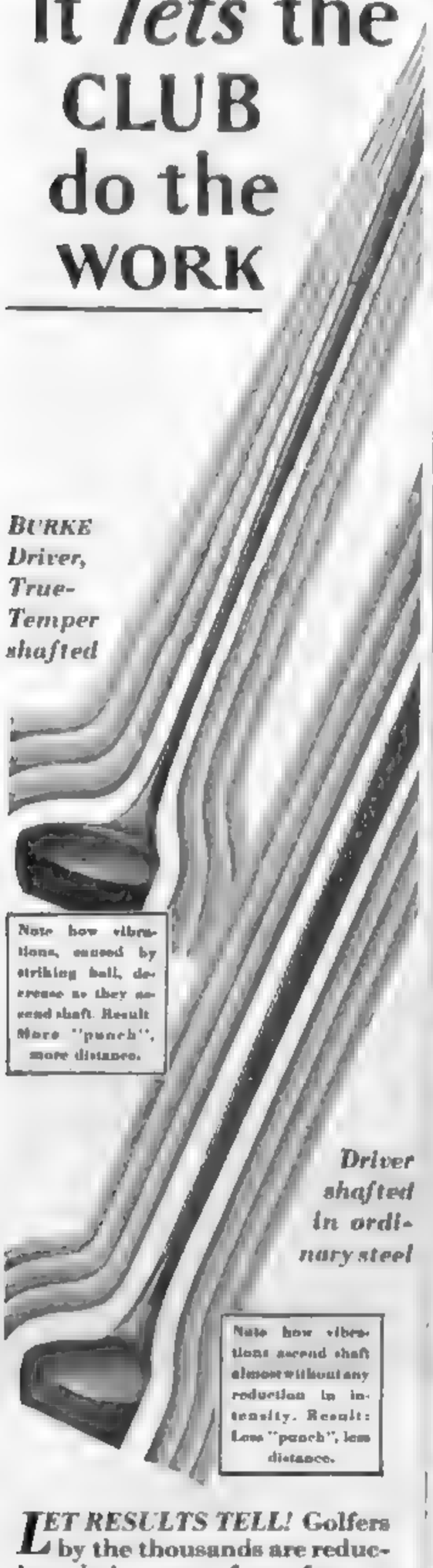
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THE ROUGH CROSSING

(Continued from Page 13)

and that seemed to make the affair less careless and casual. She did not like meeting new people unless they had "something to contribute," and she was often bored by the great streams of them, of all types and conditions and classes, that passed through Adrian's life. She herself "had everything"—which is to say that she was well endowed with talents and with charm—and the mere novelty of people did not seem a sufficient reason for eternally offering everything up to them.

Half an hour later when she rose to go and see the children, she was content that the episode was over. It was colder on deck, with a damp that was almost rain, and there was a perceptible motion. Opening the door of her stateroom she was surprised to find the cabin steward sitting languidly on her bed, his head slumped upon the upright pillow. He looked at her listlessly as she came in, but made no move to get up.

"When you've finished your nap you can fetch me a new pillowcase," she said briskly.

Still the man didn't move. She perceived then that his face was green.

"You can't be seasick in here," she announced firmly. "You go and lie down in your own quarters."

"It's me side," he said faintly. He tried to rise, gave out a little rasping sound of pain and sank back again. Eva rang for the stewardess.

A steady pitch, toss, roll had begun in earnest and she felt no sympathy for the steward, but only wanted to get him out as quick as possible. It was outrageous for a member of the crew to be seasick. When the stewardess came in Eva tried to explain this, but now her own head was whirring, and throwing herself on the bed, she covered her eyes.

"It's his fault," she groaned when the man was assisted from the room. "I was all right and it made me sick to look at him. I wish he'd die."

In a few minutes Adrian came in.

"Oh, but I'm sick!" she cried.

"Why, you poor baby." He leaned over and took her in his arms. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was all right upstairs, but there was a steward —— Oh, I'm too sick to talk."

"You'd better have dinner in bed."

"Dinner! Oh, my heavens!"

He waited solicitously, but she wanted to hear his voice, to have it drown out the complaining sound of the beams.

"Where've you been?"

"Helping to sign up people for the tournament."

"Will they have it if it's like this? Because if they do I'll just lose for you."

He didn't answer; opening her eyes, she saw that he was frowning.

"I didn't know you were going in the doubles," he said.

"Why, that's the only fun."

"I told the D'Amido girl I'd play with her."

"Oh."

"I didn't think. You know I'd much rather play with you."

"Why didn't you, then?" she asked coolly.

"It never occurred to me."

She remembered that on their honeymoon they had been in the finals and won a prize. Years passed. But Adrian never frowned in this regretful way unless he felt a little guilty. He stumbled about, getting his dinner clothes out of the trunk, and she shut her eyes.

When a particularly violent lurch startled her awake again he was dressed and tying his tie. He looked healthy and fresh, and his eyes were bright.

"Well, how about it?" he inquired. "Can you make it, or no?"

"No."

"Can I do anything for you before I go?"

"Where are you going?"

"Meeting those kids in the bar. Can I do anything for you?"

"No."

"Darling, I hate to leave you like this."

"Don't be silly. I just want to sleep."

That solicitous frown—when she knew he was crazy to be out and away from the close cabin. She was glad when the door closed. The thing to do was to sleep, sleep.

Up—down—sideways. Hey there, not so far! Pull her round the corner there! Now roll her, right—left —— Crea-eak! Wrench! Swoop!

Some hours later Eva was dimly conscious of Adrian bending over her. She wanted him to put his arms around her and draw her up out of this dizzy lethargy, but by the time she was fully awake the cabin was empty. He had looked in and gone. When she awoke next the cabin was dark and he was in bed.

The morning was fresh and cool, and the sea was just enough calmer to make Eva think she could get up. They breakfasted in the cabin and with Adrian's help she accomplished an unsatisfactory makeshift toilet and they went up on the boat deck. The tennis tournament had already begun and was furnishing action for a dozen amateur movie cameras, but the majority of passengers were represented by lifeless bundles in deck chairs beside untasted trays.

Adrian and Miss D'Amido played their first match. She was deft and graceful; blatantly well. There was even more warmth behind her ivory skin than there had been the day before. The strolling first officer stopped and talked to her; half a dozen men whom she couldn't have known three days ago called her Betsy. She was already the pretty girl of the voyage, the cynosure of starved ship's eyes.

But after a while Eva preferred to watch the gulls in the wireless masts and the slow slide of the roll-top sky. Most of the passengers looked silly with their movie cameras that they had all rushed to get and now didn't know what to use for, but the sailors painting the lifeboat stanchions were quiet and beaten and sympathetic, and probably wished, as she did, that the voyage was over.

Butterworth sat down on the deck beside her chair.

"They're operating on one of the stewards this morning. Must be terrible in this sea."

"Operating? What for?" she asked listlessly.

"Appendicitis. They have to operate now because we're going into worse weather. That's why they're having the ship's party tonight."

"Oh, the poor man!" she cried, realizing it must be her steward.

Adrian was showing off now by being very courteous and thoughtful in the game.

"Sorry. Did you hurt yourself? . . . No, it was my fault. . . . You better put on your coat right away, pardner, or you'll catch cold."

The match was over and they had won. Flushed and hearty, he came up to Eva's chair.

"How do you feel?"

"Terrible."

"Winners are buying a drink in the bar," he said apologetically.

"I'm coming, too," Eva said, but an immediate dizziness made her sink back in her chair.

"You'd better stay here. I'll send you up something."

She felt that his public manner had hardened toward her slightly.

"You'll come back?"

"Oh, right away."

She was alone on the boat deck, save for a solitary ship's officer who slanted obliquely as he paced the bridge. When the cocktail arrived she forced herself to drink it, and felt better. Trying to distract her mind with pleasant things, she reached back to the sanguine talks that she and Adrian had had before sailing: There was the little villa in Brittany, the children learning French—that was all she could think of now—the little villa in Brittany, the children learning French—so she repeated the words over and over to herself until they became as meaningless as the wide white sky. The why of their being here had suddenly eluded her; she felt unmotivated, accidental, and she wanted Adrian to come back quick, all responsive and tender, to reassure her. It was in the hope that there was some secret of graceful living, some real compensation for the lost, careless confidence of twenty-one, that they were going to spend a year in France.

The day passed darkly, with less people around and a wet sky falling. Suddenly it was five o'clock, and they were all in the bar again, and Mr. Butterworth was telling her about his past. She took a good deal of champagne, but she was seasick dimly through it, as if the illness was her soul trying to struggle up through some thickening incrustation of abnormal life.

"You're my idea of a Greek goddess, physically," Butterworth was saying.

It was pleasant to be Mr. Butterworth's idea of a Greek goddess physically, but where was Adrian? He and Miss D'Amido had gone out on a forward deck to feel the spray. Eva heard herself promising to get out her colors and paint the Eiffel Tower on Butterworth's shirt front for the party tonight.

When Adrian and Betsy D'Amido, soaked with spray, opened the door with difficulty against the driving wind and came into the now-covered security of the promenade deck, they stopped and turned toward each other.

"Well?" she said. But he only stood with his back to the rail, looking at her, afraid to speak. She was silent, too, because she wanted him to be first; so for a moment nothing happened. Then she made a step toward him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her forehead.

"You're just sorry for me, that's all." She began to cry a little. "You're just being kind."

"I feel terribly about it." His voice was taut and trembling.

"Then kiss me."

The deck was empty. He bent over her swiftly.

"No, really kiss me."

He could not remember when anything had felt so young and fresh as her lips. The rain lay, like tears shed for him, upon the softly shining porcelain cheeks. She was all new and immaculate, and her eyes were wild.

"I love you," she whispered. "I can't help loving you, can I? When I first saw you—oh, not on the boat, but over a year ago—Grace Healy took me to a rehearsal and suddenly you jumped up in the second row and began telling them what to do. I wrote you a letter and tore it up."

"We've got to go."

She was weeping as they walked along the deck. Once more, imprudently, she held up her face to him at the door of her cabin. His blood was beating through him in wild tumult as he walked on to the bar.

He was thankful that Eva scarcely seemed to notice him or to know that he had been gone. After a moment he pretended an interest in what she was doing.

"What's that?"

"She's painting the Eiffel Tower on my shirt front for tonight," explained Butterworth.

"There," Eva laid away her brush and wiped her hands. "How's that?"

"A *chef d'œuvre*."

Her eyes swept around the watching group, lingered casually upon Adrian.

"You're wet. Go and change."

"You come too."

(Continued on Page 70)

HEY, BUTTERFINGERS! THAT MAKES YOUR SKIDDING AVERAGE 'BOUT A THOUSAN'
MY SISTERS GOT A BETTER FIELDING AVERAGE
SLID RIGHT PAST THE BASE
AW, WE LOSE
GET SOME KEDS! GET SOME KEDS
SAY! WHY DONCHA BUY A PAIR OF KEDS AND GIVE YOUR NECK A REST
AW, THEY TOLE ME TO WEAR SNEAKERS
BALONEY! WHO DID?
YES! WHO DID
WHO TOLD YA?
WHO?
EVERYBODY DID! EVERYBODY ON THE OTHER TEAM!

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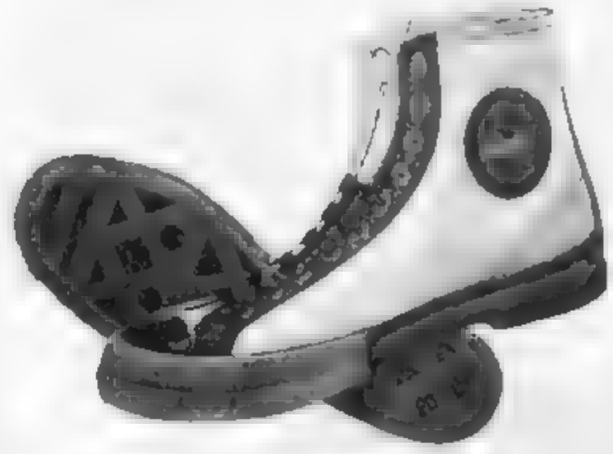

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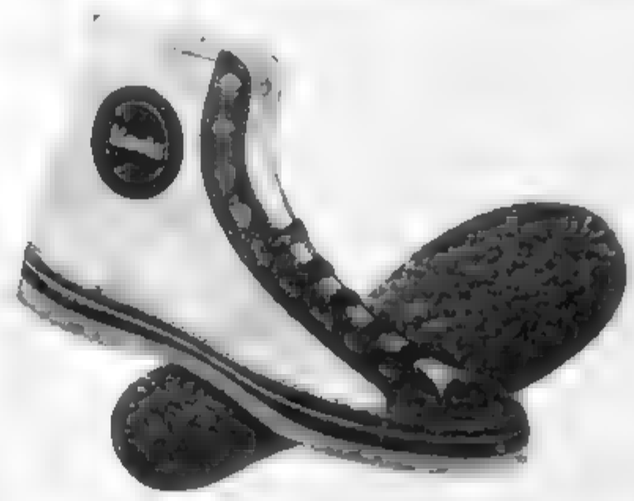

Keds "Mercury"

The winner in the popular price field and a wonderful shoe for the money. Tough amber-colored sole. Black athletic trimmings and ankle patch. Nickel eyelets. "Feltex" insole. If you're looking for an exceptional value at the price, ask your dealer to show you "Mercury."

Keds "Shortstop"

With an especially rugged safety sole. Distinctive in appearance throughout. Unusually fine quality at an unusually modest price. Nickel eyelets. "Feltex" insole.

Keds "Champion Oxford"

This smart-looking Keds oxford is made for every member of the family. White and brown duck uppers with white corrugated sole. Black uppers with black sole. "Feltex" insole. Moderately priced.

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Why men who buy *millions of tires* buy Fisk

Leading motor car manufacturers, selecting tires for the cars they build, buy primarily on performance. Their approval of Fisk All-Cord Tires is your safest guide to tire mileage.

DURING 1929, more than 5,000,000 Fisk Tires will be purchased by automobile manufacturers to equip the cars they build.

This is a remarkable endorsement of the Fisk *All-Cord* process—convincing proof of the superiority of Fisk design and construction. Fisk Tires won this unusual recognition because every Fisk feature brings superlative tire performance and maximum tire *mileage*.

The chief reason for Fisk *mileage* is the Fisk *All-Cord* carcass, made of sinewy cords completely cushioned in live rubber. No cross-strings hinder the easy flexing of the *All-Cord* fabric. The tough cords, perfectly parallel, cannot rub or wear. Fisk Tires are free from internal friction—their strength is saved to fight the wear of the road.

Fisk's tough tread is more than a match for any kind of going. On every surface it grips with certain safety. Its extra thickness absorbs all road shocks, yet it is not so thick that sidewalls and shoulders are strained. Like every part of the Fisk design it is perfectly proportioned.

And between tread and rim, Fisk sidewalls give complete protection. They yield easily to sudden shocks, cushioning the car completely on air. Their thickness gradually increases towards the rim, where they are firmly tied in, by Fisk's exclusive process, to the multiple cables of the Fisk bead.

These Fisk features, correctly balanced, make Fisk Tires the choice of motor car engineers. Let their experience, their careful tests, guide you in buying tires. When your dealer shows you a Fisk, remember that he is showing you a tire that has the complete approval of automotive experts—a tire that is scientifically designed and accurately built to give the most satisfactory service—the highest *mileage*.

(Continued from Page 66)

"I want another champagne cocktail."

"You've had enough. It's time to dress for the party."

Unwilling she closed her paints and preceded him.

"Stacomb's got a table for nine," he remarked as they walked along the corridor.

"The younger set," she said with unnecessary bitterness. "Oh, the younger set. And you just having the time of your life—with a child."

They had a long discussion in the cabin, unpleasant on her part and evasive on his, which ended when the ship gave a sudden gigantic heave, and Eva, the edge worn off her champagne, felt ill again. There was nothing to do but to have a cocktail in the cabin, and after that they decided to go to the party—she believed him now, or she didn't care.

Adrian was ready first—he never wore fancy dress.

"I'll go on up. Don't be long."

"Wait for me, please; it's rocking so."

He sat down on a bed, concealing his impatience.

"You don't mind waiting, do you? I don't want to parade up there all alone."

She was taking a tuck in an oriental costume rented from the barber.

"Ships make people feel crazy," she said. "I think they're awful."

"Yes," he muttered absently.

"When it gets very bad I pretend I'm in the top of a tree, rocking to and fro. But finally I get pretending everything, and finally I have to pretend I'm sane when I know I'm not."

"If you get thinking that way you will go crazy."

"Look, Adrian." She held up the string of pearls before clasping them on. "Aren't they lovely?"

In Adrian's impatience she seemed to move around the cabin like a figure in a slow-motion picture. After a moment he demanded:

"Are you going to be long? It's stifling in here."

"You go on!" she fired up.

"I don't want ——"

"Go on, please! You just make me nervous trying to hurry me."

With a show of reluctance he left her. After a moment's hesitation he went down a flight to a deck below and knocked at a door.

"Betsy."

"Just a minute."

She came out in the corridor attired in a red pea-jacket and trousers borrowed from the elevator boy.

"Do elevator boys have fleas?" she demanded. "I've got everything in the world on under this as a precaution."

"I had to see you," he said quickly.

"Careful," she whispered. "Mrs. Worden, who's supposed to be chaperoning me, is across the way. She's sick."

"I'm sick for you."

They kissed suddenly, clung close together in the narrow corridor, swaying to and fro with the motion of the ship.

"Don't go away," she murmured.

"I've got to. I've ——"

Her youth seemed to flow into him, bearing him up into a delicate, romantic ecstasy that transcended passion. He couldn't relinquish it; he had discovered something that he had thought was lost with his own youth forever. As he walked along the passage he knew that he had stopped thinking, no longer dared to think.

He met Eva going into the bar.

"Where've you been?" she asked with a strained smile.

"To see about the table."

She was lovely; her cool distinction conquered the trite costume and filled him with a resurgence of approval and pride. They sat down at a table.

The gale was rising hour by hour and the mere traversing of a passage had become a rough matter. In every stateroom trunks were lashed to the washstands, and the Vestris disaster was being reviewed in detail by nervous ladies, tossing, ill and wretched, upon their beds. In the smoking room a stout gentleman had been hurled backward and suffered a badly cut head; and now the lighter chairs and tables were stacked and roped against the wall.

The crowd who had donned fancy dress and were dining together had swollen to about sixteen. The only remaining qualification for membership was the ability to reach the smoking room. They ranged from a Groton-Harvard lawyer to an ungrammatical broker they had nicknamed Gyp the Blood, but distinctions had disappeared; for the moment they were samurai, chosen from several hundred for their triumphant resistance to the storm.

The gala dinner, overhung sardonically with lanterns and streamers, was interrupted by great communal slides across the room, precipitate retirements and spilled wine, while the ship roared and complained that under the panoply of a palace it was a ship after all. Upstairs afterward a dozen couples tried to dance, shuffling and galloping here and there in a crazy fandango, thrust around fantastically by a will alien to their own. In view of the condition of tortured hundreds below, there grew to be something indecent about it, like a revel in a house of mourning, and presently there was an egress of the ever-dwindling survivors toward the bar.

As the evening passed, Eva's feeling of unreality increased. Adrian had disappeared—presumably with Miss D'Amido—and her mind, distorted by illness and champagne, began to enlarge upon the fact; annoyance changed slowly to dark and brooding anger, grief to desperation. She had never tried to bind Adrian, never needed to—for they were serious people, with all sorts of mutual interests, and satisfied with each other—but this was a breach of the contract, this was cruel. How could he think that she didn't know?

It seemed several hours later that he leaned over her chair in the bar where she was giving some woman an impassioned lecture upon babies, and said:

"Eva, we'd better turn in."

Her lip curled. "So that you can leave me there and then come back to your eighteen-year ——"

"Be quiet."

"I won't come to bed."

"Very well. Good night."

More time passed and the people at the table changed. The stewards wanted to close up the room, and thinking of Adrian—her Adrian—off somewhere saying tender things to someone fresh and lovely, Eva began to cry.

"But he's gone to bed," her last attendants assured her. "We saw him go."

She shook her head. She knew better. Adrian was lost. The long seven-year dream was broken. Probably she was punished for something she had done; as this thought occurred to her the shrieking timbers overhead began to mutter that she had guessed at last. This was for the selfishness to her mother, who hadn't wanted her to marry Adrian; for all the sins and omissions of her life. She stood up, saying she must go out and get some air.

The deck was dark and drenched with wind and rain. The ship pounded through valleys, fleeing from black mountains of water that roared toward it. Looking out at the night, Eva saw that there was no chance for them unless she could make atonement, propitiate the storm. It was Adrian's love that was demanded of her. Deliberately she unclasped her pearl necklace, lifted it to her lips—for she knew that with it went the freshest, fairest part of her life—and flung it out into the gale.

III

WHEN Adrian awoke it was lunchtime, but he knew that some heavier sound than the bugle had called him up from his deep sleep. Then he realized that the trunk had broken loose from its lashings and was being thrown back and forth between a wardrobe and Eva's bed. With an exclamation he jumped up, but she was unharmed—still in costume and stretched out in deep sleep. When the steward had helped him secure the trunk, Eva opened a single eye.

"How are you?" he demanded, sitting on the side of her bed.

She closed the eye, opened it again.

"We're in a hurricane now," he told her. "The steward says it's the worst he's seen in twenty years."

"My head," she muttered. "Hold my head."

"How?"

"In front. My eyes are going out. I think I'm dying."

"Nonsense. Do you want the doctor?"

She gave a funny little gasp that frightened him; he rang and sent the steward for the doctor.

The young doctor was pale and tired. There was a stubble of beard upon his face. He bowed curtly as he came in and, turning to Adrian, said with scant ceremony:

"What's the matter?"

"My wife doesn't feel well."

"Well, what is it you want—a bromide?"

A little annoyed by his shortness, Adrian said: "You'd better examine her and see what she needs."

"She needs a bromide," said the doctor. "I've given orders that she is not to have any more to drink on this ship."

"Why not?" demanded Adrian in astonishment.

"Don't you know what happened last night?"

"Why, no, I was asleep."

"Mrs. Smith wandered around the boat for an hour, not knowing what she was doing. A sailor was set to follow her, and then the medical stewardess tried to get her to bed, and your wife insulted her."

"Oh, my heavens!" cried Eva faintly.

"The nurse and I had both been up all night with Steward Carton, who died this morning." He picked up his case. "I'll send down a bromide for Mrs. Smith. Good-by."

For a few minutes there was silence in the cabin. Then Adrian put his arm around her quickly.

"Never mind," he said. "We'll straighten it out."

"I remember now." Her voice was an awed whisper. "My pearls. I threw them overboard."

"Threw them overboard!"

"Then I began looking for you."

"But I was here in bed."

"I didn't believe it; I thought you were with that girl."

"She collapsed during dinner. I was taking a nap down here."

Frowning, he rang the bell and asked the steward for luncheon and a bottle of beer.

"Sorry, but we can't serve any beer to your cabin, sir."

When he went out Adrian exploded: "This is an outrage. You were simply crazy from that storm and they can't be so high-handed. I'll see the captain."

"Isn't that awful?" Eva murmured. "The poor man died."

She turned over and began to sob into her pillow. There was a knock at the door.

"Can I come in?"

The assiduous Mr. Butterworth, surprisingly healthy and immaculate, came into the crazily tipping cabin.

"Well, how's the mystic?" he demanded of Eva. "Do you remember praying to the elements in the bar last night?"

"I don't want to remember anything about last night."

They told him about the stewardess, and with the telling the situation lightened; they all laughed together.

"I'm going to get you some beer to have with your luncheon," Butterworth said. "You ought to get upon deck."

"Don't go," Eva said. "You look so cheerful and nice."

"Just for ten minutes."

When he had gone, Adrian rang for two baths.

"The thing is to put on our best clothes and walk proudly three times around the deck," he said.

"Yes." After a moment she added abstractedly: "I like that young man. He was awfully nice to me last night when you'd disappeared."

The bath steward appeared with the information that bathing was too dangerous today. They were in the midst of the wildest hurricane on the North Atlantic in ten years; there were two broken arms this morning from attempts to take baths. An elderly lady had been thrown down a staircase and was not expected to live. Furthermore, they had received the S O S signal from several boats this morning.

"Will we go to help them?"

"They're all behind us, sir, so we have to leave them to the Mauretania. If we tried to turn in this sea the portholes would be smashed."

This array of calamities minimized their own troubles. Having eaten a sort of luncheon and drunk the beer provided by Butterworth, they dressed and went on deck.

Despite the fact that it was only possible to progress step by step, holding on to rope or rail, more people were abroad than on the day before. Fear had driven them from their cabins, where the trunks bumped and the waves pounded the portholes and they awaited momentarily the call to the boats. Indeed, as Adrian and Eva stood on the transverse deck above the second class, there was a bugle call, followed by a gathering of stewards and stewardesses on the deck below. But the boat was sound; it had outlasted one of its cargo—Steward James Carton was being buried at sea.

It was very British and sad. There were the rows of stiff, disciplined men and women standing in the driving rain, and there was a shape covered by the flag of the Empire that lived by the sea. The chief purser read the service, a hymn was sung, the body slid off into the hurricane. With Eva's burst of wild weeping for this humble end, some last string snapped within her. Now she really didn't care. She responded eagerly when Butterworth suggested that he get some champagne to their cabin. Her mood worried Adrian; she wasn't used to so much drinking and he wondered what he ought to do. At his suggestion that they sleep instead, she merely laughed, and the bromide the doctor had sent stood untouched on the washstand. Pretending to listen to the insipidities of several Mr. Stacombs, he watched her; to his surprise and discomfort she seemed on intimate and even sentimental terms with Butterworth, and he wondered if this was a form of revenge for his attention to Betsy D'Amido.

The cabin was full of smoke, the voices went on incessantly, the suspension of activity, the waiting for the storm's end, was getting on his nerves. They had been at sea only four days; it was like a year.

The two Mr. Stacombs left finally, but Butterworth remained. Eva was urging him to go for another bottle of champagne.

"We've had enough," objected Adrian. "We ought to go to bed."

"I won't go to bed!" she burst out. "You must be crazy! You play around all you want, and then, when I find somebody I—I like, you want to put me to bed."

"You're hysterical."

"On the contrary, I've never been so sane."

"I think you'd better leave us, Butterworth," Adrian said. "Eva doesn't know what she's saying."

"He won't go. I won't let him go." She clasped Butterworth's hand passionately. "He's the only person that's been half decent to me."

"You'd better go, Butterworth," repeated Adrian.

The young man looked at him uncertainly.

"It seems to me you're being unjust to your wife," he ventured.

"My wife isn't herself."

"That's no reason for bullying her."

Adrian lost his temper. "You get out of here!" he cried.

The two men looked at each other for a moment in silence. Then Butterworth

(Continued on Page 75)

MARMON

$1465

What People Say—The final word about any car is what its owners say. Here's the way many owners aptly put it: "If I had to replace my car with another make, I don't know where I could possibly go to get its equal at anywhere near the '68' price".

$1465 for an Eight—Marmon gives you a straight-eight motor rather than a six . . . Smooth flowing, alert power . . . Far less gear shifting. Even in feminine hands—easy to handle under any and all driving conditions.

Individuality and Beauty—Marmon gives you in appearance a car decidedly unlike the average middle-priced automobile . . . Marmon style is of its own making rather than an imitation of something else . . . It follows the general lines of the famous Marmons which for years sold at $4000 to $5000.

Remarkable Comfort—Marmon has taken out the jerks and sudden rebounds of hard unresponsive springs . . . In their place Marmon gives you long resilient springs cushioned at the ends in rubber. You don't know how much this can mean until you have compared the "68"; settled down in its deep cushions; felt its lithe action on roughest roads; fully sensed its remarkable balance and riding ease.

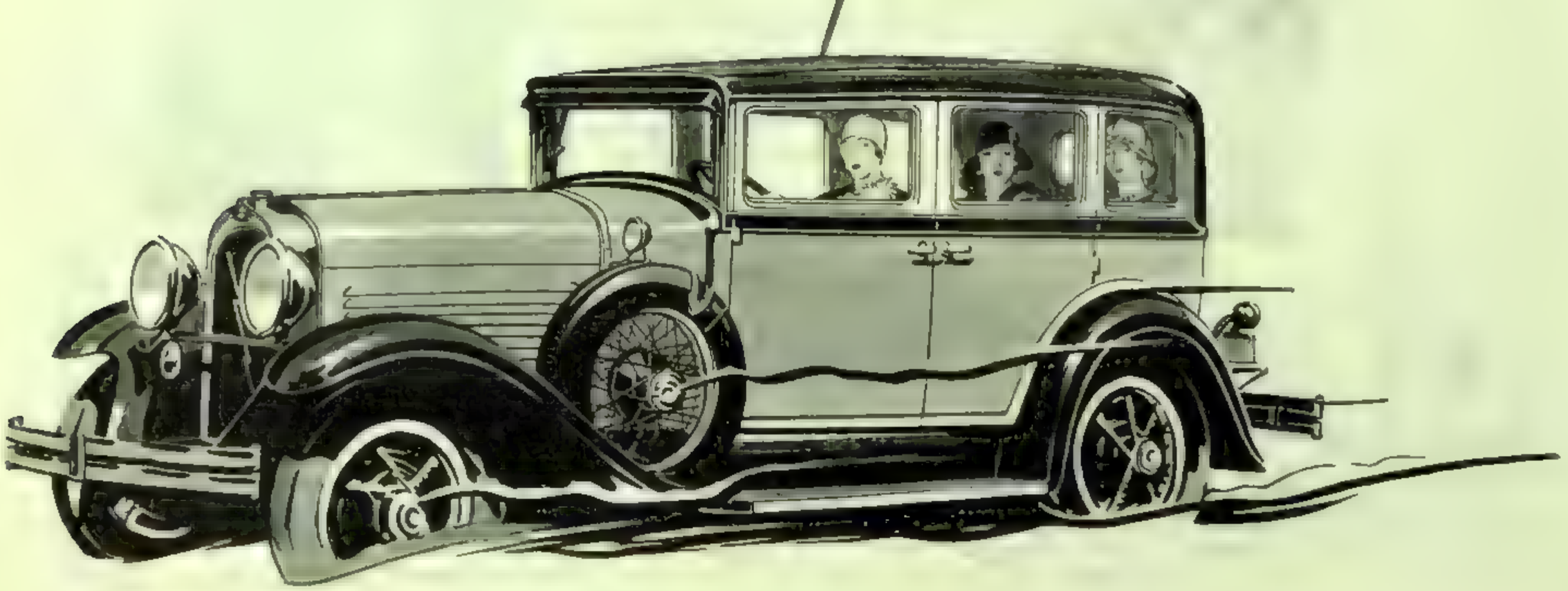
Make Any Test—Marmon confidently feels that no car in the world at or near the price can possibly match the "68" (illustrated) . . . This holds good not on one or two features—but on every possible point of motor car comparison . . . We therefore invite you to take the "68" to the roads and hills—through the highest peak of traffic—to stand it beside cars twice its price and compare its looks—to investigate what "68" owners think and say—to get the true facts concerning its remarkably low operating costs . . . After you have a first-hand impression of what this car is and what it will do, the chances are this "68" will become *your* car.

Also—the new "78", a companion car, at $1965. All prices at factory. Group equipment extra. Convenient income purchase plan.

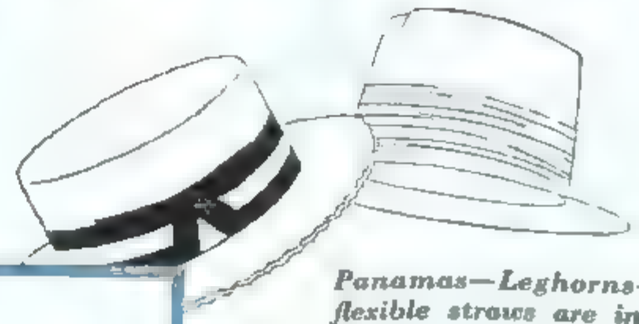
MARMON MOTOR CAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF C. M. WILLIAMS

You can't match it



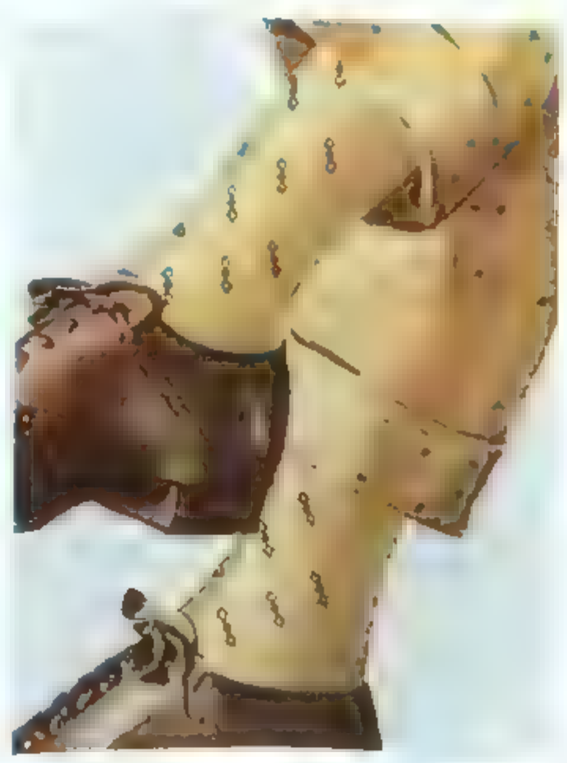
The smartest notes in



Panamas—Leghorns—and other flexible straws are increasing. A little narrower brims—a little higher crowns—bright bands—are favorites for summer

Cool looking, with a fine semi-open pattern in blue, and a touch of green, this Realsilk Super-Service Sock is authentic style—and is ideal for summer wear. Our Representatives everywhere are showing it now

Vertical stripes are smart for summer. This Realsilk creation expresses the newest note in a way that is original, novel—yet in perfect taste. In all respects a decidedly up-to-the-minute sock!



There is nothing smarter in men's socks than the silk embroidered pattern. This beautiful Realsilk creation gives you, at a popular price, an effect hitherto offered only in the most expensive men's socks

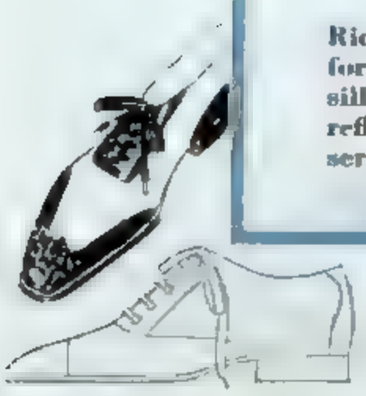
Pearl gray gloves for formal and semi-formal day wear. Rough, white calf skin or chamois continue correct for evening wear, with full dress or Tuxedo

Rich, distinctive, and beautifully suited for summer wear—this exclusive Realsilk creation with semi-open design. It reflects the newest trend toward conservative colors and subdued patterns

White shirts lead, but colors are gaining in popularity. Long point collars, held down with a pin, English style, or collar-attached shirts with button-down collars, are favorites for summer

Plain material or small subdued patterns for knickers. Long trousers for golf are gaining in the East. In sweaters, the slip-over style

Solid colors, with simple clock-like designs are prominent among the new style notes for summer. This quiet, yet distinctive sock will be extremely popular with well-dressed men the country over



Little change in shoes. Winged tips, in black or brown, still popular. Newest note: black lizard winged tip on white buckskin, for sport wear

Men's Styles for Summer

Combine with amazing wear in these famous SOCKS

THE male of the species remains conservative in matters of dress this Summer. Even the fairways lack the color that set them ablaze a few seasons ago!

In socks the smartest thing is small, unobtrusive patterns. And rich but subdued colors to harmonize with the new suit shades.

This trend is interpreted beautifully in the Realsilk line for summer. A few of the favorites are shown here . . . correct to the minute . . . *authentic style.* We are sorry there isn't room to show them all!

But what you *see* here is only part of the story. You get the rest of it when you *wear* these famous socks. Their durability will amaze you!

They've been known for years as the best wearing socks in America—bar none. There's a reason—of course.

Realsilk Super-Service Socks are woven on 240-needle machines. Technical? Not at all! It simply means that there are more needles in our machines than in the 200 to 220-needle machines commonly used in making high grade socks. And that necessitates the use of finer, better quality, more costly yarn to work through the smaller-size needles.

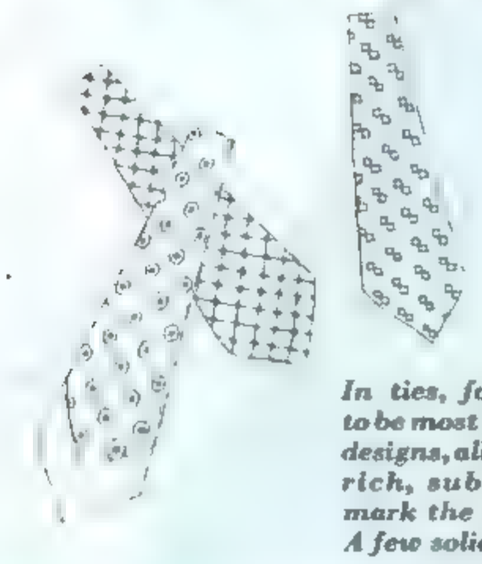
Hence, Realsilk Super-Service Socks are finer, closer in weave. The sock is more compact, in toes, heels and body. And this adds to the durability of the double sole and the reinforced toes and heels of special-processed lisle. There are *two* thicknesses of garter band.

You can *feel* this difference . . . this firmness in texture.

Add to it the fact that Realsilk Super-Service Socks are continually being subjected to a grueling friction-test to *check* the wearing qualities of the materials and workmanship, and you have the whole story of amazing WEAR.

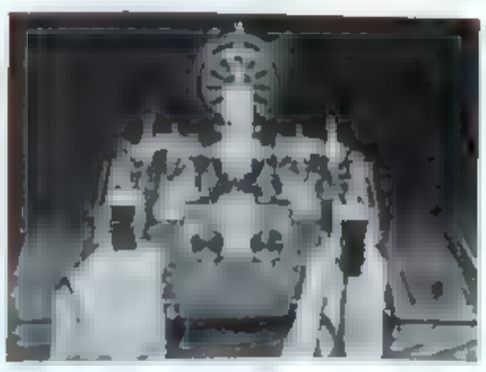
Our Representatives are showing the beautiful Summer line of Realsilk Super-Service Socks *now.* At home, or in your office, you can inspect it, make your selections.

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's largest manufacturers of Silk Hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States. Consult 'phone directory for your local office



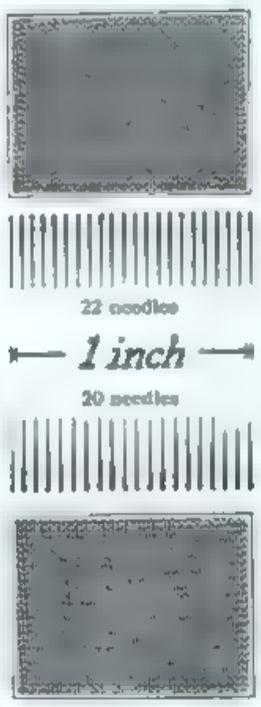
In ties, foulards appear to be most popular. Small designs, all-over patterns, rich, subdued shades, mark the new neckwear. A few solid colors will be seen

One of the most popular socks Realsilk has ever created! This rich combination of black, with an undertone of red, and red knit-in clock. Blends beautifully with blues, grays, browns



The famous friction-test

In this patented machine Realsilk Super-Service Socks are subjected to hour after hour of the most grueling wear, duplicating exceptionally long periods of wear on the feet. Only the finest of materials and workmanship can withstand this strenuous test—and satisfy our experts. This test is exclusive with Realsilk



This difference in weaves means longer wear

Another way of saying it is: there are more needles to the inch in Realsilk knitting machines, than in others. There are actually 21.9, almost 22, to the inch in Realsilk machines, 20 and less in others—a 9 per cent difference. (See diagram at left.) Hence Realsilk needles are finer. They knit more closely, more compactly—and the yarn used must be finer, better quality, more costly. The difference shows up in appearance—and WEAR!

IMPORTANT

Realsilk Super-Service Socks are never sold in stores. If you are not being called on regularly by one of our Representatives, we suggest that you telephone the Realsilk Office in your town for an appointment—without obligation on your part

REALSILK'S

new Super-Service Socks for Men

The blue print reproduced herewith represents a typical case.

A manufacturer had for years been making some of the principal parts of his product out of iron.

Iron had been the procedure and iron it apparently had to be.

But one day this manufacturer's attention was directed to Bohnalite.

Here was a new light alloy—62% lighter than iron yet just as hard. *He sent us his blue prints.*

In quoting this company we pointed out the fact that Bohnalite has all the advantages of iron with none of its disadvantages.

We explained that Bohnalite had high and uniform hardness—great density—fine grained structure—exceptional strength—was ductile and possessed excellent bearing qualities.

We explained that Bohnalite contained valuable commercial properties developed by Bohn special heat treating processes that could be obtained nowhere else.

Today that manufacturer is a large user of Bohnalite and is enjoying its economical advantages. With the weight of his product reduced and its attractiveness increased, his sales organization has new features to exploit.

What do you make? Is it partially or wholly made of metal?

If so, let us figure on your requirements and possibly you, like scores of other manufacturers, will find Bohnalite a money maker and a money saver.

We have a book about Bohnalite for you. Send for it today.

Also send your blue prints with samples.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

BOHNALITE

62% LIGHTER THAN IRON

CHARLES B. BOHN

The authority who developed Bohnalite—the world's latest light alloy.

(Continued from Page 70)

turned to Eva, said, "I'll be back later," and left the cabin.

"Eva, you've got to pull yourself together," said Adrian when the door closed.

She didn't answer, looked at him from sullen, half-closed eyes.

"I'll order dinner here for us both and then we'll try to get some sleep."

"I want to go up and send a wireless."

"Who to?"

"Some Paris lawyer. I want a divorce."

In spite of his annoyance, he laughed. "Don't be silly."

"Then I want to see the children."

"Well, go and see them. I'll order dinner."

He waited for her in the cabin twenty minutes. Then impatiently he opened the door across the corridor; the nurse told him that Mrs. Smith had not been there.

With a sudden prescience of disaster he ran upstairs, glanced in the bar, the salons, even knocked at Butterworth's door. Then a quick round of the decks, feeling his way through the black spray and rain. A sailor stopped him at a network of ropes.

"Orders are no one goes by, sir. A wave has gone over the wireless room."

"Have you seen a lady?"

"There was a young lady here ——" He stopped and glanced around. "Hello, she's gone."

"She went up the stairs!" Adrian said anxiously. "Up to the wireless room!"

The sailor ran up to the boat deck; stumbling and slipping, Adrian followed. As he cleared the protected sides of the companionway, a tremendous body struck the boat a staggering blow and, as she keeled over to an angle of forty-five degrees, he was thrown in a helpless roll down the drenched deck, to bring up dizzy and bruised against a stanchion.

"Eva!" he called. His voice was soundless in the black storm. Against the faint light of the wireless-room window he saw the sailor making his way forward.

"Eva!"

The wind blew him like a sail up against a lifeboat. Then there was another shuddering crash, and high over his head, over the very boat, he saw a gigantic, glittering white wave, and in the split second that it balanced there he became conscious of Eva, standing beside a ventilator twenty feet away. Pushing out from the stanchion, he lunged desperately toward her, just as the wave broke with a smashing roar. For a moment the rushing water was five feet deep, sweeping with enormous force toward the side, and then a human body was washed against him, and frantically he clutched it and was swept with it back toward the rail. He felt his body bump against it, but desperately he held on to his burden; then, as the ship rocked slowly back, the two of them, still joined by his fierce grip, were rolled out exhausted on the wet planks. For a moment he knew no more.

IV

TWO days later, as the boat train moved tranquilly south toward Paris, Adrian tried to persuade his children to look out the window at the Norman countryside.

"It's beautiful," he assured them. "All the little farms like toys. Why, in heaven's name, won't you look?"

"I like the boat better," said Estelle.

Her parents exchanged an infanticidal glance.

"The boat is still rocking for me," Eva said with a shiver. "Is it for you?"

"No. Somehow, it all seems a long way off. Even the passengers looked unfamiliar going through the customs."

"Most of them hadn't appeared above ground before."

He hesitated. "By the way, I cashed Butterworth's check for him."

"You're a fool. You'll never see the money again."

"He must have needed it pretty badly or he would not have come to me."

A pale and wan girl, passing along the corridor, recognized them and put her head through the doorway.

"How do you feel?"

"Awful."

"Me, too," agreed Miss D'Amido. "I'm vainly hoping my fiancé will recognize me at the Gare du Nord. Do you know two waves went over the wireless room?"

"So we heard," Adrian answered dryly.

She passed gracefully along the corridor and out of their life.

"The real truth is that none of it happened," said Adrian after a moment. "It was a nightmare—an incredibly awful nightmare."

"Then, where are my pearls?"

"Darling, there are better pearls in Paris. I'll take the responsibility for those pearls. My real belief is that you saved the boat."

"Adrian, let's never get to know anyone else, but just stay together always—just we two."

He tucked her arm under his and they sat close. "Who do you suppose those Adrian Smiths on the boat were?" he demanded. "It certainly wasn't me."

"Nor me."

"It was two other people," he said, nodding to himself. "There are so many Smiths in this world."

A PRAGMATIC ROMANTICIST

(Continued from Page 23)

lawn and few good-sized trees on the downward slope of a knoll gave them an appearance of being more extensive than they really were.

Early as it was, a bed of tulips was already blazing colorful defiance at late frost. As Teddy entered, a smart brown-and-tan runabout came down the drive and he recognized its occupant as Mr. Onderdonk. Mr. Onderdonk threw up his hand in greeting and brought the car to a standstill.

"Hello, hello!" he cried heartily. "You must have missed the car we sent to meet you at the train. How are you, boy? Glad to see you here."

He gripped Teddy's hand powerfully. He was looking particularly robust and burly in a vividly colored sweater and voluminous plus-fours. Latticed stockings of thick wool incased his really massive calves, and his large cap, slightly tilted, and a seasoned brier pipe between his teeth, completed a most unbankerlike ensemble.

"Half thought you'd back out, son," he continued, "but here you are"—he looked at Teddy's tie with a whimsical smile—"and all dolled up. Looking at my clubs? Well, you'll probably see later on why fathers leave home Sunday afternoons. I'm not running from you, though. I don't know but you'd better hop in with me and shoot a few holes. Play, don't you?"

"Not often, sir. I'm an awful dub," Teddy told him.

"Why are you everlastingly knocking yourself?" cried Mr. Onderdonk. "You'll always find plenty of people to take that job off your hands. I'll gamble that you're not so rotten right now and that you've got the making of a Hagen. I'll tell you. Come down with me next Saturday for the week-end and I'll try you out. I suppose if I took you now it would make trouble, so ——" He turned his head at a call from the house. "Yes, there's Phœbe now. Well, I'll be back before you leave if you don't rush off. I want to show you something." He raised his voice to a trumpet call: "All right! Keep him until I get back!"

"If I can!" Phœbe piped in return. The roadster moved on and Teddy hastened to where Phœbe waited.

Phœbe gave him both hands, but her smile had none of the siren quality, nor was it in the least mocking. She said that she was glad that he had come, and she looked just that—frankly pleased to see him. A new Phœbe—friendly and welcoming, with something in her manner that reminded him of Kitty. She led him into the house, took his hat and coat—no butler being evident—and then conducted him to the threshold of a reception room with queer furniture that he recognized as the ultra-modern kind he had noticed illustrated in an art magazine and had supposed would be seen nowhere else. He was surprised to find that the effect of it was not unpleasing. There seemed even a possibility that the chairs could be sat in without acute discomfort, but before he could verify that impression Phœbe drew him back.

"Wait! I'd like to show you to mother if you don't mind," she said. He was obediently following her to the wide and beautifully curved staircase when Mrs. Onderdonk came down. "Oh, here you are," said Phœbe. "Mother, I want to present Mr. Dunne—the Mr. Dunne—Teddy—the one I've been boring everybody about."

"Oh, yes?" said Mrs. Onderdonk, with a rising inflection. She gave Teddy a languid smile and a limp hand.

"Don't take it so calmly," said her daughter. "You don't seem to realize how very different he is."

"I hope so, my dear," said Mrs. Onderdonk. She looked at Teddy with a little more interest, however. Teddy thought she was very handsome in her way, but not at all like her daughter. She had a quite young face, considering her figure, which was undeniably matronly, though artistically repressed, and her mouth in repose drooped slightly at the corners. She looked capable, assured. "Phœbe is always enthusiastic about her friends," she told Teddy. "I hope you don't find it too embarrassing."

Teddy said that he certainly wasn't used to having people enthuse over him, but he thought it might be embarrassing if it ever happened. Then he thought of what Mr. Onderdonk had said of his habit of self-depreciation. "Of course, there's every reason why they should," he added, smiling.

"Of course there is," said the lady, with a suspicion of sarcasm. "Your genius and the—er—help me, Phœbe. What was Mr. Dunne's last work?"

"I can't tell you exactly, but father might," Phœbe replied. "Teddy is father's secretary and right-hand man at the bank, you know."

"Oh!" said her mother; but she nodded to Teddy not unkindly and said she was going to have tea in the sun room in a little while and Phœbe might bring Mr. Dunne if she liked. "But not that awful Wilgett, if you're expecting him, nor the Schmidt person." She smiled again at Teddy and left them.

"Mother doesn't like most of my boy friends, but I think she's going to like you," said Phœbe as she led the way back to the room with the freak furniture. "In a way, she's responsible for you, you see. Sit down there. I've seen to it that you will be the only one here this afternoon. Do you mind?"

There was not the least coquetry in the way she said that. She seated herself in a chair near, but not overnear the one she had indicated.

"I don't see why I should mind," Teddy said. "As a matter of fact, I'm glad there isn't a crowd. I was afraid there would be." He was trying to follow her lead of a pleasant intimacy, but he was inwardly perturbed. There was no telling when one of her frequent changes of manner might occur. She might, in a moment, shamelessly make love to him, or laugh at or tease him into such an outbreak as he had been guilty of when they were last alone. He had made up his mind what he would say to her if she did anything of that sort; but she certainly

(Continued on Page 78)

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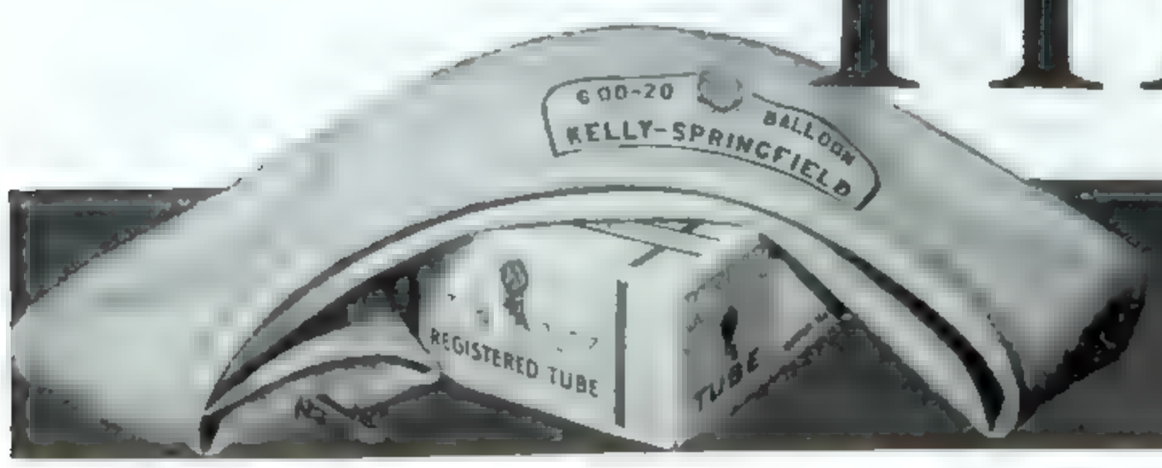

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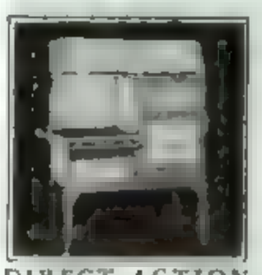

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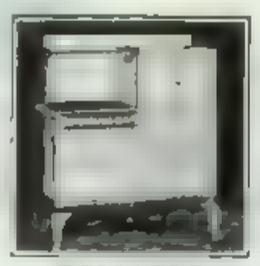

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(Continued from Page 75)

wasn't doing it now. She was talking to him easily and familiarly, but, at first, not of herself or of him. There was no come-hitherishness in her lovely eyes, and no devilishness. She spoke of Lake Forest and the people that they knew and their social activities; mischievously sometimes, but with an underlying streak of good sense. Gradually Teddy forgot his apprehension and talked himself, rather better than was his wont, and their conversation had a plentiful seasoning of laughter.

Teddy should have been happy, and he was, but there were moments when he was not entirely so. The trouble was in Phœbe's loveliness. He wanted to be nearer to her—to touch her. Above all things, to touch her, if only to hold her hand for a moment; but this wasn't the Phœbe who had suffered that familiarity at Wallace's, who had moved close to him and even approached her lips to his. If Kitty had not come in then —— No, this wasn't the same girl. Even her gauzily sleeved dress was demure. It became her wonderfully, but certainly it was less revealing and seemed to make the thought of hand holding unthinkable—if it were possible to think unthinkable thoughts. In a way, he had advanced to solid ground, and yet it seemed a retrogression.

"We might get mother to give us some tea now," Phœbe presently suggested, "or would you sooner have something else? I can mix a wicked cocktail." She said that quite ingenuously.

"I declare for tea," said Teddy. He wasn't exactly shocked, but he rather wished that Phœbe hadn't told him of this accomplishment of hers. He wouldn't have approved of Kitty's shaking up a drink for a man, and Kitty wouldn't have done it.

"You would!" said Phœbe, alluding to his preference. But she said it in a good-natured way and didn't seem to imply any serious shortcomings. So they went to the sun room together, where Mrs. Onderdonk was entertaining a party of three uninteresting people—two blowzy and begemmed women and a red-faced man—a Major Somebody who was having difficulty with his cup and saucer, a wedge of buttered Sally Lunn and the recitation of a limerick whose last two lines had escaped his memory; all but the final word, which he thought was "abdomen."

"H'ar ye, Mr. Dunne," he said, and then, frowning: "There, it's gone again now, and I nearly had it."

"It couldn't be that," one of the women pointed out. "'Abdomen' doesn't rime with 'devises.'"

"That's true!" agreed the major with a surprised air. "Why, certainly it doesn't; I must have got it mixed up with another one. Abdomen! Well, it will come to me after while."

"Seems to be on its way now, major," remarked Mrs. Onderdonk, glancing meaningly at his somewhat protuberant waistcoat. "Sugar and milk, Mr. Dunne? Two lumps? Help yourself to the sandwiches and cakes. That's right! I like to see a young man who scorns lemon and takes plenty of sugar in his tea."

"And who's fond of cake and candy," suggested the other woman. "My mother always used to tell me that was a good sign, and I believed her and married Bert—and now see what I got!"

"We don't often get a chance," Phœbe told her. "When did you see him last?"

"About an hour ago, love," parried the lady. "I saw him last night, too, at the Borgia, but I didn't intrude on him, as he seemed to be enjoying his company." There was more conversation in this strain. Teddy talked a little with Mrs. Onderdonk regarding the weather, its effect on vegetation, particularly in its relation to tulips, box hedges and roses here and in Deepdene. He spoke of the remarkable success his mother had always had with roses, and Mrs. Onderdonk, whom he had discovered to be an ardent floriculturist herself, expressed her intention of calling on Mrs. Dunne at the earliest opportunity. Here the major remembered his limerick, which proved to be hardly worth remembering, and Bert's wife thought of another one and, affecting a smirking reluctance to tell it, told it, nevertheless.

"This is no sort of stuff for a young girl to listen to," Phœbe announced. "Teddy, let's you and I get out of here into heaven's pure air."

They went out together and walked through a sunken garden to the edge of a ravine where there was a rustic bench and a view of the lake.

"Mother's a dear in many respects, but I can never learn to love some of her friends. Brenda is simply poisonous. Don't you hate people to be stupidly indecent? I don't blame Bert. Funny how men let themselves be dragged into matrimony by the first woman who sets out seriously to get them!"

"Do they?" Teddy asked. "I don't think they do."

Phœbe laughed. "You certainly are amusing," she told him. "That sweet innocence of yours is one of your greatest charms. Do you know that? I love it."

"I may not be quite so darned innocent as you think," said Teddy, somewhat piqued. "If a man has any common sense and will power he isn't likely to marry any woman he doesn't want, is he?"

"No," Phœbe replied. "Of course he'll want her. She'll see that he does, whether he wants to or not. Of course she mustn't be absolutely dumb and awfully homely at the same time, but if she knows her beans when the bag's open and is a willing worker and gets any kind of breaks, he hasn't a chance. If she can't do anything else she can compromise him. By the way, I had a letter from Kitty Wallace. She wants me to be good to you. I am, amn't I?"

"You've been wonderful to me this afternoon," said Teddy fervently.

"I know," she answered. "I've been as good as I know how to be, and I'm so sorry you appreciate it. It isn't easy, whatever you may think."

Teddy considered that a moment. "You remind me of your father," he said. "He's always saying things that I can't make head or tail of—whether he means them or is just trying to kid me."

"He's crazy about you, and I can't understand it," Phœbe told him. "He told me to be good to you too. At least he said he didn't want me practicing any of my —— Well, I was to behave or there'd be wigs on the green. Poor father! If mother didn't cramp his style so he'd have a much better time. You would think he could always make a business trip to New York, where men are men, but she always went with him, so he gave it up. If there was any real business, I suppose he'd send you."

Teddy didn't like this cynical tone so well. He couldn't imagine Kitty, for instance, speaking of her father in any such fashion.

But the next moment Phœbe was telling him what a darling her father was. And quite arty—knew pictures better than Burbank knew his onions; only he was so darned intolerant of anything or anybody if they happened to be a little extreme or unconventional. He couldn't even see Matisse and became violent if anybody mentioned Epstein.

These were little more than names to the young man. He asked Phœbe what Kitty had said in her letter and she replied that she had told him all of it that was any of his concern.

"When are you going to get your boat out?" she asked him. "I suppose you are going to invite me to take a trip with you."

Teddy thought it likely that another week or two would find the Katherine out on the lake. He and Ray Burton had already been working on her—painting and calking. Phœbe had started him on his hobby and he had plenty to say. He and Ray were planning a long cruise in their summer vacation and a peach of a time was anticipated. But what he really wanted to do, the thing for which his soul yearned,

(Continued on Page 80)

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was to make an ocean voyage with unlimited time for it, like old Slocum and Pidgeon and those fellows. Not the Atlantic crossing, nor necessarily around the world, but southward, here and there, as fancy called, touching at ports little known to mariners, islands that the argosies of commerce rarely if ever visited—a one-man voyage in a one-man craft—a sloop on the lines of the Katherine, but built to weather the hardest gales. Teddy sighed at the thought of it, his gaze afar on the blue of the lake.

Phœbe touched his arm. "Would I be much in the way if I went?" she asked.

Teddy turned to meet her eyes. There was an expression in them that made him hastily avert his own. It wasn't her behaving look and her hand was still resting on his arm.

He laughed uneasily. "I'm afraid you would be," he said.

"A one man and one woman voyage," Phœbe urged softly. "It would be stupid to go by yourself, don't you think? And I'd adore it. Over the sunlit sapphire seas!" she went on dreamily. "Wafted by spicy breezes to the Isles of the Blest! And at night we'd sit, hand in hand—if you didn't mind—and look upward to the shining stars in the purple sky and feel ourselves alone in a perfectly lovely private universe."

"Yeah," said Teddy, gruffly sarcastic in Goofy Joe's best manner. "You would! I've a full-length portrait of you in a thirty-five footer and a forty-five-mile wind without a stewardess to your name."

"But you'd take Kitty Wallace. She told me about crossing the lake with you in that storm."

"We didn't take her. She just came. Mark and I didn't want her. And Kitty's a game kid and knows something about handling a boat, at that."

"Do you mean to say you wouldn't want me? Just look me in the eye and tell me that you wouldn't. I dare you."

Teddy dared. "I certainly would not," he said. The faint fragrance of the girl, her nearness, her uplifted face, parted lips and the pressure of her hand on his arm made his voice sound less determined than he intended; but that was what he said. An odd kind of rage possessed him as he continued to look at her. He felt a sort of dizziness.

She was whispering now: "That's a lie—a lie. You would want me. You will; you do. Because I've made you, haven't I?"

Teddy's rage became uncontrollable. He threw an arm around her, drew her closely to him and kissed her savagely. She was breathless when he released her, and drew away from him. Even her neck was pink, but in a moment or two she smiled. As for Teddy, he had turned from her and was sitting, bent over, with his hands pressed against his temples and clutching in his hair.

"Well?" she said, and as Teddy made no response, she stretched out a hand and smoothed that insubordinate lock of his. "Wasn't I right?" she asked.

"No," replied Teddy angrily. He shook his head impatiently under her touch, but did not raise it.

"You're not in love with me—not the least little bit?"

"You made me want to kiss you, but that's different," said Teddy, and there fell a long silence. When at last he did look up he found himself alone.

At first, chaos having come again through that unforgivable insult, it didn't seem as if it would matter much to Teddy if he fled the scene of the tragedy forthwith and without farewells. It was not so much the informality of such a proceeding as its absurdity that prevented him. He could have dispensed with his hat and coat, but the thought of having them forwarded to Deepdene by parcel post or express was not to be entertained. To disappear, severing every tie that bound him to the past, and living out the remnant of his blasted life in some remote scene and under an assumed name, might have obviated that comic touch, but it would be a heartbreaking thing, for his mother and his father would no doubt feel it keenly. Furthermore, it was not at all practical. Teddy was not so crazy as to fail to realize all this, even if it took a considerable length of time.

He was approaching the house and wondering how he would manage to enter it, when Phœbe came out on the terrace and seemed to await him. Steeling himself, he approached her. There was nothing in her face to indicate active resentment. In fact, she smiled at him, although it was not a friendly smile.

"I—I've got to apologize to you," Teddy stammered.

She lifted her eyebrows delicately. "For what?" she asked. "For your reaction to my wiles? That was nothing. You didn't come to see me at the Little Theater or you'd understand better. You see, an actress must have experience in emotional parts or she can't expect to convince her audience. I've been promised the lead in a new play of Stephan Kolodin's. Stephan—you are going to meet Stephan—he says that I'm going to be an *émeute*." She laughed. "No, really I'm the one who should apologize for making a sort of convenience of you. . . . Shall we go in? I think it's getting a little cool."

Teddy felt the blood leave his face as he stared at her for a moment. Then he said quite evenly "I'm glad to have been of use" and followed her into the house. He was glad to be feeling so perfectly calm. There was a sort of icy clearness in his mind; nothing chaotic now; he was his own man—man mature, disillusioned and, best of all, self-confident. He had sustained the worst assault of a malevolent fate and trampled it underfoot. The wound he had received didn't even ache.

From the room that he had left not much more than an hour before there came a sound of men's voices—unpleasant voices, too—and laughter that jarred, but he was no longer a shy boy. He might have avoided whoever they were in that room, but he had a perverse inclination to experiment with the odious, to satisfy himself that he was immune from any further feeling, as poor wretches broken on the wheel were said to be anæsthetized by the very intensity of pain and, beyond a certain point, to suffer their tormentors' further efforts with indifference or mere curiosity.

He followed Phœbe through the veil of cigarette smoke and greeted, first Mr. Venner and next Mr. Kolodin. He had an idea that Mr. Venner was insincere when he said he was delighted to make Mr. Dunne's acquaintance. He was a small, sallow man with a forehead that had retreated—or advanced—to the position phrenologically assigned to the bump of veneration. His large nose curved to full, pouting lips, which he closed as he smiled, so pushing his cheeks upward with a peculiarly disagreeable effect. He was dressed in a morning coat, heavily braided, a fawn waistcoat, neatly spotted with red, and fawn spats with iridescent pearl buttons beneath gray-striped trousers and over shoes of gleaming patent leather. Kolodin, on the contrary, was shabby, and with the air of a man who rather gloried in it. Nature had been bountiful to him in the matter of hair, but it was evident that he had neglected her gift. He had the flat face and high cheek bones of the Slav, and his black eyes were slightly oblique; they rested on Teddy for the merest instant as he nodded a careless acknowledgment of Phœbe's introduction. It was hardly a greeting.

"You didn't say that you had company," he complained to Phœbe, frowning.

"I said that I didn't want to see you this afternoon," Phœbe told him. "I suppose you didn't think that was possible, but strange as it may seem, I quite meant it. Still, now you're here —— Who drank my highball?"

A tray with bottles, glasses and a bowl of ice cubes was on the table. Phœbe put ice in a glass and picked up a bottle with a classic label. Venner laid the theft of her drink to Kolodin. "He finished it," he informed the girl. "Said your sveed libs made it negtar ohf the gotts. You must forgif him for coming. Me, too, but we got to know. And don't worry about them chanches. I gif you right on them. Leaf it to me."

"There won't be any changes," said Kolodin hotly. "The play goes as is or not at all. I didn't write it for the booberie. If Phœbe doesn't want the part, there are others. I don't say they'll be as good as she, but they'll do with a little coaching, and they'll be willing to furnish the backing. That's what you're thinking of, isn't it? Changes! What's the matter with you, Phœbe? It's life, isn't it—bare, naked life'"

"Not so much as a fig leaf on it," Phœbe agreed, squirting selzer. "You don't get my meaning quite, Stephan."

"It isn't the booberie she cares about, it's the censorship," said Venner, beaming, tight lipped. "That's business, Stephan. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"Business!" ejaculated Kolodin. "Business and the dirty financing. You make me sick. You mean she's a capitalist parasite, a luxurious idler battening on blood-stained money wrung from the starving toiler. Just thinking of success in terms of dirty money."

Here Teddy interrupted. "I think I'll leave you to your discussion of whatever it is," he said with a cold smile, addressing the company generally, but with a half bow to Phœbe.

"Please wait," Phœbe said. "I think you'll be interested. Now, Mr. Dunne," she said, "suppose your father were engaged in wringing blood-stained money from starving toilers ——"

"Has he read the script?" Kolodin interrupted.

"Gosh, no!" Phœbe replied. "He'd be shocked to death. Mr. Dunne is a right-thinking young man in every respect. Believes in deodorized drama and nicely laundered literature and all that." Her smile was malicious.

"Precisely," Teddy agreed suavely.

"A pragmatic romanticist," said Kolodin, narrowing his oblique eyes.

"That's paradoxical," said Teddy. It was too bad that the Deepdene gang couldn't hear him strutting this highbrow stuff. "I'm not a romanticist," he concluded, "although I work in a bank."

"Too bad," sneered Kolodin, pursing his ugly mouth to expel smoke rings.

"You think I might be more usefully occupied?" Teddy put the question calmly, as one seeking information. He was conscious of Phœbe's intent regard, just as he was that he had Venner's attention. One meant about as much to him as the other. He was concerned now with an embodiment of opinions that, instinctively rather than by any reasoned process of thought, he believed to be dangerous and destructive, and he was concentrating his faculties for attack and defense.

"There's always an honest job on a garbage wagon for a husky lad who doesn't mind the smell," Kolodin suggested.

"And there's always writing smutty plays and books and calling it life—bare, naked life," Teddy retorted crudely. "Garbage! The man on the wagon covers it when he hauls it through the streets. He doesn't hire a brass band and advertise it in the papers. It's not necessary. We all know there is such a thing as garbage, and all we can do is get rid of it as efficiently as possible. Leave it to the health department instead of spreading it out and starting an epidemic—exposing it."

"At the conclusion of the eloquent speaker's remarks, the assembled Rotarians cheered him loudly," said Kolodin. "Three rousing cheers! Phœbe, why aren't you cheering? Now listen to me, Dunne ——"

"Shut up," said Phœbe, not taking her eyes from Teddy.

"The eloquent speaker hasn't concluded his remarks yet, Kolodin," Teddy told

(Continued on Page 82)

Mr. William A. Treanor, of the well-known New York architectural firm, Treanor and Fatio

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(Continued from Page 80)

him. "About the banks: Bloodsuckers, aren't they? Sure! Always foreclosing mortgages and bringing their victims to beggary in one way or another; getting judgment on notes that you've been paying interest on right along; squeezing out the last cent coming to them; taking your money and making it work for them and charging you for not giving them enough! But if you want any money from them, try to get it unless you've got plenty of security!"

"I agree with you entirely," said the playwright. "My limited experience with them leads me to the same conclusions."

"All right," Teddy continued, "only—it's the bunk. Take a slant at the history of banking and you'll find the bankers dragging civilization behind them and pushing it ahead, and that isn't a coincidence; it's a cause. It's the bank makes the clock tick all over the world. It's the starter to the engine, and civilization would stall without it. It's the builder and the producer—makes building and production possible anyway. Science would be in a bad way without it, and so would art, for that matter. I heard a fellow on a soap box down on State Street one evening telling a mob of loafers that the bank was a capitalistic machine, and I thought yes, and what of it? But it's only a prize idiot that would throw a monkey wrench into it without having a better one to take its place. If a bank pulls down a perfectly good building in the Loop, it's because it's got the plans and specifications for a better one and knows that it will pay. I don't mean maybe. It knows. Say, you've got to get the facts and apply them with a little sense to realize what banks are doing all over the world."

"Come in, father," Phœbe called to a bulk in the doorway. "We're having a perfectly thrilling lecture from Mr. Dunne on dramatic art, banking and the capitalistic system. You'll love it."

"I've been listening and I'm greatly edified," said Mr. Onderdonk gravely. He nodded to Venner, who had jumped to his feet, smiling radiantly. Kolodin, maintaining his indolent, indifferent attitude, said, "'Afternoon!" and he got a nod too. Mr. Onderdonk's gaze fell on his daughter. She looked at him laughingly, raised her glass to him and drained it. Her father glanced at the tray and then at Teddy, who was standing.

"Sit down, Teddy," he said kindly. "Don't let me interrupt, but come into the library and see me after a while—when you've got the existing order firmly on its feet again."

"It hasn't been tottering very badly, sir," Teddy told him. "I'm afraid I've got to go now, though. Good-by, Miss Onderdonk. I've had a perfectly wonderful time. Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Parthian tactics, eh," said Kolodin, with a short laugh that was like a bark. Phœbe stretched her hand at the full length of her arm. Teddy had been hoping that he wouldn't have to touch her, and his own hand was limp when it met hers; but her fingers closed, curling with an unmistakable pressure in their clasp. Her eyes were mocking and he was obliged to look into them. His wounds began to throb intolerably. It was hard to seem undisturbed, politely at ease, but he felt that he was managing it.

"It was lovely of you to come," said Phœbe. "We shall hope to see you again soon." Then she let him go.

In the hall Mr. Onderdonk took his arm. "Now, what's all this rush?" he inquired.

Teddy said that he had to get back and honestly shouldn't have stayed so long. Onderdonk turned him around to look at him.

"Sick?" he asked with some concern, and then, before Teddy could reply, he released his guest's arm. "Well," he said, "I'm sorry you have to go, but if you must, you must. This your coat? I'll run you down to the station."

Teddy told him that he would sooner walk, and his host acquiesced without fuss or protest. There was no lack of cordiality in his farewell, however. "I'm glad to see you in my house," he said, "and don't forget that you're to be here for next week-end. Good-by, son."

Teddy walked briskly down the driveway with his head erect and his shoulders well thrown out. Nobody would have guessed how that wound of his was aching. The anodyne of shock had lost its effect and he had no bullet to bite on. He had never supposed that Phœbe could care for him. He had known that she was amusing herself with him, but all along he had felt himself strong enough to resist what she called her wiles. He had thought none the worse of her for exerting them in what he had supposed to be a light-hearted ignorance of their effect, but she had not been ignorant. She had deliberately, knowingly set herself to make him want her, for experimental purposes, as a surgeon might vivisect a quivering heart to acquire knowledge that might be useful to him in his profession. "The operation was successful but the patient died."

"Well, this patient isn't going to die; he's going to put up a fight," Teddy said, half aloud.

He set his feet down heavily on the gravel. Trample it under!

A busy day. Well, all days in the bank were busy, but this one brought an unusually big grist to Teddy's desk, and never was work more welcome. It was a treat to see the young man grinding into it and shoving it behind him. Mr. Onderdonk, looking over at him now and then, thought so. The vice president was strictly that now, Teddy was glad to find. Not a word of yesterday. He had addressed his secretary familiarly by his first name when he bade him good morning, but beyond that there was nothing to indicate any but business relations between them.

Passing Mr. Reagan's desk in the course of the busy morning, Teddy was stopped by that gentleman. "See what they're doing to Glykeron, Dunne?" he asked. "Yep. They've started suit. Saturday, after closing. Take a look at the tape."

This was food for thought if a person craved that sort of pabulum in preference to another. Nauseous but not poisonous food. It should have been welcome as the press of work.

There was a spark of malice in Mr. Reagan's eye as he spoke, which seemed to indicate that he knew with whom responsibility for the Fawcett & Tribble loan rested. He liked Teddy and respected the young fellow's ability and industry, but it may have been that he resented the vice president's apparent favoritism, which had already made an inexperienced lad a person of consideration in the bank. But it was to be admitted that young Dunne gave himself no airs.

Teddy examined a few yards of the tape and was disturbed to find that Glykeron was in a rapid decline. Nothing could be done about it, however, so he put the matter out of his mind for the time being. He got through that day better than he had expected after the hell of the night before, and he had made up his mind that there should be no more of such nights. Phœbe was definitely out of his life and he felt that he ought to be strong enough to keep her out. What she had said to him and how she had looked when she said it—the tones of her voice, the way she smiled, her counterfeit tenderness, her feigned sincerity—all these things were in the past with the snows of yesteryear.

That week in the bank was memorable for Teddy. To begin with, Mr. Onderdonk, quite unnecessarily, left two more important matters for him to decide. This time Teddy made no protest and gave his decision at once. If the vice president was determined to wreck the bank, that was his own affair. He would probably be calling the deep-chested, brass-buttoned Worsley into conference the next time. Why not? Or ringing for a messenger boy and asking him to pass on the advisability of financing a Mexican silver mine. Fortunately, however, Teddy knew all about these two matters. Details concerning them had come under his observation and, as they had interested him, he had dug up more information and formed his conclusions.

As before, Mr. Onderdonk indorsed the papers without troubling to look at them. Teddy, as before, was not altogether certain that this implied blind confidence. It was more likely that Mr. Onderdonk had previously informed himself and that his decisions happened to coincide with those of his secretary. But if that were the case, Mr. Onderdonk certainly had pulled a bloomer in the Fawcett & Tribble business. Glykeron was down to fifteen and there hadn't been a rally since Saturday. Then why? Why?

Mr. Onderdonk jabbed his pen back into its holder and looked at Teddy contemplatively. "You haven't forgotten that tomorrow's Saturday, have you?" he asked.

Teddy had not forgotten. Well, he might as well take the plunge. "About your invitation, sir? It's awfully kind of you—and that; but—well, honestly, I haven't time for golf now—to keep it up—and it would be a waste of your time to try to teach me. I'm sorry."

"In other words, you don't want to come, eh?"

"I don't think I'd better, sir." And Mr. Onderdonk nodded without any sign of resentment and said no more.

"Now I've done it," Teddy thought. He quite believed that here was an end of the vice president's favor and that before long Teddy Dunne would be looking about for another job. He was the sorrier because he had a great liking for his chief, admired him tremendously and counted himself lucky to be so closely associated with him. But he couldn't say, "Well, Mr. Onderdonk, the fact is, I wouldn't be welcome to your daughter, Phœbe, whom I insulted last Sunday; and she's the last person in the world that I want to see, owing to her rotten treatment of me." Short of lying outright, he could only say what he had said.

When he returned the indorsed papers to Mr. Reagan he asked him if he thought Glykeron was likely to recover. Reagan told him that it might or it might not. "If I thought it would I might buy a little slice of the stock," he said.

"But there's a chance," Teddy persisted.

"It's been holding at fifteen for two days now, hasn't it?" Reagan replied. "That seems to indicate that somebody thinks there's a chance."

"It just dropped to twelve and a half," Teddy informed him sadly.

"So? Well, it could go lower." Reagan was feeling sorry for the kid now, and gave him that crumb of hope.

"That's true," said Teddy. "Thank you, Mr. Reagan."

But he felt pretty hopeless as he turned away. Mark had a wise crack about a mythical old man Milligan who "had a mythical old man Milligan who "had a mythical old man Milligan who "had

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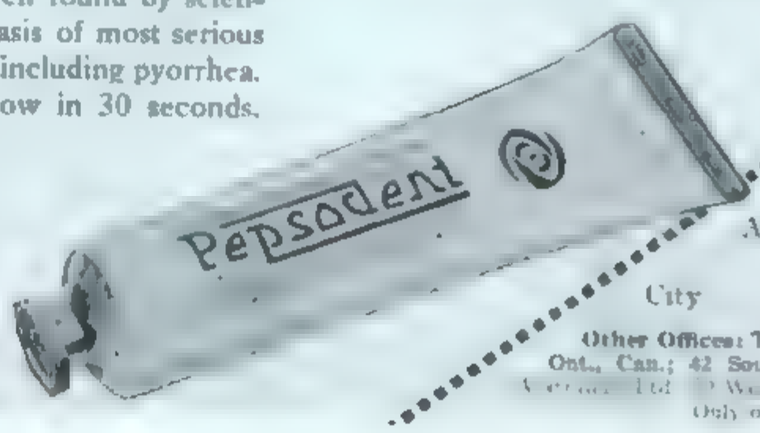

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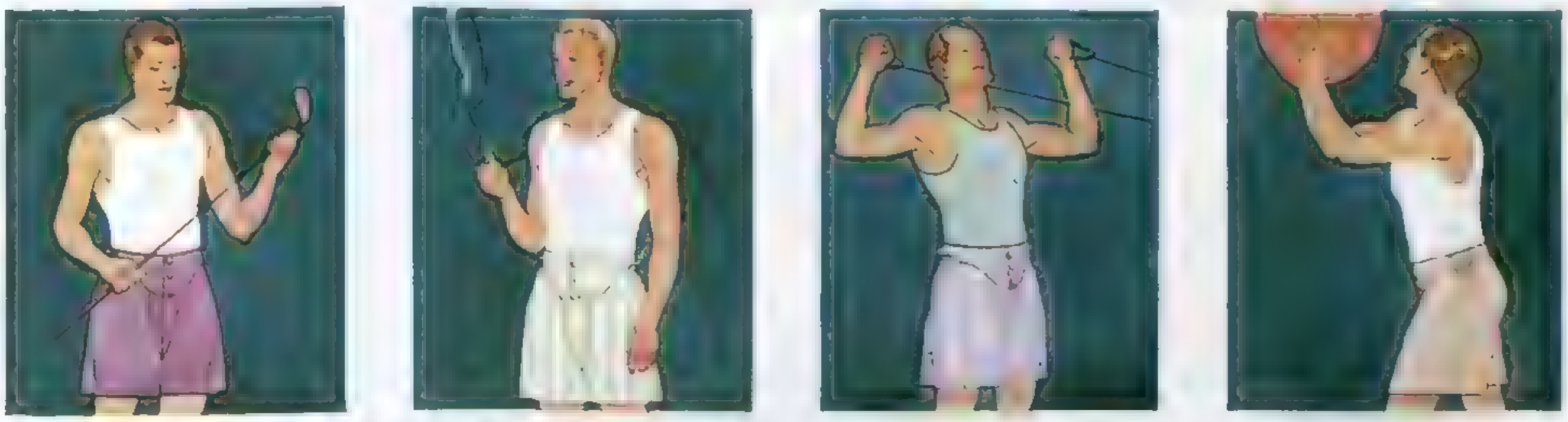

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Continued from Page 82

would be able to dismiss her image without effort—maybe.

On Monday there was the usual routine of the bank. The only thing noteworthy being that Glykeron was still stationary at twelve and a half, and that Teddy set about inquiring into the cause of the effect and made two or three telephone calls, the result of which didn't seem to be entirely unsatisfactory. Returning home, he found a letter from Kitty Wallace awaiting him. It was dated from London.

Hello, Lovely: You must be simply crazy with anxiety, not hearing from me before. I know it, but gee, old dear, if you knew what a hectic time we've been having you wouldn't blame me.

I ought to tell you first about Wilfred. I'm simply gaga about Wilfred. You'd think he was a bit stony at first, and he did "Aouw" a lot. You could talk to him for an hour and all he'd say was, "Aouw," and "Quite"—no, it sounded like "Quate." I asked him if those were all the words he knew, and he said, "Sorry." I said, "That makes three." And he laughed and told me that when he was listening to lovely music he was always silent, and when we were up on the boat deck, a long while after that, his conversation was rather interesting. I wouldn't call him a slow worker. He took us to a supper club last night.

We've just got back from the Shakspere country. We went in a char-à-bancs, which is English for rubber-neck, and it was wonderful. Those old timbered and gabled houses with thatched roofs and moss over everything. It's just the mossiest country you ever did see. Wilfred came down for the week-end. He had never been in Warwickshire and had always wanted to. His full name is Major Wilfred Jerningham Carrington and he's a younger son, and as soon as his four brothers break their necks in the hunting field and a few cousins and uncles meet up with an epidemic and pass out, he'll succeed to the title and the estate. Just now he's in the whisky-distilling profession. I don't know what he was doing in the States. He's going to bring one of his aunts to call on us next week. Well, I don't know, Lovely. He's only a little over thirty and frightfully distinguished-looking. Don't you love "frightfully"?

Oh, Lovely, I wish I could "pop over" to Deepdene for just one day. Once in a while I do get a little homesick. This is the first spring I ever missed. Lovely darling, do write and tell me all the news about yourself and about everybody. Has Goofy got his new car yet? I've had a letter from Phœbe, but she doesn't say anything about you. Have you been to see her yet? I'm sorry I spoke about Phœbe as I did. She's a darling—really. She makes me mad sometimes, but I always get over it, just as I did at Wauchope.

I don't like to butt in, but—well, I won't. I'll just say that I think Phœbe Onderdonk is splendid. Do you see anything of Rodney? I suppose by this time Ann Davis has got him.

Well, do write and tell me all the news that's fit to print.

With lots of love to you and your darling mother and the professor,

Yours as always,

KATHERINE WALLACE.

"Blessed kid!" Teddy thought. It gave him a fine, warm feeling—that letter—and he read it for the second time on the train the next morning and, long as it was, he wished there had been more of it. He didn't care so much about the London and Warwickshire part, but he wished Kitty had told him more about herself and about this bird Wilfred. He didn't care a great deal for Wilfred. As near as he could make out, Wilfred was probably no more than a high-class bootlegger. What would he be doing in the States otherwise? Mr. Wallace wouldn't be easily fooled at home, but he might find it hard to size up a foreigner. He wished, too, that Kitty had said something definite about the length of their stay in England. Wilfred wouldn't be likely to tag her to Paris and Rome—or would he? She had intimated that Wilfred was a fast worker, but Teddy knew that she wasn't the sort to be rushed off her feet. And then, Wilfred was more than thirty.

"Phœbe Onderdonk is splendid." Why didn't Kitty go on, once she had started? It wouldn't have been butting in, and if it was, Kitty ought to have known that he wouldn't have minded. Yes, a splendid liar—or actress, if you wanted to call it that.

But he wasn't going to think of Phœbe. He unfolded his newspaper and looked at the stock quotations. Twelve and a half! And for four years its variations had been between eighty and ninety-two, no higher, no lower, and before that there had been two years of a steady rise. Ninety-two was the peak just before Dayton took a shot at it and brought it fluttering down. Fifty thousand stores retailing the products, and sales in the five that Teddy had personally visited showed no falling off. The question was whether this suit was in *bona fides* or a club to beat down the stock. Something more to look into.

Mr. Onderdonk came in at his usual hour and Teddy almost immediately asked him what he thought about the suit.

"Been worrying?" asked the vice president. "I wouldn't if I were you. Fawcett & Tribble are going to pull through, in my opinion, whatever happens to Glykeron; so if there's any loss it will be theirs. If the stock goes up, it's up, and if it's down, it's down, and if it's neither down nor up, it's neither up nor down; and there you are."

"Would you call it a good investment at the market?" Teddy inquired.

The telephone buzzed and Mr. Onderdonk took up the receiver. "Yes, please put her on," he said, and then: "Yes, my dear? . . . . What?"

It was almost a shout. Teddy, who had returned to his desk, looked up. Onderdonk was listening with the most intent expression Teddy had ever seen on his face.

"When did she go? Did anybody see her? . . . If she took the Central that would be at 11:25. What time did you get home? . . . She'd get in somewhere about eight or nine. Read the letter to me. . . . Hah! Well, don't get excited, and don't talk to anybody. Understand? I'll see what can be done and do it, and I'll call you back in about an hour."

He hung up the receiver and remained leaning over his desk for a moment or two, frowning thoughtfully; then he slowly raised his eyes and fixed them on Teddy.

"My daughter, Phœbe, has gone where glory waits her," he said, with a bitter smile. "To avoid tiresome argument, she left without consulting us, taking a couple of suitcases and a hatbox. We are to pack a trunk or two as she will direct and send them on to her, but she was not considerate enough to inform us whether this is a plain runaway or an elopement. . . . Here! What's the matter with you?"

Teddy had started up, overturning his chair and scattering papers on the floor. It was evident, from his face, that there was something very much the matter with him.

"What do you mean—elopement?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sit down and get hold of yourself," Onderdonk commanded. After a short pause he resumed: "I didn't say that it was an elopement. I don't believe—I can't believe that she is such a fool as to take up with that lousy Kolodin, but she's been seeing a good deal of him lately, and something Mrs. Onderdonk heard —— Well, I've no time to discuss it now. I've got to find out what train she took and see that there's somebody to meet her in New York and keep track of her." He slipped into his coat and put on his hat as he spoke. "Tell Denison I won't be back before four, and if I'm not back then I'll phone." He laid a hand on Teddy's shoulder. "So she got you, did she?" he said kindly. "I was afraid something of the sort had happened. Brace up and forget it, my boy."

It was good advice and Teddy had to recall it many times before, at four o'clock, Mr. Onderdonk returned.

"She left last night, as I thought," he told Teddy. "Venner and Kolodin left two days ago; so that part of it is all right. I'm leaving tonight, after I get word from New York, so the young woman won't escape a tiresome argument after all. But I don't see what I can do. She's of age and financially independent of her mother and me. Like an old fool, her grandmother left her some money with no strings on it. Not much, but she can have quite a run for it, even in New York. These women! Well, I'll hear from New York about nine or ten."

"I'd like to know what you've learned," said Teddy. "May I call you at the house at ten?"

"If you like," Onderdonk consented. He picked up the phone. "Tell Mr. Denison I'm back, please," he told the operator. He looked over at Teddy's desk. "What have you got there for me?" he asked. "Never mind, though, unless they're important." He drummed on his desk, frowning at his daughter's framed portrait. "Do you think it would do any good if you went instead of me, or with me?" he asked suddenly.

Teddy shook his head. "Not the least," he answered. "I'm quite sure she wouldn't want to see me, and I wouldn't—I mean—I think you are right, sir. I'd better forget it. I'm doing my best to."

Onderdonk nodded and took up the photograph and put it in a drawer of his desk. He was turning the key on it when Denison, the cashier, came in.

"I'm going to New York tonight and may be gone a week," said the vice president. "You'll have to shoulder things, Charlie. Dunne here will attend to the routine and save you all he can. He's got things pretty well under his hand for a youngster. I guess you can get along?"

"I should hope so," replied the cashier, smiling. "Take a month if you like. We can spare you. But you might let us know where to find you if absolutely necessary."

Onderdonk mentioned the name of his hotel. "Then I'll be on my way," he said, and left them. Punctually at ten o'clock Teddy telephoned to him and he reported that Phœbe had arrived in New York, had taken a taxicab at the station and driven straight to a hotel, where she had engaged a small suite, to which she had immediately retired, leaving instructions that she was on no account to be disturbed.

It was another white night. It seemed to Teddy that he had to go through with the whole thing again, from his first meeting at the Wallaces' to the final parting at Lake Forest. Over and over, over and over, with that accursedly accurate memory of his for things that interested him. Actually dawn was breaking when sleep at last came to him, bringing her knitting, and it was a haggard face that he shaved an hour or two later. Still he found himself able to exclude any thoughts of Phœbe, for a time, at least, and to consider such a base subject as the amount to his credit in the savings department of the bank, which, with his Liberty bonds in a safety-deposit box, made a quite considerable sum, considering. It is not to be supposed that Teddy was naturally thrifty—he wasn't—but his totally thriftless father, aware of his own weakness, had insisted that his son should acquire saving habits.

That increase of salary had put an idea into Teddy's head. Suppose he should take, say, a half of his capital and invest it in Glykeron. Not speculate, but invest, buying the stock outright. It would be taking a chance, but had he not already taken that chance for the bank? Should he be more careful of his own money than of the bank's? If he lost, that increase of salary would soon make up the loss; if the stock went up, he might easily and quickly double his money. The worst you could say of it would be that it was a speculative investment. All investments

"Here I am calmly and coolly thinking about how to make money, while Phœbe—what do I care about Phœbe when I can calmly and coolly think—think ——"

He forced himself back to the proposition that all investments were more or less speculative and he recalled what his chief had said regarding the advisability of taking chances, with certain provisions.

Kolodin . . . Kolodin had nothing to do with the fact that the chances were in favor of the recovery of Glykeron, according to his best judgment. And so it went on. Rather pitiable!

Continued on Page 90

TENDER SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TENDER SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TENDER SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

MEDIUM SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
HEAVY BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
MEDIUM BEARD

TOUGH SKIN
LIGHT BEARD

Name your beard, gentlemen

BEARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some $12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slept well or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's

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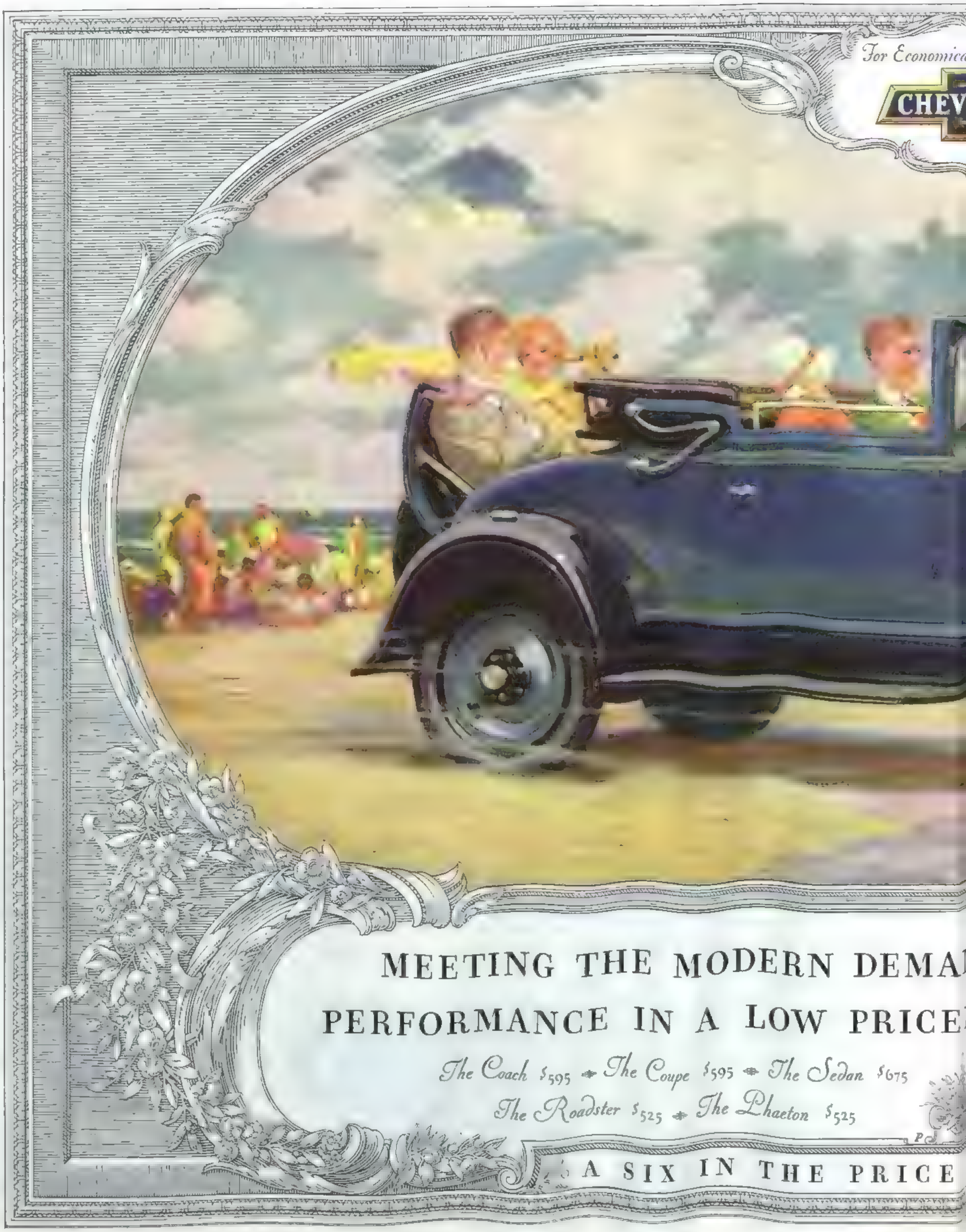
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RANGE OF THE FOUR

(Continued from Page 86)

But Mr. Denison's shoulders were not perceptibly stooped by the burden that the vice president had thrown on them. Teddy Dunne saw to that, working as he had never worked before, early and late. It was necessary for him laboriously to acquaint himself with a thousand minutiæ that Onderdonk had at his fingers' ends, and it amazed the young man to discover, as he learned more and more of this delicately complicated organization, how much remained to be learned. Every morning he went to Mr. Denison and conferred with him, but he realized how different these conferences were from those to which he had listened in Mr. Onderdonk's room. The seemingly offhand and casual settlements of affairs had as their basis a fund of knowledge and experience the lack of which in himself, now more fully realized, almost made Teddy lose the confidence that he had been steadily gaining. Almost, but not quite. And the cashier, who had always been well disposed to the young man, was not obvious in his patience or tactless in his explanations. One might have thought that he was impressed by Teddy's competence. At the expiration of his week Mr. Onderdonk returned. He shook hands with Teddy very cordially and then, looking at him more closely, told him that he was looking like the devil.

"You haven't been sick, have you?" he asked with some concern. Teddy replied that he hadn't been sick but was, on the contrary, in remarkably good health. He wished to know how Mr. Onderdonk had found everything, and tried, very unsuccessfully, to make the inquiry sound casual.

"About as I expected," Mr. Onderdonk informed him. "I suppose everything has been all right here, or I'd have heard from you." The fond father was certainly casual enough, Teddy thought, feeling that he was being snubbed. But Onderdonk continued: "If you haven't an engagement, take luncheon with me today and I'll tell you what there is to tell. But now we'll see what kind of a hash you've really made of things."

Not such a hash, after all. Teddy thought that the vice president was rather pleased with him, though he said nothing to indicate it. Mr. Denison, when he came in, was kind enough to conceal any relief he might have felt that the guiding hand was once more at the helm; he even, banteringly, told Onderdonk that his return was quite unnecessary. A little after the noon hour Onderdonk took his secretary to the university club, where he introduced him to personages who bulked large in affairs, and he did this in no perfunctory manner, although he was brief enough and soon passed on to a secluded table.

"About Miss Onderdonk?" Teddy suggested after some desultory talk.

"Well, about Phœbe. I couldn't do much with her," her father replied. "Phœbe is a young woman who thinks she knows her own mind. She doesn't, really, but she knows what she wants to do, and, irrespective of anything like common sense or duty or the feelings of others or the decent respect for the opinions of mankind that other declarers of independence seemed to think necessary, she's going to do it."

Teddy reddened. "I don't think you ought to say that, sir," he said. "That's a good deal to say of anybody and it's more than I want to listen to, even from you." He made a movement as if to rise, but checked himself at Onderdonk's grim smile. "She's got a right to ——"

"Live her own life," suggested Onderdonk. "I know. But don't you think you'd better wait and let me finish? I may remark that she doesn't think she's failing in all these things. She believes that a stern and bone-headed parent is trying to suppress her genius. She doesn't think he has much affection for her or he wouldn't thwart her, and she considers that the opinions of a lot of narrow-minded, conventional people aren't worth considering when she has a splendid opportunity to associate herself with another genius and look down from the dizzy heights of fame on a wildly applauding world of worthwhiles."

"And she may be right, at that," Teddy said earnestly. "I don't mean that you haven't any affection for her and all that. What I mean, you *are* trying to thwart her, aren't you? And I don't see any reason why she won't make a success. Everybody says she's wonderful. Mr. Denison said so, and Miss Wallace and—and my mother and practically everybody. This man Kolodin may not be any genius, but he may be. If she had somebody to look after her—what I mean, see that they don't take advantage of her and cheat her. I know you think this isn't any of my business——"

"I've done my best as to that part of it," Onderdonk told him. He smiled at the young man with no trace of grimness. "Eat your luncheon, boy. You look as if a few beefsteaks wouldn't do you any harm. You haven't touched that asparagus. Try it; it's good. And don't get the idea that I've quarreled with Phœbe. I make it a rule never to quarrel with a woman, and I seldom argue with one. Best to agree. The girl and I parted good friends. And I wouldn't say to anybody else what I've said to you, because I can see that you think you are in love with her. Eh?"

Teddy nodded miserably. "I don't think it; I know it."

"But you'll get bravely over it and look back and laugh at yourself a year or two from now." There was the old stuff!

"She isn't the kind that you'd ever be happy with, Teddy. If she's treated you badly, you're lucky, and I'm not overlooking her good points." Onderdonk sighed. "We were great pals once on a time. She used to follow me around like my shadow, and daddy couldn't do anything wrong. If she got into trouble, it was me she came to, not her mother—and don't get any wrong ideas about Mrs. Onderdonk on account of that; it was just that I was easy. She was the prettiest little hussy as a kid and had mighty taking ways. I believe that right now she could coax me into anything she wanted if she set herself to it. She's given that up, though. Something seemed to grow between us when she began to go to high school. I had to read the riot act to her once or twice—rather mildly, I thought. There was too much boy nonsense. The fool kids were always scrapping over her. And then there were some doings that didn't please me. Anyway, she didn't like it. Finally we decided to send her to Wauchope. Fine! Only girls there and all hand-picked. Highest ideals a specialty. Culture and refinement. Our best families. That's where she got bitten with this dramatic bug. Then some sort of a half-baked theatrical outfit came to town and my lady got tangled up with them. Will you tell me how come an institution that was supposed to be exercising the most careful supervision of its pupils let that happen? Well, they did, and the result was that I had to run down to Kokomo in a hurry and spoil the talented young actress' debut. You'd have thought I had dragged her off the stage by the hair and choked and clubbed her into submission. Lord!"

Their waiter approached them hesitatingly and Onderdonk ordered a dessert. It was not until the table was cleared and their pie and coffee set before them that the succeeding silence was broken.

Then, in a low, strained voice, Teddy said, "You may have come closer to it than you thought."

"It's possible; but I only acted as I considered necessary," replied Onderdonk. "Hard to judge. If I did, I've paid for it since, for the girl has never been the same to me. Only at rare intervals. Since she came home she has done just about as she pleases, and she didn't seem to be long finding out that her father's conduct hasn't always been above reproach; so that I've found it hard to take the high moral tone that a parent should be able to take. She laughed me out of that. But if you knew the bunch she's been training with and inviting to the house —— And the inconceivable rot they talk! Well, this is nice luncheon conversation, isn't it? I didn't intend to inflict all this on you."

"I appreciate it a lot, and I'd like you to tell me all you can," Teddy answered.

"I'll tell you this," said Mr. Onderdonk: "I thought that you'd be a big improvement on them if she happened to take a notion to you, and I thought she had, until the Sunday you were out at the house. At the same time, I'd have felt a little sorry for you. No, Teddy, it wouldn't have done. She would have only made you unhappy. If you must marry, pick a nice, kind, cheerful, warm-hearted girl who will stay put—if you can find her. But, then, I suppose most young men think they have, or that she'll be that kind after they marry her. That is, if they give any thought at all to the matter. Well, that's all." He offered Teddy a cigarette from a worn leather case, held a match for him, lit it for him and lit one himself.

"Just tell me one thing more, if you don't mind, sir," said Teddy: "Did she say anything to you about me when you saw her?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Onderdonk. "Do you want me to tell you what it was? All right; you've asked for it. She asked me if you knew that she had left home. I told her that you did. She asked me if you had sent her your undying love. I told her that you hadn't, and that you had too much sense. She laughed and said, 'I'm disappointed, but, as you say, he's got too much sense. He's a dear, sensible, right-thinking, stodgy young man and some of these days he'll marry a nice, kind, cheerful, warm-hearted girl who will stay put, and make her a faithful, dependable, provident and quite uninteresting husband.'

"If you have all the first-named qualities, you see, you must necessarily be uninteresting," Mr. Onderdonk explained. "You see that, don't you?"

"Yes, I see," replied Teddy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Midsummer on Mt. Rainier, Washington

FOREST PARK HOTEL, *St. Louis*

..."We used an Iron Fireman for three months, then installed three more . . . our cost for fuel is now *less than one-half*," reports the Forest Park Hotel, St. Louis. Where coal is used for fuel in home furnaces or boilers up to 200 horsepower, the Iron Fireman brings big savings

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PLEASE accept this certified check for $300. It is a dividend on your last month's fuel bill. We are going to send you a similar check every month, if you don't mind. You have earned it by being open-minded and willing to adopt better methods once you know they have arrived."

If you learned that an Iron Fireman engineer was going to walk into your office and make a proposition like that, you would probably leave word with your secretary to send him right in. In effect, that is what Iron Fireman engineers are doing all over America today.

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The IRON FIREMAN

Automatic Coal Burner

Thousands in use throughout America

to the Tavern . . .

Had you lived in ENGLAND *in 1797, you would have had to pay a five shilling tax on each clock or watch you owned. Clocks at that time were a luxury which only the rich could afford. Hence the tax on all timepieces. The now-famous* ACT OF PARLIAMENT, *passed in 1797, is as follows:*

"ORDAINING that—for and upon every clock or timekeeper, by whatever name the same shall be called, which shall be used for the purpose of a clock and placed in or upon any dwelling house, or any other building private or public, or which shall be kept and used by any person or persons in GREAT BRITAIN, there shall be charged an annual duty of 5 shillings."

Sangamo "Act of Parliament Clocks" come in two authentic models, black and gold mirror as shown above and mahogany, as at the left. The prices are $290 and $265 respectively.

©1929 Sangamo Electric Company

to get the Time

"WHEREUPON the obnoxious ACT OF PARLIAMENT created such a shortage of timekeepers—enterprising publicans placed large clocks in the common rooms of their taverns that patrons might be served with the time: and it became the custom that, wanting the time, we needed only send a lackey to the tavern!"

*Now—*ELECTRIC *clocks of historic beauty*

It is a far cry from those old-fashioned clocks to the most modern of all clocks—the Sangamo Electric. People no longer go to the tavern "to get the time." They have at *all times* the *correct time* in their homes. They have clocks that rival for accuracy the most costly jeweled railroad watches; clocks that operate from an electric socket; clocks they never need to wind.

Current variations do not affect the timekeeping qualities of a Sangamo. Even a blown fuse does not interrupt its ticking—for it will run for many hours with the current off. A tiny motor built into the Sangamo faithfully and uniformly winds the mainspring—noiselessly, automatically, continuously.

Sangamo is essentially different from all other clocks—electric or otherwise. It is the product of thirty years' electrical experience.

So modern, so beautiful, so accurate, so reasonable in price, is the Sangamo Electric Clock that it is revolutionizing the clock industry. For many months it was impossible to build enough Sangamos. Only recently has the output begun to catch up with the increasing demand. America, Canada, England . . . even far-off Switzerland is buying Sangamos in steadily increasing numbers.

* * *

Sangamos come in period designs; in 45 styles; in rich woods, in bronze, in leather; charming color designs which harmonize with any room in any modern home. Melodious two-toned strikes on many models record hours and half-hours with a musical note.

And—contrary to the general impression—Sangamo Electric Clocks are not expensive, with the exception of the richest period styles.

A beautiful Sangamo Electric—accurate as the finest watch—can be purchased from any progressive jeweler in any town for $25, $35, $45, $55, strike or non-strike, as preferred.

For those who choose to own the most luxurious cases, there are Sangamos up to $400.

"Telling Time," an interesting book on clocks, showing reproductions of the Sangamo *Act of Parliament* Clock and many other famous old masterpieces, as well as modernistic styles, will be sent to you on request.

SANGAMO ELECTRIC COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

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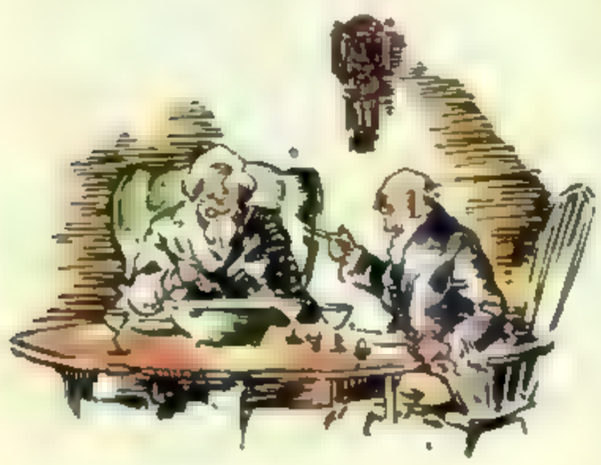
THE ELLSWORTH

A reproduction by Erskine-Danforth from the original. In burled walnut and inlaid holly and ebony it is one of the most enchanting small clocks created by old masters or modern craftsmen. Illinois-Hamilton 11-jewel escapement and silvery-toned strike. Height, 13½ inches. $175.00.

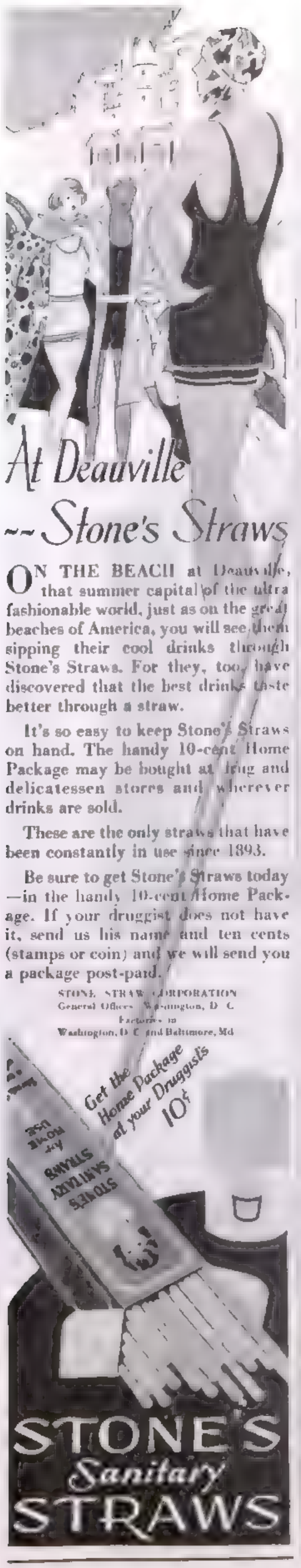
Sangamo Electric Clocks in beautiful modern cases can be purchased for as little as $25.

The "Bassano" and the "Sandia" shown at the left have rich, colorful leather cases embossed in gold. The dials are also of gold.

These and other patterns are obtainable in a variety of shades at $35.00.



SANGAMO
ELECTRIC CLOCK


At Deauville
~~ Stone's Straws
ON THE BEACH at Deauville, that summer capital of the ultra fashionable world, just as on the great beaches of America, you will see them sipping their cool drinks through Stone's Straws. For they, too, have discovered that the best drinks taste better through a straw.
It's so easy to keep Stone's Straws on hand. The handy 10-cent Home Package may be bought at drug and delicatessen stores and wherever drinks are sold.
These are the only straws that have been constantly in use since 1893.
Be sure to get Stone's Straws today —in the handy 10-cent Home Package. If your druggist does not have it, send us his name and ten cents (stamps or coin) and we will send you a package post-paid.
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Washington, D. C. and Baltimore, Md.
Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢
STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS

MR. HUFF OF DETROIT

(Continued from Page 7)

Between Mrs. Huff and the bearer of the card there was a comprehensive contrast. Mrs. Huff, as has been told, was not above the average height, while her caller was tall and of an attention-compelling appearance; Mrs. Huff was in a state approaching trepidation, while her caller was calm and poised; Mrs. Huff was uncertain and embarrassed, but her visitor was the personification of self-possession and assuredness. There was also about the visitor the unmistakable mark of the woman who has lived in and knows the world, and when she spoke, her voice was denotative of the class to which she belonged. She was apparently about thirty-six years old; her complexion was the natural pink and white generally associated with but not so often possessed by the English country girl, and in spite of her self-possession there was about her nothing suggesting inflexibility or primness. In fact, she opened the proceedings with a smile that helped greatly to put the other woman at her ease.

The newcomer wasted little time in coming to the matter in hand. She said that occasionally she undertook such commissions as the one suggested, but only where it seemed reasonably certain that they could be successfully accomplished and when she was satisfied that they could in no way rebound to her discredit. She inquired as to Mrs. Huff's family, and when informed of whom it was composed, she expressed a desire to meet them without their knowing anything of the contemplated project. She was, she said, the Honorable Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor.

Two days later the Huffs and Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor lunched together, Mrs. Huff having previously explained that their guest was a friend whom she had met through the lady with whom she had become acquainted while on shipboard. With Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor the Huffs were frankly delighted. They admired her aplomb, her manner, her graciousness, her speech and her clothes. In return she seemed to take an instant liking to the girl, Margaret, and to the boy, Arthur. There was small reason why she should not. Margaret was twenty, but she was so diffident that, especially in contrast with the forwardness of the usual girl of her age, she appeared younger. She was tall, slim, extremely pretty and altogether lovable. Arthur, who was four years older than his sister, was also of good height. His figure was that of a young athlete, his laughter was hearty and spontaneous, his manner buoyant and his good nature irrepressible. Life had looked on him kindly since the day of his birth, and this friendliness he now reciprocated by looking very kindly on life.

When Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor had gone the Huffs sang her praises loudly, and Henry Huff was perhaps the leader of the chorus. But when their guest and Mrs. Huff next met, Huff seemed to be the stumblingblock to the consummation of the undertaking.

"Mr. Huff is a splendid man, of course," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said. "No one could have accomplished what he has done without great natural gifts. But his speech is really most extraordinary. He seems to think—if you don't mind my saying it—that every word must have the accent on the first syllable. For instance, he says ad-dress and con-tractor. We have men in England, prominent in both the business and commercial world, whose speech is infinitely worse, I admit—especially men from Yorkshire and Lancashire. But such men, no matter how rich and powerful they grow, do not go very far in the social world."

"My husband can learn very quickly."

"Undoubtedly, but who is going to teach him?"

The answer was serene and definite. It was: "Anyone that you say."

Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor looked inquiringly at the quiet little woman beside her; then she asked, "You think you can manage it?"

"I know I can," was the reply.

"I can rely on that?"

"Absolutely."

"Then I think we can reach an agreement. The first thing that must be understood is that you put yourself into my hands unquestioningly and unreservedly. I will find you a house, which, above everything, must be a good address. If it is furnished I will negotiate for the purchase of such of the contents as we want; if it is unfurnished I will furnish it for you. For all of this and for anything else that I buy or that you purchase under my direction I shall get a commission from the seller, but the price to you will not be any more than if you negotiated for yourself; in fact, I may say that I do not think it will be so much. That is clearly understood?"

"Yes."

"And agreed to?"

"Yes."

"I will provide you with all of the servants—all of them. That is a most important matter. The domestics in your house will be in a considerable measure responsible for your success or failure, especially your butler and your cook."

"And you'll get them for me? Thank you so much! What a load that takes off my mind!"

"I will get for you the best and most irreproachable servants that can be found in any house in London, but I do this on condition that I provide every one of them and that not one is to be changed without my consent. In this way I shall know that your house is being run as it should be run, even though I am miles away. Does that arrangement suit you?"

"Perfectly."

"Of course, they will expect to be well paid."

"Whatever you say."

"Then an agreement must be drawn between Mr. Huff and myself by which he authorizes me to act as his agent regarding the house and its furnishings. All other matters, such as the servants, the dressing of yourself and your daughter, the entertaining, and so forth, in all of which I must have carte blanche, you and I can agree upon. We can also settle the matter of my fee."

To his share in the arrangement Mr. Huff capitulated as gracefully as he could, and the other part of it having been definitely settled between his wife and Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, the search for a suitable house was begun. In less than a week Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor had found it. It was a solemn-looking Georgian building of a goodly size, with a fine hall and stairway and stately rooms. The wife of the deceased having been an American, the plumbing and heating arrangements were modern and bathrooms were plentiful. The executors of the estate were desirous of selling, and finally it came to an issue of purchase or of leasing for twenty-one years, with an option of renewals at a new valuation. Huff rebelled at signing so long a lease; he said that his home was in the United States and that he expected to live there at least a part of each year, but in the end he agreed.

Then came the question of the furniture, for the house was empty, its contents having been sold under the will. Here Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor was adamant. She would furnish the house her own way, and without any suggestion or interference, from cellar to attic and from rugs to napery, or she would have nothing to do with it. In this she was supported and backed ardently by Mrs. Huff, who finally asked her husband if he thought his knowledge of motor engines qualified him to furnish a London house. This question being answered in the negative, Mrs. Huff then asked him what he thought did fit him for the undertaking, and when Huff could find no satisfactory reply the debate was closed. On one point, however, Huff insisted: He would have a limit of some kind put on the expenditure. This, after some argument, was satisfactorily adjusted, but Mrs. Huff told Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, in confidence, not to be hampered in any way by the limitation, as she would see that any excess expenditure was promptly paid.

When Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor invited the Huffs to view their house, preparatory to moving into it, even Huff was impressed by its quiet dignity and serene charm. Just as one ignorant of art can sense instinctively the beauty of a Rembrandt, so Huff felt the mental impress of his surroundings, though he was by no means certain that they would add to his ease and comfort. His one question was as to whether or not the furniture was a little skimpy. Arthur's comment was that it was great, simply great; the two feminine members of the family were overcome and overwhelmed.

When the family took possession of their home everything, from the first, ran with the smoothness and precision of a well-oiled engine. The servants were as near perfection as it is possible to come in this imperfect sphere. Soft-footed and low-voiced, they performed their duties with meticulous thoroughness, and though always present when needed, they never obtruded into the picture.

To one of these servants Huff had objected mightily. That was Vespers, the valet, who had been specially engaged for him by Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor. Huff protested that he had always fixed his own shirts and that he was not yet so feeble that he had to have a man hold out his trousers for him to climb into them. But Vespers remained, and after a time Huff found the ministrations of the imperturbable and unobtrusive little man—for Vespers was short, thin, bald, black-eyed, beak-nosed, and with a face giving one a hurried impression of the head of a shaven sparrow—not only tolerable but welcome. He also found him conversant with and keenly interested in the events current, and also extremely well posted about things that had passed.

When Huff inquired how a man so well informed came to occupy his present position, Vespers said that his father, who had been a valet before him, had given him a good education with the idea of improving his position, but that blood will tell, and that, after all was said and done, he found the footsteps of his father marked the safest and most pleasant path for him to follow.

Huff also began to find himself looking forward to the breakfast hour as one of the most enjoyable of the day. His breakfast was always served in the little sitting room adjoining his bedroom, and he found it purringly pleasant to chat, uninterrupted, with his attentive and deferential servant. Finally, he began to talk with him of personal matters, and one morning he said, "Vespers, do you know anything about autos?"

"A little, sir."

"Ever heard of the Huff?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Of course, sir."

"That was my car. It was my pride too. But I'm getting afraid for it now. I feel in my bones that things are not going right, especially as the last report showed they were running behind their schedule."

"If I might make so bold, sir?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"In England, sir, we never say 'akedule'; we always say 'shedule.' Just as we never say 'spe-cial-ty,' but 'spe-ci-al-i-ty.'"

"Great news from dear old Oxford; of which a note, but no notice, will be taken."

"I just thought I'd mention it, sir; begging your pardon, sir," said Vespers.

"Already they've quit using my slogan, which used to be in every ad," Huff resumed, "and so I've been working out one or two more which I think I'll send them to use as business builders. What do you

(Continued on Page 97)

Great Introductory Offer

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Sent to You for 10 Days' Free Trial Special Small Down Payment

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For twenty years, Grand Prize Eurekas have been demonstrated in hundreds of thousands of homes annually. More than 2,000,000 are in use in the United States alone . . . one-fourth of all electric cleaners produced by the entire industry in the past twenty years are Grand Prize Eurekas. In fact, approximately every eighth residential user of electric current owns and uses a Eureka. Eureka performance, therefore, is a known quantity; its comparative value has been definitely and properly appraised.

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The Eureka Special is indeed a worthy companion cleaner to the world-famous Eureka Standard Model 11, which is priced slightly higher. No longer need you deny yourself the benefits of electric cleaner sanitation nor the advantages of a second cleaner for upstairs use. No longer need you give consideration to cleaners of unknown value, questionable performance and cheap construction, merely to gain a seeming advantage in low purchase price.

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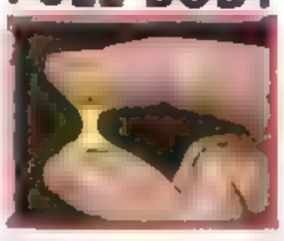


CLEAN-CLEAR-PURE

(Continued from Page 94)

think of this: 'If it's a Huff—call the bluff.'"

"Excellent, sir. It is terse, compact and concise."

"And here's another: 'If it's a Huff—treat it rough.'"

As the anticipated commendation did not arrive as quickly as he had expected, Huff inquired, "What's wrong with that?"

"If I might make so bold, sir?"

"Well?"

"Roughly."

"What?"

"Roughly. 'Rough' is an adjective, and adjectives are used to qualify nouns. But the word in this instance is used to modify a verb and so it is quite clear that ——"

"Put on the brake, you're running downhill!" Huff snapped, and turned his attention to his second cup of coffee.

Vespers replied, "Sorry, sir; my intentions were of the best, sir."

That noon, when he reported to Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, Vespers said that he was using every effort to carry out her instructions, but he regretted to say he could report but little progress. And that night Huff said to Mrs. Huff, "That valet the Queen of Sheba engaged is all right as a servant, but if he thinks he's going to sell me a side line of English conversation, he's going to travel a mighty bumpy road, with a ditch on one side and a lot of jagged rocks on the other."

V

MEANWHILE Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor was beginning her campaign cautiously, as a wise general should who knows that the city is to be taken by strategy and not by storm.

There had been one or two preliminary skirmishes which had ended favorably. One of the fruits of these was the friendship between Lady Agatha and Margaret—another example of the fusion of contrasts, for Lady Agatha was of the free-striding, outspoken, hearty, athletic type of English girl. Though a year younger than Margaret, Lady Agatha dominated their friendship in every way, Margaret being perfectly willing to follow wherever she led. Another was the acquaintance of Count de Miraumont, a slight, wasp-waisted, fair-haired, elegant, sleek young Frenchman, who, in spite of his lack of years—for he was well under thirty—was already sated with things of the flesh. His desire now was to marry, and finding Margaret pleasing to his eye and desirable as well as rich, he had begun to pay such attentions to her that their object could not be mistaken.

As a preliminary he had taken pains to be particularly agreeable to Mrs. Huff. He had flattered her, had paid her many deft compliments, had bowed very low when he kissed her hand, and had, in fact, used all the artifices a man of the world can employ to make a favorable impression upon an older woman. As a result Mrs. Huff was by no means displeased by his open desire to marry her daughter, particularly as his title and his social position were incontestable. Huff, however, disliked him instinctively from the first sight of his glossed hair and from the first sniff of his expensively perfumed handkerchief. With Margaret dislike was combined with a species of fear. She felt that sometime or other, in spite of herself, he would take her in his arms, and that no matter how much she desired to, she would not be able to cry aloud in protest.

One of the contemplated moves in the campaign had been discussed several times by Mrs. Huff and Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, the latter hesitant, because, as she expressed it, it would take a bit of doing, and the former confident that she could do it. Finally it was decided to put it to the touch, and one morning a week or so afterward Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor appeared in the medium-sized drawing-room which was really the Huffs' living room carrying a small cardboard box from which she took a visiting card and handed it, with perhaps a trifle too much airiness, to Mrs. Huff.

"How do you think it looks?" Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor asked.

Mrs. Huff regarded the card approvingly and replied, "It's wonderful."

"Here's yours," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said, offering one to Huff.

Huff, now everlastingly on his guard, inquired, "My what?"

"Your new visiting card."

"I didn't order any visiting cards."

"Your wife ordered them for you. Take it."

Slowly Huff's gaze traveled to the card which he held, with much foreboding, between thumb and forefinger. What he saw there caused him quickly to bring the card nearer to his eyes, as though the thing he had read could not be possible; and when a second look convinced him that he had not been mistaken, he gasped, "H. Wattaway-Huff! H. Wattaway-Huff! Is that supposed to be me?"

"It is you," his wife replied.

"It is not," he protested. "I've always been Henry W. Huff and that's what I'm always going to be."

"You were christened Wattaway, I believe," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said.

"I was," Huff replied, "and from my childhood days I have been trying to live down my shame. Besides, what's the idea of this hyphen thing anyway?"

"To make the name sound more important. It's so much easier to get on in England with a double name. It makes one seem less ordinary and more important."

Huff looked at the pasteboard again and continued, his voice passionate with disgust: "H. Wattaway-Huff." Then turning to his wife: "If I ever sailed for New York with that name on the passenger list, the minute the boat got into the harbor the Statue of Liberty would just naturally laugh itself to death."

"I don't see why."

"Well, I do. And when I got back to Detroit! When I got back there! I can see the headlines in the papers now: 'Henry Huff returns. He went away a Hank, but he comes back a Wattie.' It's out."

"You mean that you won't agree to it?" Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor asked.

"If either one of you thinks that I'm going to let my name ——"

At that moment the discussion was ended abruptly, as many family arguments are ended for a time at least, by the entrance of a servant, for Bugden came in with a telegram which he gave to Mrs. Huff, who, troubled by the unexpected arrival of the message, opened it doubtfully.

On reading it, however, her face cleared and she said to Bugden, "There's no answer," and as the butler left she continued, "It's from Arthur." Then addressing herself to Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor: "He's been visiting in Gloucestershire."

"Yes. I know."

"Well, he's become very friendly with a young man he met there, and his telegram is to let me know that he's bringing him to spend a few days and that they'll arrive tomorrow. It's"—and Mrs. Huff smiled proudly—"Lord Strathmaine."

The mention of the name evidently came to the visitor both as a surprise and as a shock. For a second or two her equanimity was undoubtedly disturbed, but she quickly restored its accustomed calm and said, "Lord Strathmaine? Indeed."

"Know anything about him?" Huff asked. "He's all right?"

"Lord Strathmaine is not only a very charming young man," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor replied, "but he comes of an extremely old family and has hereditary privileges and titles of which no one can deprive him. For instance, not only can he wear slippers in the presence of the king but he is the Hereditary Cleaner of the Copper Candlestick With the Right to Snuff!"

"That's a new one on me," Huff said. "I can understand a man being made a Knight of the Backstairs because he hustled the king out at the rear entrance as the husband came in at the front. But I don't get the candlestick idea at all. Not that I blame Britishers for liking their titles. We love them more than anybody."

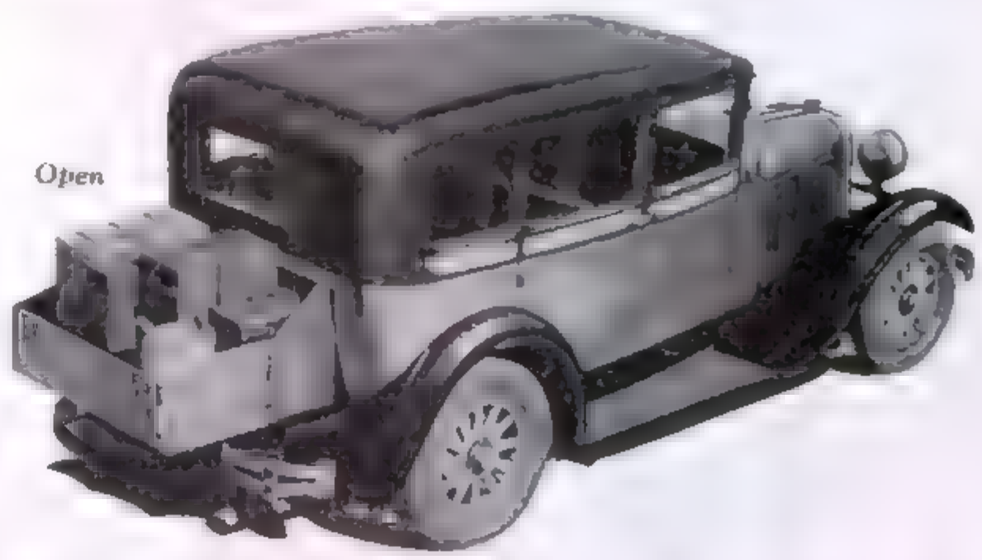
(Continued on Page 99)

Mother and the Children go

into training for their yearly automobile trip

FROM past experiences the family recalls, only too well, how they sat all cramped up amid heavy traveling bags and bulky packages—how they wasted valuable time strapping and fastening their belongings to the outside of the car! This year, all that will be different. They have purchased a Kari-Keen Luggage Karrier. This great, new convenience gives them 7½ or 8½ square feet of luggage-carrying space—room for several suitcases, traveling bags, hat boxes, groceries and other things for the trip. Fitted weatherproof covers are available.

Open



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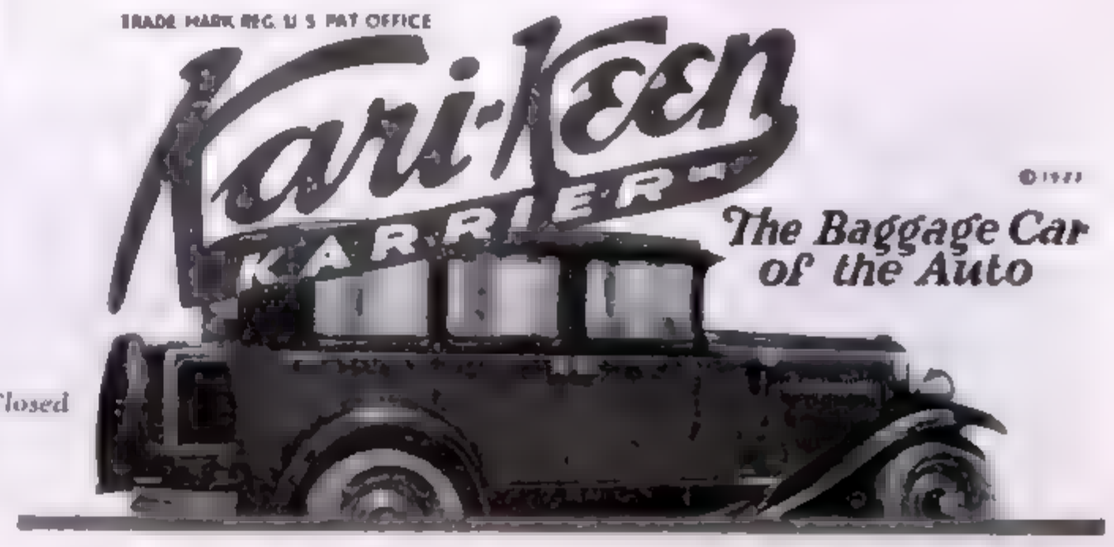

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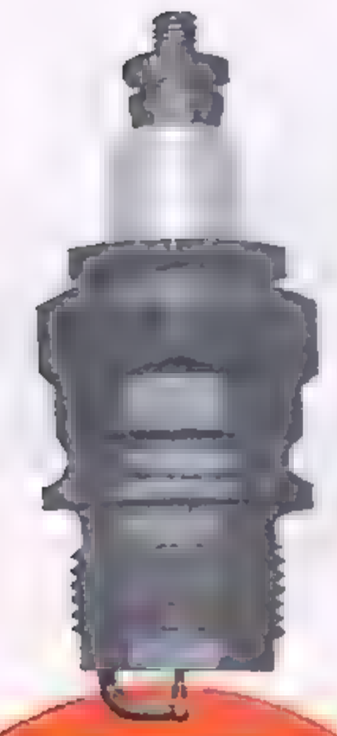

An
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causes hard starting,
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loss of
power

824

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AC's are known as the better spark plugs because of their patented one-piece gas-tight construction and welded side electrode. AC quality in design and construction insures easy starting, fast pick-up, brilliant performance.

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AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 97)

Reverting to the subject originally under discussion, the Englishwoman held up Huff's new visiting card and said, "Well?"

"We'll settle that between us," Mrs. Huff replied.

Mr. Huff retorted "It's settled now," and Mrs. rejoined "Wait and see."

At this, Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor made her departure. A minute later she was in the servants' hall, where she hastily called all the major servants about her. To them she said, and now there was no questioning her excitement: "Imagine who is coming here for a visit. Lord Strathmaine!"

"Lord Strathmaine!" echoed the cook.

"That queers our pitch," said Vespers, and Bugden exclaimed: "It pushes us right off the deep end." Then they all gazed at one another, wondering and apprehensive.

VI

BUGDEN, Vespers, Mrs. Harley, the housekeeper, Mrs. Beverleigh, the cook, and Mary, the head housemaid, were in a sense frauds, for, though irreproachable servants, they were not what they appeared to be. They belonged, in fact, to England's new poor. All of them were members not only of the upper class but of the governing class; of that body of Englishmen who for so many years had held the destiny of the empire in their hands. They could all be found in Debrett, that volume, revered by every Britisher, in which are given the names and pedigrees of all of the nobility and of their relatives, no matter how distant the degree.

In it Bugden's name appeared as Arthur Gower Bugden Southerdown and the fact was disclosed that he was a nephew of Lord Dundee; Vespers was designated as James Archibald St.-John Vespers Trotterbottom, and belonged to a family which claimed to trace its descent from one of the knights who came with William the Conqueror; Mary, the housemaid, was in fact the Honorable Alexandra Mary Towers, whose grandfather had been the brother of an earl; Mrs. Beverleigh was a member of the famous Burlinghome family, and Mrs. Harley was the flower of them all, because in her veins there flowed a diluted and vitiated stream of the blood royal. The founder of her noble family had been none other than His Majesty, King Charles, who, his fancy having been caught by a handsome wench who was maid to one of his queen's ladies in waiting, promptly provided her with another occupation which resulted in her bearing him a son, whom, in the course of time, he created the Duke of Wolverton. In this fashion England was provided with one of her most haughty families and with a long line of hereditary legislators.

The war had covered all such houses as those to which these five belonged with its widely extended and heavy hand. With the purchasing power of their income cut in two owing to the advance in the price of commodities and in wages, with the onerous death duties, the income tax which starts at 20 per cent and is quickly augmented by crushing surtaxes, and with the increase in the local rates due to unemployment and the dole, all the families of Britain who lived on their rents and their investments and who were not in trade found themselves, unless they were extremely wealthy, practically impoverished. It is a national tradition that an Englishman must live up to his position, and this is doubly true of the head of a great house. This attitude is not only acquiesced in by its minor members but is generally strongly supported by them, often to the extent of great personal sacrifices.

When they were demobilized many younger sons found that those who had been making them their allowances were not able to continue them. The majority accepted the situation with grim complacency and good grace. Many went to the colonies and others smilingly became chauffeurs, salesmen and bus conductors, but those who were in their thirties when war was declared and who, when it ended, found themselves in the forties, without either money or occupation, were in a serious position indeed. Among them were Bugden and Vespers, who, having tried various methods of making a livelihood and having failed, finally went to Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor and suggested that she secure for them positions as house servants. At first Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor treated the matter as a joke, but when Bugden and Vespers insisted that they were serious about it, she evolved the plan of securing the feminine contingent from the new poor as well and of placing them all in a household *en bloc*. And so it came about that below stairs in the home of Mrs. Huff were various members of that stratum of society into which she was so anxious to enter.

"He'll be sure to recognize you," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said to Bugden, who replied, "He'll recognize us both. He's known us since he was a kid."

To this Vespers added "And I'm an uncle of his in a distant way."

"We are confronted with a very serious situation," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor rejoined, "and the thing for us to do is to decide how we are going to meet it."

"Strathmaine won't see me, of course. I shall be in the kitchen," said Mrs. Beverleigh.

"There's no reason why he should meet me either," declared Mrs. Harley, and Mary added "I think I can keep out of his way as well."

"That leaves only you two," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor commented, addressing Bugden and Vespers; and then of Bugden she asked, "What chance is there of your dodging him?"

"The bookies would lay a million to one against," Bugden replied. "He's sure to see me when I pass him the soup."

"I shall probably have to valet him. There's a sweet idea," observed Vespers.

"And if he sees either of us before we get word to him or arrange a plan of action," Bugden continued, "not only will the cover be off the jar but all the jam will be out of it too."

"There must be some plan by which things can be arranged; so let us all put our heads together and see if we can find it," Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor said.

For a moment or two there was silence, and then Vespers exclaimed, "I have it! Yes, by Jove, I have it!"

"Well, what is it?" Bugden asked skeptically.

Vespers explained.

"Tomorrow morning when I am conversing with Mr. Huff while he is lingering over his breakfast, I shall adroitly lead up to the subject of Strathmaine's visit. Then I shall say that I have served His Lordship on several occasions and that he is a splendid young man, with just one marked and definite peculiarity."

"What peculiarity?" Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor demanded.

"Ah, that's the point!" Vespers responded jubilantly. "I'm surprised that even I should think of it. It shows that the juice is still in the old brain. It is, in fact, a flash of the old genius."

"Get out of the way, girls; the balloon's going up!" Bugden jeered; and to Vespers he said "Go on, jump when you're ready, but be sure the parachute will open."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Harley asked of Vespers, and Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor again demanded that he name Strathmaine's alleged singularity.

Vespers gazed benignantly at his expectant audience, smiled on them condescendingly, paused for a moment to gain his full effect, and then said triumphantly "Democracy!"

Bugden rolled his eyes, waved his hand rapidly in front of his face, gulped twice, controlled himself with a great effort, and said softly to the feminine contingent, "The parachute didn't open. Please don't mind the poor fellow's babbling; he's not out of the ether yet." Then he turned swiftly to Vespers and said fiercely, "What are you talking about, you blithering blinkard!"

"Precisely what I said. Democracy is government by the people; government by which the supreme power is retained by the people and is exercised by representation. It is believed in by every American man—please observe that I do not include American women—and consequently Mr. Huff believes in it. Do I make myself clear?"

"Clear as a pea-soup fog. But go on."

"I shall explain to Mr. Huff that Strathmaine, in spite of his birth, not only believes in democracy but also in the equality of man. In consequence of this he places everyone, including the servants, on the same footing as himself. He is therefore likely to treat me with great familiarity, such as offering to shake hands with me, slapping me on the back, and asking about my dear old mother's rheumatism and my Uncle Tottenhole's asthma. That, I imagine, will put things on such a basis that there can be no explosion before we have had time to explain matters to Strathmaine, which, of course, we shall have to do." The benignantly triumphant smile again appeared on Vespers' face; he gazed expectantly at his audience and said, "Rather neat. What?"

"Tosh! Unripe tosh!" Bugden snorted.

"In any case, that is my idea. Since it doesn't meet with your approval, perhaps you can give us a better one. The floor is yours, Buggie, and we are waiting for your words of wisdom."

Bugden had no such words nor had he any plan. Neither had anyone else. In consequence the meeting was adjourned until the evening, and when it was reconvened it ended with the situation still troublesome but unchanged.

VII

EVENTS next day proved that Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor and her associates had worried unnecessarily, for when young Huff and Strathmaine arrived it was by car and neither Mr. Huff nor Mrs. Huff was at home. Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, who was hovering about with the intention of forestalling any complication if it were possible, met them on their arrival and managed to whisper to Strathmaine "No matter what you see, show no surprise." In spite of this, when he saw Bugden in his butler's garb Strathmaine started to express his astonishment, but he was checked by Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor's warning grip on his arm and by the steely glare in Bugden's eye.

Strathmaine's astonishment was doubly increased when, having come without a manservant, he found that his former tutor was deputized to serve him.

Strathmaine, an excellent type of the well-bred young Englishman, was nearly choking with curiosity regarding the solution of the puzzle, but owing to the continual presence of Arthur he found no relief until, half an hour or so later, he met both Bugden and Vespers in one of the rooms downstairs.

"I've been at the bursting point since the moment I saw you," Strathmaine exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Is it on a bet or something?"

Briefly the facts were explained to him, and when he at last realized what they actually were, his astonishment was again increased.

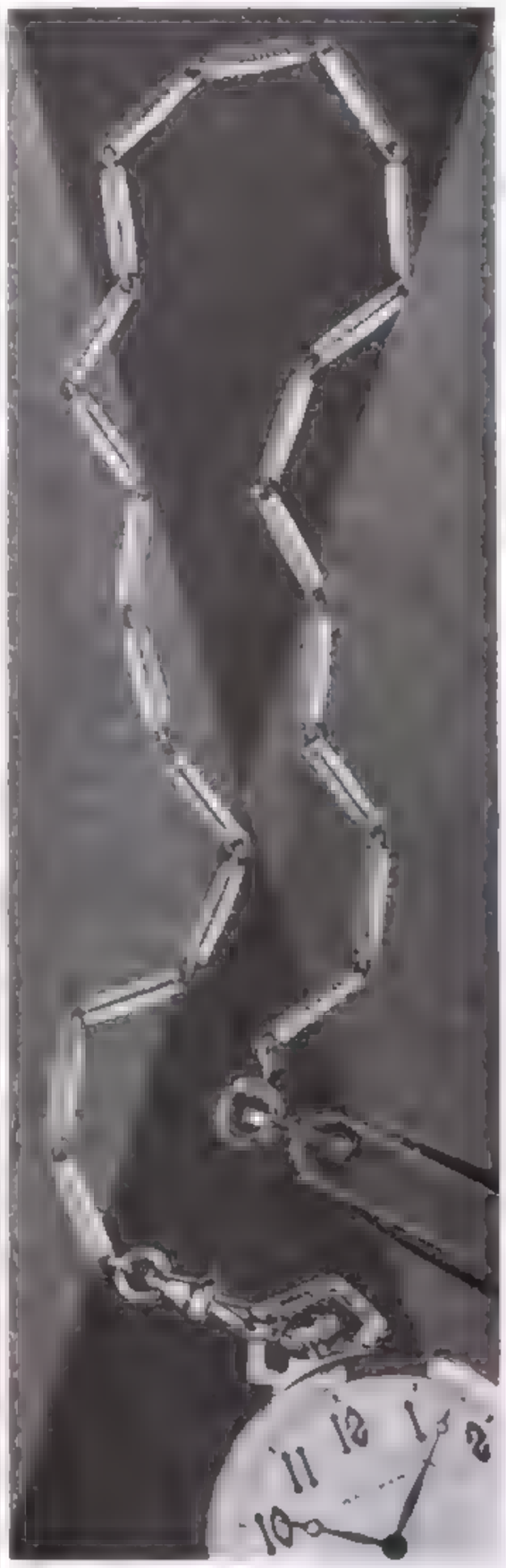
"I knew everyone was hard hit," said Strathmaine, "but I had no idea it had come to this. Why didn't you try chicken farming or something like that?"

"Such things take capital," Bugden explained, "and my governor, bless his old heart, had none to spare. And besides, every shilling he can raise, and more, is needed by Jim. He's not only the heir and has his position to maintain but he has five children to send to the right schools and clothe and give a proper start in life. I'm actually better off than he is, for he's always wondering how he can keep out of the hands of the money lenders, while I don't owe a farthing and have no one to be responsible for but myself."

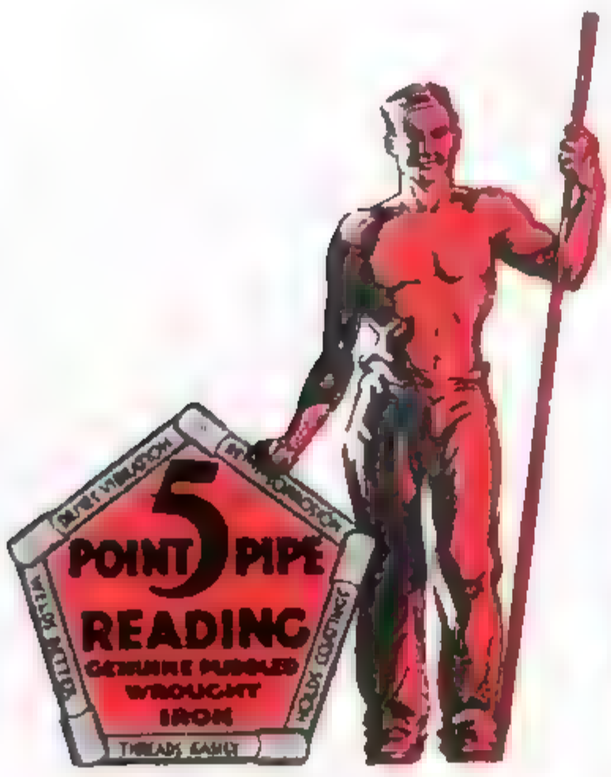
"And as regards the chicken farms and such things," Vespers said, "if you want to

(Continued on Page 102)

A good watch deserves a good chain



IF YOU set any store at all by your watch, you'll not underestimate the value of a good chain. For the kind of watch you *know* you carry is inferred by the chain others see you wearing. . . . A good watch deserves a good chain . . . a smart, attractive chain . . . a chain with as much care, as much thought, given to it as to the watch itself! . . . There *are* such chains, and Simmons makes them. The white gold-filled Waldemar above was designed especially for the Waltham Colonial. The number is 30869, and it costs nine dollars and a half. A spirited yet modest design, altogether in keeping with the Waltham tradition, the chain affords a notable instance of Simmons craftsmanship—and can, of course, be used with other well-known watches. There are many other Simmons designs, reasonably priced, equally worthwhile and especially beautiful for graduation and wedding gifts. Your jeweler will be glad to show them to you. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.



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TO GIVE you *complete* independence from pipe troubles—the "Five Point" protection of Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron—every step in the production of Reading Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron Pipe is carefully controlled, from ore to finished products.

Ore mines are controlled and operated by the Reading Iron Company. The blast furnaces which produce the pure pig iron ore are Reading's own. Every mill, every piece of machinery, belongs to Reading. Your interests are guarded—every step of the way.

Only the best materials, and only the time-tested way of kneading and working together fiery, hot pure iron and silicious slag inside a flame-filled furnace—are used to make pipe of proved endurance. There is no chance for the high quality of Reading Pipe to vary.

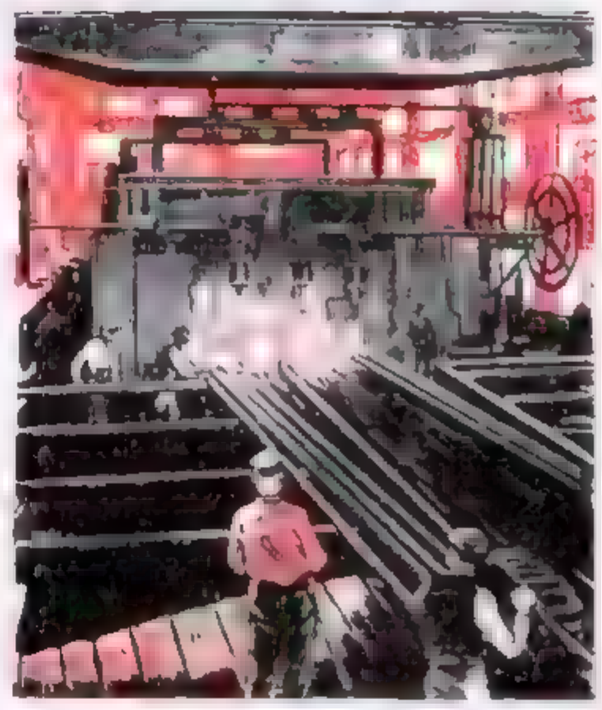
The Result—Pipe Agelessness

Because Reading's product is genuine *puddled* wrought iron, tested by generations of actual use, Reading Pipe will outlast your home or factory, and be good for use when re-building.

That's because of "Five Point" protection—the protection that has made Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron unique among metals!

1. You will avoid rusty, red water, for the puddling process coats every inmost fiber of Reading Pipe with silicious slag—a substance as rust-free as plate glass. 2. Vibration and strain will be ignored.

Your Interests *Step of the Way*



3. Joints will stay leak-proof and welds will remain sound. 4. Coatings such as galvanizing will adhere permanently, without flaking or peeling. 5. Threads can be easily, quickly and accurately cut.

Proved Economy With Reading Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron Pipe

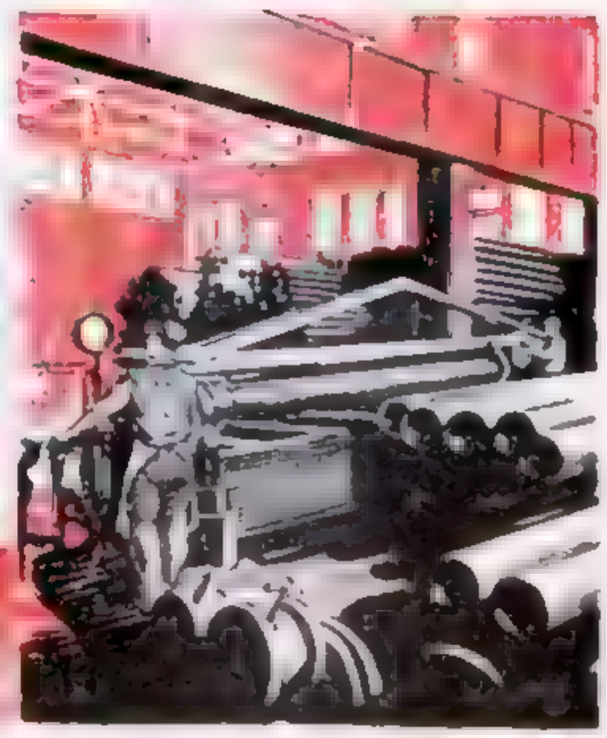
Pipe stands or falls by the verdict of the years. From the standpoint of *proved* economy, there are no substitutes for Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron Pipe. Time is the supreme test of pipe performance.

For more than four-score years, Reading Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron Pipe has demonstrated to the Nation that complete protection from all pipe troubles need not be costly. The moderately higher initial cost of Reading Pipe is paid for many times by the savings effected through the elimination of expensive repairs and replacements.

Remember that all so-called wrought iron is not Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron. Use the word "Puddled" in connection with genuine wrought iron, and look for the Reading name, the date of manufacture, and the famous Reading Spiral Knurl Mark *cut into* every length of pipe and nipple. Then you will know that you are getting the complete protection of Reading Genuine Puddled Wrought Iron. Reading tubular goods are furnished in sizes ranging from 1/8" to 20" in diameter.

READING IRON COMPANY, Reading, Pennsylvania

Atlanta •	Buffalo •	Detroit •	New York •	St. Louis •	Fort Worth
Baltimore •	Chicago •	Houston •	Pittsburgh •	Tulsa •	Seattle
Boston •	Cincinnati •	Los Angeles •	Cleveland •	San Francisco •	Philadelphia
		New Orleans •	Kansas City		



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READING '25

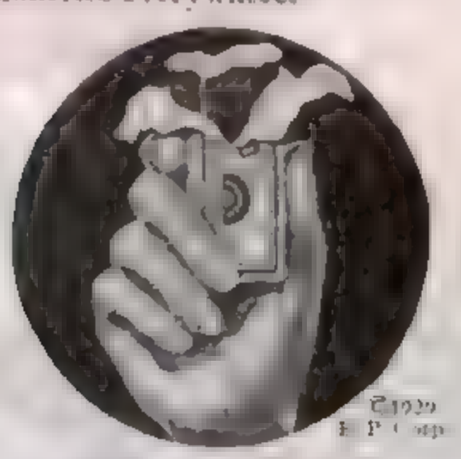
READING PIPE

GENUINE PUDDLED WROUGHT IRON

. . . it's time to celebrate with

ESKIMO PIE

How's this for a party! Delicious, creamy ice cream coated with crisp, pure chocolate—that's ESKIMO PIE. One bite of goodness after another . . . m-m-m! Melts in your mouth. For sale at leading drug stores and confectioneries everywhere.



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DEMAND THE GENUINE

[illegible] wrapper?

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION, *Louisville, Kentucky*

(Continued from Page 99)

know how they generally turn out after a man has slaved from morning till night, read the agony columns in the morning papers."

As young Strathmaine gazed at these two men of his own class, who, approaching middle age, met with so much nonchalance and imperturbability the conditions which had arisen through no fault of theirs, into his eyes there came a look of admiration which amounted almost to awe.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Since the opening of the house about six weeks ago," Vespers explained. "And it isn't half bad."

"It's jolly good, if you ask me," Bugden said, and forgetting his rôle of servant, he, too, sat down and continued: "We have a corking four at bridge and we have some wonderfully keen games in the servants' hall. We play poker occasionally too."

"Yes," observed Vespers, "and Buggie is what I call the ideal poker player. He always comes with two rolls of money—one is his and one is ours."

"If the family wasn't right, of course, we wouldn't stay. Huff is a splendid fellow—not imitation walnut but real oak. I'm in a bit of a predicament with him, but it's entirely my own fault."

"What is it?"

"He had the idea that all butlers were stolid and stupid. Well, I started to play up to him and now I have to keep it on."

"He's a little quick off the pitch at times," said Vespers, "but that soon passes."

"In my opinion he's a marvel," declared Strathmaine. "I know something about cars and I've read the history of his. The man's a genius, and the principal reason I came here was to meet him and get to know him." Then, after a pause, he asked: "May I ask what—wages—you get?"

"We are especially engaged," replied Bugden, "and are paid accordingly."

"And in addition thereto there are the—tips," Vespers volunteered.

"Do you take tips?" asked Strathmaine in surprise; to which Bugden replied, "Do we take them? Does a squirrel take nuts?"

"We plot and scheme and devise for them," continued Vespers, "and I will add that I have been a guest in many houses, but never have I met Buggie's equal as a tip wangler."

"From a dinner guest I never accept less than gold, and from a house guest I scorn anything below a fiver a week. Don't forget that, dear boy, when you are leaving," said Bugden, and just at that moment Margaret came into the room.

The three men rose quickly to their feet. On the part of Strathmaine it was a natural and instinctive movement, and realizing no cause for embarrassment, he displayed none. The others, however, showed plainly their confusion and discomfiture.

Margaret regarded them for a moment and then said, "As this is the first time I have known such a thing to happen, I shall say nothing about it."

"Thank you, miss," Bugden answered, and Vespers added "It is very kind of you, miss."

"I must say, though, that I am greatly surprised, especially that you allowed your friend to smoke here."

"But if I might explain," Strathmaine began, at which Margaret interrupted him by saying, "I hardly think that is necessary. You must know that the servants should receive their friends in the servants' hall."

"Still, I really must explain," Strathmaine persisted, and there was something in his tone and manner which caused Margaret to hesitate. "You are Miss Huff, I presume."

"Yes, I am Miss Huff."

"My name is Strathmaine."

"Strathmaine! You are Lord Strathmaine?"

"I am. Arthur and I arrived half an hour or so ago."

Margaret, perplexed, looked to Bugden and Vespers as if for verification.

"Yes, miss," Bugden said, "this gentleman is Lord Strathmaine, miss."

And Vespers added: "I have valeted His Lordship on several occasions, miss."

"How do you do?" Strathmaine said, and Margaret, still puzzled by the scene she had interrupted, replied somewhat mechanically "How do you do?"

There was an awkward silence, and Vespers, realizing that Margaret was waiting for an explanation, volunteered, "His Lordship is most democratic, miss—most democratic indeed."

Strathmaine protested "Oh, come now, Uncle Archibald!"

"Uncle Archibald!" Margaret exclaimed, now more bewildered than ever.

"Of course," Strathmaine began to explain, but catching Bugden's warning glance, he checked himself, started again, but floundered badly, and then came to an embarrassed pause.

Again it was Vespers who came to the rescue.

"It's just His Lordship's democracy, miss," he said—"just his democracy. Whenever a man has served him long and faithfully His Lordship always gives him some friendly nickname as a mark of his appreciation. That's the reason, miss, that he calls me Uncle Archibald. And that's the reason his name for Bugden is Cousin Eustace." At which he turned to Bugden and asked "Isn't it?"

"Yes," gulped Bugden, "and it's the only reason."

"Oh, I see," Margaret rejoined, and as no further explanation was forthcoming, she asked: "Has my mother returned?"

"Not yet, miss," Bugden answered.

"When she does come back, let me know."

"Very good, miss."

VIII

IN SPITE of Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor's instructions that she must treat Strathmaine as she would any other young man who came to visit her son, Mrs. Huff, no matter how conscientious her efforts, could not quite achieve her mentor's directions. Try as she would to avoid it, a touch of deference would creep into her manner and a tinge of homage would color her speech. And when at night she sat alone reviewing the events which had occurred since first she came to London, and realized that already a young lady of title and a lord were under her roof, many a smile of triumph came to her lips. She shut her eyes to the fact that Arthur had met Strathmaine when away from home and without the intervention of Mrs. Fitzroy-Grosvenor, and she ignored the other fact that it was Lady Agatha's real liking for Margaret, and nothing else, which accounted for her visit.

Huff's first constraint regarding Strathmaine quickly disappeared under the frank admiration and open approbation of the latter. Strathmaine went out of his way to seek Huff's companionship, and his undisguised pleasure in his company warmed Huff's heart and made him draw comparisons between the wholesome and eager young Englishman and the blasé young Frenchman who so frequently visited his house.

Strathmaine showed a discreet but unmistakable liking for the society of Margaret also, but this was received by her with considerable aloofness. He was tall, good-looking, personable, and had a manner; all of this she admitted, but she could not banish the scene where she had found him fraternizing and familiar with her father's servants. She could not reconcile the young man he appeared to be now with the one he was then; she felt that there was a difference between them which could not be adjusted, and being of an essentially honest nature, it both puzzled and disturbed her. Strathmaine knew this, and the knowledge that he could not explain the circumstances made him uneasy and constrained when they were together. In spite of this, his preference for her society was so marked that Lady Agatha joked her about it, and her mother was wondering whether it would not be good strategy to be rid of Miraumont and leave a clear field for Strathmaine, when a storm arose so fiercely and swiftly that it almost wrecked the craft which she thought she was steering with so much dexterity toward the port of social success.

The fourth morning after Strathmaine's arrival Arthur received a letter in the recognizable handwriting of an American friend. It was addressed to Arthur Wattaway-Huff, Esq. Puzzled at this inscription and wondering what kind of joke his friend could be playing Arthur opened the envelope and found a sheet of paper on which just two words were written. They were: "Hell's Bells." More puzzled than ever, he searched the envelope for some enlightening clew and found a newspaper paragraph stating that Lord Strathmaine was staying at Crumberley Terrace for a time, with his friend Arthur Wattaway-Huff, son of the well-known American financier Mr. Henry Wattaway-Huff and Mrs. Wattaway-Huff.

Flaming with rage, Arthur went to his father, handed him the paragraph and asked the meaning of it. For a moment Huff was silent and Arthur exclaimed, "It's mother, of course!"

"Yes," Huff replied, and Arthur demanded: "And are you going to stand for it?"

Huff looked in the eye of his son and found there something so challenging to his soul that he could not decline the issue and preserve even a shadow of his self-respect.

"No," he replied, "I am not going to stand for it."

"Fine," Arthur declared. "And you can bet your life that I'm not." Then he added: "Come on; let's go and see mother and settle it once and for all."

Huff wavered. He had accepted the challenge, but he wished to temporize. He knew that sometime the matter would have to come to a climax, but so strong had become the habit of submission, so ingrained the desire to evade an open conflict, that he hesitated to make the assault.

"Perhaps we'd better not rush this thing," he said. "It seems to me, son, that perhaps ——"

He got no further, for Arthur asked sharply, "Dad, why are you afraid of mother?"

If someone had suddenly slapped him in the face Huff would not have been more startled. For a minute he was dazed by the unexpectedness of the attack, but he recovered quickly and replied spiritedly, "I'm not afraid of your mother. I'm not afraid of anything that breathes."

"That's what I used to believe," Arthur rejoined. "I used to think you were the bravest man in the world and I worshiped you for it. At the time of the strike, when I was going to school and the papers had the headlines, HUFF DEFIES THE MOB; HUFF, ALONE, BRAVES THE STRIKERS; HUFF CALLS THE BLUFF, I kept those papers for months and used to read the articles every night before I went to bed. And later, when they were trying to force you into the trust and threatened to ruin you if you didn't join, and you defied them—yes, and beat them—how I gloried in that. My father was the bravest man and the gamest fighter alive! And then I began to notice things at home. You are a big man outside—a fighting man! Why are you so submissive here?"

Before Huff spoke there was a long pause. Then he said slowly, "I could answer by saying it's because it's the only way I can have peace in my home, but that would be like telling you an axle was broken without letting you know what caused the weakness which led to the break." There was another pause, and then Huff went on: "When a young man marries the girl he loves and she snuggles up to him and coaxes him to let her have her own way, he just laughs and pinches her cheek and agrees, because he feels he can do as he pleases whenever he wants to. But he soon learns that he can't. He soon finds out that what he thought were little threads of silk are really strands of wire and that where they touch him they bind him, and bind him fast. Then, most likely, he puts up a fight like

(Continued on Page 104)

TESTS by Tobacco Experts prove its outstanding quality ...yet White Owl costs 1/3 less

UNBIASED TOBACCO AUTHORITIES tested 10c cigars bought in many localities. Dozens were found to be made of *no better tobacco than WHITE OWL*... yet they cost one-third more.

Overwhelming proof of the value of *mass production*. WHITE OWL, bought by the Billion, sells at 3 for 20c. A fine, mild, sweet-tasting cigar, foil-wrapped to keep it fresh and full-flavored. Thorough enjoyment is all you ask of any price cigar. WHITE OWL gives it to you. That's why thousands of WHITE OWL smokers now wonder why they ever thought they had to pay 10c for downright, solid satisfaction.

WHITE OWL

BOUGHT BY THE BILLION

3 for 20¢

The wisest buy of summertime

Sanitary—because they repel the dirt and dust. Cool—because of their novel open weave. Smart-fitting—because shapeliness is the soul of *the fabric itself.*

Ideal in their comfort—fashionable in their limitless variety of color and pattern. Astonishingly economical—readily washable—proof against hard usage and long wear.

These are the things that make PALM BEACH Suits and Knickers the wisest buy of summertime. At your favorite clothier's—Today!

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your wants—communicate with us.

* * *

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
Goodall Worsted Company, Sanford, Maine
***Selling Agent:* A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.**

(Continued from Page 102)

I did, and then he finds he's up against a much better fighter than he is—a worrying fighter, a tireless fighter. Don't let anyone tell you that woman is the weaker sex. She can stand more strain than a copper cable and can hammer, hammer, hammer like a steel drill."

"Yes?" said the boy.

"Well, after a while the woman wears the man down. His business is just one long battle and he gets tired of arguing and fighting when he comes home. There he wants some rest. So he says to himself 'Oh, what's the use?' and for the sake of peace and quiet he begins to let things slide. And then he's gone! For a woman never lets up and she never lets go."

"No woman will ever do that to me."

"Then look out for those first sweet years! And remember that in matrimony it isn't the last battle that counts, for there isn't any last battle; it's the first one."

Again there was silence, which, this time, was broken by Huff saying, "But this double-barrel-name idea doesn't go, and as you say, we might as well settle it once and for all. So come along and we'll go and see your mother."

When her husband and her son entered her room Mrs. Huff felt instinctively that a struggle was at hand and girded herself for the battle.

Against Huff alone she would have felt confident of victory, but as he was reenforced by Arthur, with whom she had not openly clashed for four or five years, though she felt no doubt as to the end of the encounter, she realized that it probably would not be so easily won.

"What is it?" Mrs. Huff asked.

Huff replied "Arthur received this by mail this morning," and he gave her the sheet of paper on which the two words were written.

She read them slowly, paused for a second, and then asked defensively "Well?"

Huff then handed his wife the newspaper clipping and said, "It refers to this. It came with it."

Mrs. Huff studied the paragraph carefully; waited a little longer than before, and again asked "Well?"

"Are you responsible for that?" Huff demanded, and his wife, realizing the uselessness of both subterfuge and evasion, said "It was done with my knowledge."

"I told you I wouldn't stand for it, and I won't," Huff asserted.

"No?"

"No. And you might as well understand that once and for all."

Confident of her powers and realizing that this was a major battle, Mrs. Huff met the challenge unflinchingly and replied, "Well, that's the way it's going to be. And you might as well understand that once and for all."

"I intend to be known by my own name—Henry W. Huff."

"And I intend to be known as Mrs. H. Wattaway-Huff! And what can you do about it?"

"I'll tell you what I can do," Huff rejoined; "I can put an advertisement in the personal column of every morning paper saying that Henry W. Huff, former manufacturer of the Huff automobile, now living at Crumberley Terrace, hasn't changed his name to H. Wattaway-Huff and does not intend to change it to that or anything else. And if that doesn't rivet the thing down so that nothing can jar it loose, then I miss my guess."

"You wouldn't dare!" Mrs. Huff exclaimed, and Huff replied, "I've told you what I shall do, and I shall do it."

The eyes of the man and the woman met, and the woman knew that in this one thing at least she was beaten.

"That being settled," Arthur said "there's another thing I think you both should know. I've had a great holiday over here and I've enjoyed every minute of it. But now it's beginning to pall and pretty soon I'm going back to Detroit to go to work."

"Work!" Mrs. Huff gasped. "Why should you go to work? We've got money enough, haven't we?"

"I shall go to work because I want to do something myself and be someone myself. I don't want to be just Henry Huff's son and loaf through life on his money."

"But what will you do?" Mrs. Huff exclaimed, and Huff asked hungrily, "Are you thinking of the motor business?"

"No," Arthur answered. "I'm going into something younger; something that I can grow up with and expand with. I'm going into the aeroplane game. What do you think of the idea, dad?"

"I think it's great, son—great."

"Then why don't we go in it together?"

A bombshell which left both of the boy's listeners speechless. A lightning flash which revealed glorious possibilities to the one and showed the wreck of all her plans and hopes to the other

"No! No! Your father couldn't do that," Mrs. Huff asserted as soon as speech would come. "His contract wouldn't allow it."

"I'll bet it would. Wouldn't it, dad?"

Huff replied quickly, "Of course it would. There's no mention of aeroplanes in the contract at all. And my head's been so full of cars that I never even thought of planes."

"Then there we are!" Arthur cried triumphantly. "Will you do it, dad? Will you?"

Into Huff's eye there leaped such a light of joy as it had not known for years; his mind grasped fervently at the thrilling possibilities presented; he saw himself planning and scheming and working; this time not alone, but with his son at his side; in a flash the whole outlook of his life had changed and he was so astounded by it that for a moment he was almost breathless.

Mrs. Huff, too, grasped quickly the significance of the situation and all that it portended for her, and before Huff could put his thoughts into words she began to cry piteously and to sob heartbrokenly, "My son—my own son—wants his father—to desert me!"

"But I don't!" the boy protested. "You can come with him if you want to."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Huff cried in accents of deep despair and bitter anguish, "you won't leave me, will you? After all these years we have been together, you won't leave me now. Will you, Henry? Will you?"

And then occurred one of the most mysterious, though by no means one of the most uncommon, of the many remarkable phenomena of married life. Realizing in his heart that his wife's tears were meretricious, that her grief was artificial and that her emotion was counterfeit, but refusing to admit it; knowing that the whole scene was false and played for effect, but refusing to acknowledge it, Huff put aside all the possibilities that had expanded before him, walked over to his wife, took her in his arms and said:

"Of course I won't leave you, dear! Of course I won't! How could you even think of such a thing?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Convertible Landaulet Sedan .. a smart combination of open car freedom with closed car comfort and luxury

Refreshingly cool and open . . . when driven with the top back on fine summer days and nights. Luxuriously snug and comfortable . . . when the top is up to ward off summer showers or winter blasts.

The fashion in convertible automobile bodies has its newest and most distinctive expression in the New Oakland All-American Convertible Landaulet Sedan . . . a closed car with a smart fabric-covered rear quarter which may be quickly and easily lowered . . . and just as quickly and easily raised.

A Fisher body creation . . . it is notable for graceful beauty of lines. For spaciousness and luxury of interior. For charming appointments . . . rich long-wearing upholstery . . . deep and inviting seats.

And underneath the body is All-American mechanical excellence. Providing the smooth, silent, balanced performance in keeping with a car so distinguished in beauty and style.

At smart winter resorts during the past season the New All-American Landaulet Sedan won the admiration of people alert to style and individuality. Now it is arousing the same enthusiastic endorsement in climates where its refreshing open car freedom is just being appreciated for the first time.

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges.

Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

Combining the refreshing breeziness of an open car with the roomy, luxurious comfort of a charmingly appointed sedan.

The New OAKLAND All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Running water will do it. . . .

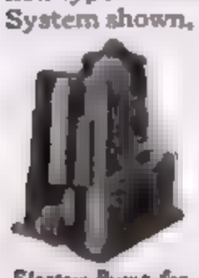
To be free from "pump-and-carry" slavery—to have instant *faucet service* all over the premises—all the water she wants when she wants it! There's no relief, no convenience on earth that mother would rather have—than running water

And now it is close at hand—for her—for you. For no matter what your water problem, Fairbanks-Morse engineers can help you in its solution with no obligation to you. And a F-M Home Water System, selected to meet your needs, will give you running water at the lowest price ever quoted on a plant of equal quality.

ONLY $70

This F-M electric water system [illegible] available at [illegible] 5000 gallons per hour.

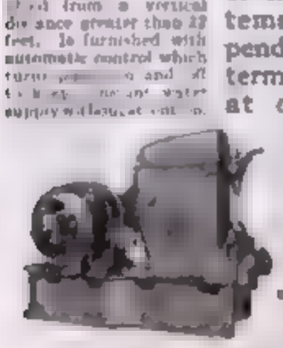
For instance, the new type F-M Water System shown, with a pumping capacity of 210 gallons an hour, costs only $70. Others proportionately low in price.



Electric Pump for Deep Wells

Where water must be lifted from a vertical distance greater than 22 feet, is furnished with automatic control which [illegible]

Thousands of families residing beyond city water mains now enjoy the comfort and luxury of running water, and daily sound the praises of the F-M Water Systems. Famous for dependability. Sold on easy terms. See your dealer at once. Meanwhile send the coupon for further details.



Self-Oiling Deep Well Pump Head

Designed for pumping from drilled, open or cased wells where the water lift is greater than 22 feet. Especially [illegible]

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Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every Line a Leader"

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Send your FREE Home Water Service Book giving full details about the New F-M Home Electric Water System.

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My source of water supply is
☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream
☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern
Have you electricity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

LEAVE IT TO MIL

Continued from Page 39

In spite of the fact that Millard should have been strung up to the nearest telephone pole, I had to admit there was something to what he said. I was making a good living and the fact that my business had grown by leaps and bounds was due to Millard's revolting falsehood about my age and to nothing else. All my capital, some of it borrowed from the bank, was invested in the gym, and if at this date the truth should come out, the chances were that the community would be outraged and I would lose everything.

But there was another point that counted even more heavily, and that was my acquaintance with Lucille Fitzpatrick. Even if she called me Uncle Dick and even if I made her think of her grandfather, I was obliged to admit that had it not been for Mil's loathsome lie I would probably never even have got that far. And it was certain that if Mrs. Fitzpatrick ever found out all the facts, the physical-culture lessons, as far as Lucille was concerned, would stop like a watch dropped into a stone crusher. And every time I thought of the possibility of Lucille passing out of my life I would get a separate ache in each individual muscle.

At the beginning of our acquaintance my idea was I could never be deeper in love with Lucille than at that very moment. Now I realized that this earlier sentiment was just milk and water beside the way I felt now. Morning, noon and night she never left my mind. And often when pupils thought I was concentrating on some good exercise for the liver or what not, I was really trying to figure out how and when I could safely break the ice and remark, "Miss Fitzpatrick, I should like you to know that I am not fifty-seven years of age but only twenty-seven. If my head is bald, it is the result not of old age but of honorable service while making the world safe for democracy. As I am practically your age I will be very grateful if in the future you do not call me Uncle Dick. And now, Miss Fitzpatrick, I have something very important to say to you."

But though many a time I resolved to defy the community and tell Lucille the simple truth, I never quite got there.

In the first place, there was her age. If she looked about twenty-five when she began her course, by the end of ten days of regular instructions she was more like a kid of eighteen.

The explanation was very simple. Lucille was a girl born to skylark around and scatter sunshine, but as the result of two wet blankets of parents she had never had the chance. Every time she had tried to express herself she had been told to be a lady, until all her natural impulses were, as you might say, frozen up. When I began to encourage her to smile and empty her lungs and throw her legs and arms around, she took to it like a barber to dancing. Her disposition changed overnight. She came to the gym not with tears in her eyes but smiling, and we romped through the lessons in a gale of laughter. She couldn't have stayed her age if she'd wanted to.

And every time I started to say, "Miss Fitzpatrick, I should like you to know——" she would interrupt with the words, "Now, Uncle Dick, you call me Lucille. It makes me think of my dear old grandfather." And that would be that.

But it was fun teaching her, not only because of my personal emotions but because Lucille had inherited a superb constitution, and exercise was what she had needed all her life. She ate it up. Her eyes began to sparkle, her cheeks got red, and before the end of the third lesson she was yelling and cutting up and socking the medicine ball at my head as though she had never had a care in the world.

Rope jumping made her as light on her feet as a boxer. Instead of having her swing clubs and fool around with dumb-bells I gave her simple acrobatic stunts and folk dancing and jiujitsu tricks and taught her how to punch the bag. I never saw anybody so happy. Also I gave her invaluable instructions on living healthy twenty-four hours a day outside the gymnasium.

Sometimes, when she would exclaim, "Oh, Uncle Dick, I haven't had such a good time since I was a little girl visiting grandpa," I would say to myself, "Well, as long as things can't be changed, why not let them go on as they are? Just giving her lessons makes me reasonably happy, and that is something I never was before."

But there was another side to the picture, and that other side was Mrs. Wandle.

At the end of the lady's second week I said desperately, "Mrs. Wandle, you have done so well I don't feel justified in taking your money any longer. Just keep right on with the exercises in the privacy of your own home and the improvement will continue indefinitely."

"Tee-hee, professor"—but underneath the laugh you could see she was about as playful as a cat tee-heeing at a mouse—"you are very, very encouraging, but your personal instruction means so much to me that I can't do without it. Your wonderful system makes me feel younger after every lesson." Then she would add: "And you are young, too, professor, in spite of your years. In fact I never think of you as being fifty-seven. I always feel that we are exactly the same age. Tee-hee!"

And what was still worse, she would not even let me alone between lessons. She was always calling up to ask what I thought of eating tomatoes and carrots at the same meal or the influence of the mind on the body or antivaccination or something similar, until I began to wonder whether I had better not have the phone taken out. Sometimes I would close my eyes and grit my teeth and picture myself laying Millard Whitaker across my knees and breaking him in two and watching the cigarette smoke come out.

It was six weeks after the opening of my gymnasium, and what with Mrs. Wandle on one side and Lucille on the other, I had about reached the limit of my endurance. Come what might, I had decided to tell all to Lucille and at the same time let her know my exact feelings in her regard. The lesson that morning had gone on even better than usual, and Lucille had been in such high spirits and so friendly and smiling, it seemed to me I would never have a better opportunity. She had got into her street clothes and I was bracing myself to begin what I had to say, when she took the very words out of my mouth with the remark, "Uncle Dick, I have something important to tell you."

"What is it?" I asked, while something inside me gave warning that I had better expect the worst.

"Oh, such good news; you can't imagine. And I'm telling you first of all, Uncle Dick, because I'm so grateful to you for all you've done in my case."

"I surely appreciate your kind words," I replied, while at the same time a chilly sensation passed up and down my spine.

"Yes, it is all due to you, Uncle Dick. You see, since you've been teaching me I've become—I'm not boasting, Uncle Dick—I've become attractive. An awfully nice boy has been calling on me, and tonight he and I and two other couples are going on a sort of party to a quaint old road house. You know, a rollicking good time. It's my first chance to have healthful fun with a lot of young people of my own age, and I've just forced mother to let me go. Isn't that splendid, Uncle Dick?"

"It certainly is," I answered with difficulty.

"But that's not all." Here Lucille became very red. "Last night, when mother had left the room, he became very frank and said I was the most wonderful girl he had ever met and we are practically the same as engaged. Isn't that glorious, Uncle Dick?"

From then on all through the rest of the day I was in a kind of daze. And when, at 4:30, Mrs. Wandle showed up for her lesson, she found me in my office with my head sunk between my hands.

"Why, professor," she said, "what is wrong? You look as though you were in love. I suppose it's some younger woman. Tee-hee!"

"In any case," I snapped, "there is nothing to be done about it."

"Don't say that, professor," she said in a soothing voice. "Remember you are a comparatively young man yet."

"It doesn't matter how young I am," I fired back; "it is what she thinks about it."

"Dick—and from now on I am going to call you Dick—if heretofore she has never expressed her true feelings for you, it is only because she has been held back by womanly modesty."

My thoughts were so full of Lucille that I was not really responsible for what happened next. Without the slightest suspicion that Mrs. Wandle was talking about herself, I jerked my head up to say, "Is that a fact? Is that really a fact?"

"Yes, Dick, it is a fact." And with these words Mrs. Wandle reached out and jumped into a clinch just as the door opened and my lady assistant stuck her head in to ask when the towels would be back from the laundry.

It was the end of a terrible day. I was in such a state that the more I tried to explain, the more I involved myself. An hour later, when I broke the half nelson and when Mrs. Wandle, throwing kisses like an artillery barrage, tee-heed out of the gym, I felt I might just as well jump into the river and end it all.

"Millard," I telegraphed that night, "am wiring you fifty dollars expenses. Kindly be in Kearneyville before 7:30 P.M. tomorrow and get another fifty."

An hour later the reply came collect. "Keep a stiff lower lip. Will report as per schedule. Leave it to Mil."

IV

AT FOUR O'CLOCK the next afternoon Millard showed up. I had spent a very busy day arranging for an entertainment and reception that evening. In spite of the last-minute nature of the preparations, I had got in touch with two or three hundred prominent people. As a program I had listed folk dances, and so on, by pupils, as well as exhibitions by a couple of well-known local athletes. In my spare moments I had tried to decide what I had better do to Mil first; whether to choke him until his tongue hung out or get a hammer lock and twist his arm until he had promised to tell the truth about my age. That was all I wanted: To have the truth broadcast, break loose from Mrs. Wandle, and make Lucille realize I was not her Uncle Dick. And if spilling the beans like that wrecked my business, that was all right with me, because I was desperate.

Millard broke into my office and, before I could make up my mind just how and where to grab him, had eased me out of the promised fifty dollars and was poisoning the air with one of his vile cigarettes.

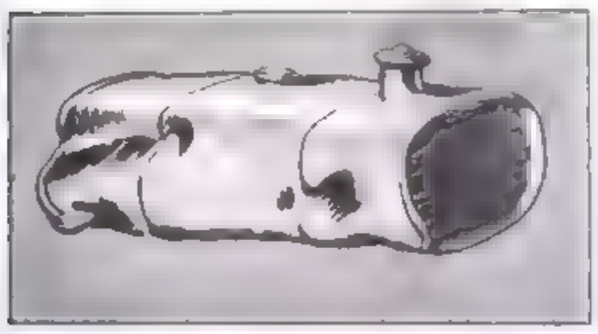
"Lafayette, I am here," he said, while I sat there all confused, trying to decide what form of violence to employ first. "Leave it to Mil. What do you want me to do? Give a weight-lifting exhibition to show the results of your wonderful secret system in my case?"

"Millard," I said in a stern voice, "I have sent for you because I want you to set me right before the people of this city and to retract publicly the false and lying statements you have made regarding my age."

"What is the trouble, Rockerfeller? Aren't you rolling up money week after week, thanks to my big-value propaganda?"

(Continued on Page 110)

You replace a smashed gasoline tank with another of the same size. Correct battery size is even more important . . .



No guess work in battery buying

. . . when you consult this new guide

Batteries always have had *"sizes"* just like shoes and hats; but car owners never thought much about *electrical size* until they began to run up big mileages.

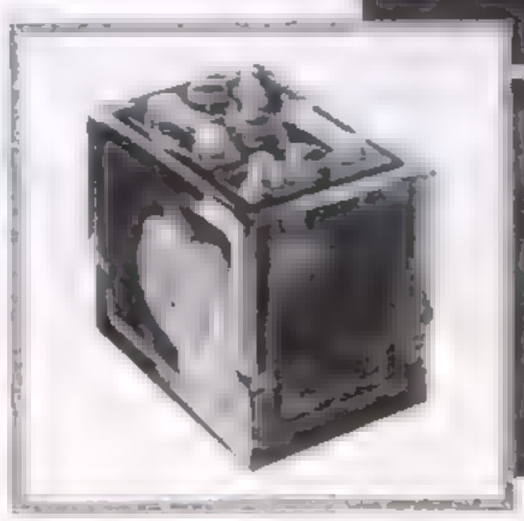
To take guesswork and disappointment out of battery buying, Willard has compiled a simple chart. It assures you that the battery you purchase has sufficient *electrical size* to do a satisfactory job in your car.

On this chart, beside the name of your car, is the "size" of the battery automobile engineers recommend for satisfactory and economical operation.

Not only is this "size" given in inches and number of plates . . . but an *electrical size* which stands for active electricity producing material is also shown.

You're sure . . . dead sure . . . that the battery the Willard dealer offers you will do a satisfactory job in your car. You can be equally sure that the extra margin of built-in quality in a Willard Battery will give you more for your money.

Another point to remember . . . wherever you drive your car there will always be a Willard Battery Man to give your Willard Battery the proper care and attention.



THE WILLARD *Thread-Rubber Battery* For every normal condition of driving, you will receive satisfactory service and big value with a Wood-Insulated Willard Battery. On the other hand, if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will pay you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.

With this type you can expect a long term of uninterrupted service and useful life under the very heaviest driving conditions—also complete freedom from re-insulation expense; for Willard Thread-Rubber Insulation will last until you wear out the plates in the battery.

STORAGE BATTERIES

Willard

SWIM! That's what warm days—and cool water —and stalwart men—and merry maids are meant for! That's what Bradley Bathing Suits are meant for...Meant for free-and-easy swimming ... Plain and fancy diving ... Comfort—speed —and fun! More than that! If you take your swimming with a grain of sand, you'll find your Bradley is meant for "show" as well as "go". Trim snugness that hugs you like a coat of tan ...Wide-awake colors that "snap the whip" with a swirl of spirit...Smart, happy patterns that befit the beau and the belle of the beach. Graceful as a sea-gull ... Fast as a fish ... Proud as a peacock. That's you—in your Bradley! Each thread is Tu-Twisted for quadruple strength. The Bradley "Loop of Life" gives s-t-r-e-t-c-h

—with a *comeback!* Cut for comfort. Knit for wear. Modeled for style. Dyed forever. You may never swim the English Channel. You may never win a Bathing Beauty Contest or become a sun-tanned Life-Guard... But, in your Bradley Bathing Suit, you'll swim your fastest—and look your best. The best store in your town has Bradleys for all—from Tiny Tad to Grandad!

SLIP INTO A

Bradley

KNIT-WEAR

AND OUT-OF-DOORS

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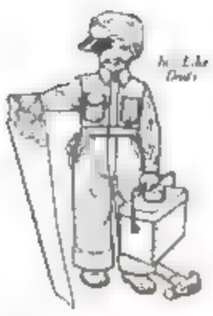

The Nation's Greatest Industrial Uniform . . . . . .

Monte Blue, starring in Warner Bros. "The Greyhound Limited"

LEE WHIZIT UNION-ALLS are standard equipment of great industrial firms whose men meet the public in semi-sales and service capacities.

Men wearing these famous suits are alert, clean-cut, and more business-like. They both look and act their parts, winning and holding the public's confidence. Lee Super-Fabrics, exclusively Lee in their beauty and strength of weave . . . the Lee Whizit, handy, handsome, indestructible with the genuine TALON "Hookless" Fastener . . . are two nationally popular features.

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Lee WHIZIT
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Union-Alls

UNION-ALLS ▪ OVERALLS ▪ PLAY SUITS

(Continued from Page 106

In a few biting words I told Millard exactly what had happened. "And now, Millard," I concluded, "I expect you to make everything right and release me from this designing woman. If you don't you will find yourself with a couple of broken ribs, and when I make this statement I mean every word of it." To show I was in earnest I now shook my fist in his face to such an extent that he was obliged to fish out another cigarette.

"Don't worry, Jack Dempsey; your argument is more than convincing. But just let me get things straight. Kearneyville, believing you fifty-seven years of age, has made you rich beyond the dreams of avarice. One of the fairest flowers of Kearneyville is giving you unmeasured granddaughterly affection, and a well-preserved widow is going even farther than that. Have I the right dope?"

"You have the right dope, Millard," I said between clenched teeth, "and you are going to change all that tonight by telling the truth, and the simple truth. And if you do anything else or if you try to wriggle out of your duty in any way, I will make you wish you had never been born, and you can write that down in your notebook."

"That is the way to talk, Daniel Webster," Millard said, getting up and shaking me by the hand; "that is the way to express yourself entertainingly before your club or lodge and become an outstanding member of your community. Count on me. Leave it to Mil. I will be with you this evening and make everything right. And now I am going to ramble through your beautiful little city and rehearse my act. Don't let the other performers get jealous, because something tells me I am going to stop the show."

By 7:30 that evening, in spite of hurried arrangements, my little gym was packed with eager spectators. I had had moments of doubt about Millard, but at a little after eight he made his appearance in the office, and putting his feet up on my desk, lit a cigarette. His eyes had a little more white around them than usual and something told me he had taken advantage of his spare time by making the acquaintance of a local bootlegger.

"Well, Shakspere," he said, "how is the show up to now? When do I go on? Have I got a good spot?"

"Everything is ready, Millard," I responded in a cold voice, "and all I ask of you is to repair the wrong you have done by following the simple directions I have given you."

"Count on old Pythias, Damon. By the time I finish my impassioned address everything will have been made right, and I will do it all so tactfully that your position in the hearts of your countrymen will be as secure as ever. Leave it to Mil. Where do I sit?"

A pair of local weight lifters were just finishing their stuff and I concluded that the best thing to do was to introduce Millard at once and get the worst over. If it meant the ruin of my little gymnasium, I was prepared to accept it. In spite of two special invitations, Lucille was not in the audience, nor had she come for her lesson that morning. Mrs. Wandle, on the other hand, was in the first row, and every now and then she would turn around and tee-hee at me until I felt like jumping up and biting a piece out of the horizontal bar.

"All ready, Millard," I said. "Now is the time to do the right thing, and believe me, if you know what is good for your health you will do it."

"Leave it to Mil, Sandow—leave it to Mil."

One minute later I had spoken a few words of introduction and, carefully avoiding Mrs. Wandle, had slipped behind the back row.

After a comical story about a Swede, an Irishman and a Jew, Millard changed to a very serious voice and began to tell about his little brother. This young boy, whom four eminent specialists had pronounced to be in a dying state, had taken advantage of Professor Mather's wonderful system and was now playing fullback at the University of California.

As Millard had never had a little brother of any description, I was just getting ready to rush up on the platform and let nature take its course when, changing his voice again, Millard continued in the following words:

"My friends, I have a confession to make to you. Two months ago, my friends, I came to your beautiful little city and took occasion to speak briefly of our host of the evening, my benefactor, Professor Mather.

"At that time I asked you in your imagination to go back with me to the year 1882. I asked you to picture a ten-year-old, curly-headed lad of the Western plains lost on the boundless prairie. I described for you his pitiful plight, captured by a band of hostile Indians, scalped and left for dead.

I told you of the wise old medicine man, Chief Hokeechaubee, who found the little fellow apparently lifeless, took him to his own tepee; restored him to health and taught him the red man's secret system of physical culture. My friends, I have a confession to make to you. What I told you and your neighbors two months ago was a falsehood—a lie—and I am here to retract it."

From all sides people were turning around and craning their necks and popping their heads to look at me, especially Mrs. Wandle; personally I kept studying the cracks in the floor. I could have wished to be anywhere else, but it was a relief to know that at last the public was getting the truth.

When Millard began to speak again, the silence was such you could have heard a pin drop.

"I told you how, for the first time, at the age of fifteen, he saw a traveling circus; how, in an impromptu competition, he defeated the circus strong man; how the engagement which followed resulted in a triumphal tour of America and the world. I told you of Professor Mather's private encounter with the late John L. Sullivan, in the course of which he demonstrated his mastery of the renowned pugilist. I told you how, by the wonderful secret system of Chief Hokeechaubee, Professor Mather retained and still retains his elastic muscles and his youth. And, my friends, I am here to admit that I was guilty of a grave misrepresentation of facts."

Millard stopped, and you could hear feet shuffle and one or two people cough, while others shushed them. It was perhaps the most painful moment of my life, and yet I could not help feeling glad the way you feel glad when a dentist is taking the last few cracks at a bad tooth.

"Yes, my friends, I am going to tell you the truth now, and the whole truth. Professor Mather has asked me to do so, and I am going to follow his wishes. When I said that in 1882 Professor Mather was a curly-haired boy of ten, I lied, my friends—I deliberately lied. I was afraid that if I told the whole truth there would be those who would not believe me. In 1882 Professor Mather was not ten years old—he was twenty years old. It was in 1873 that he was scalped and left for dead and picked up by that wise old medicine man, Chief Hokeechaubee. Professor Mather is not fifty-seven today; he is sixty-seven. And, my friends, I want you all to join me here and now in giving the Chautauqua salute to that grand old man, Uncle Dick Mather—sixty-seven years young."

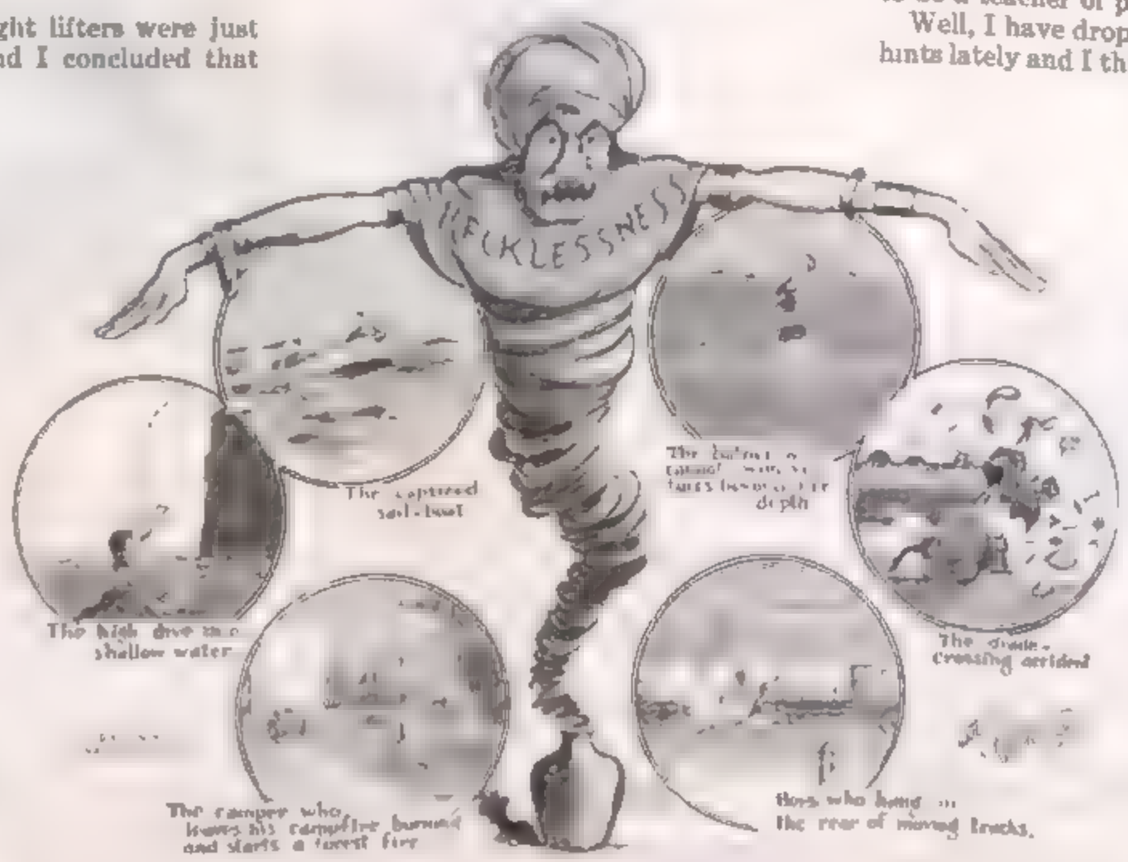
There was a minute of silence while I gathered myself together, ready to spring at Millard Whitaker's throat. Then the storm broke loose. Everybody had a white handkerchief out and was on his feet cheering and waving and yelling "Uncle Dick! Three cheers for Uncle Dick!" I tried to get at Millard, but it was no use. They were shaking me by the hand and slapping me on the back, and by the time I had torn myself loose Millard had slipped out of the gym.

Since that terrible evening a month has passed and, in spite of all my efforts, I am still living a lie and business is growing every day.

Directly following Mil's address Mrs. Wandle passed out of my life after saying in an indignant voice that she was too young to tie herself up to a man with one foot in the grave. She has since married a party aged forty. Three days after Millard's visit Lucille Fitzpatrick reported again at the gym. After some minutes she was able to control herself enough to wipe the tears out of her beautiful blue eyes and tell what had happened. Instead of being interested in a rollicking and healthful good time, her young friends had gone to this roadhouse only to smoke cigarettes, drink gin, and indulge in petting parties. By 11:30 she had become so disgusted with modern youth that when her fiancé had got fresh she had put a jiujitsu hold on him and thrown him out of the car; at one time breaking his collar bone and the engagement. And the only interest she had left in life was to get to be a teacher of physical culture.

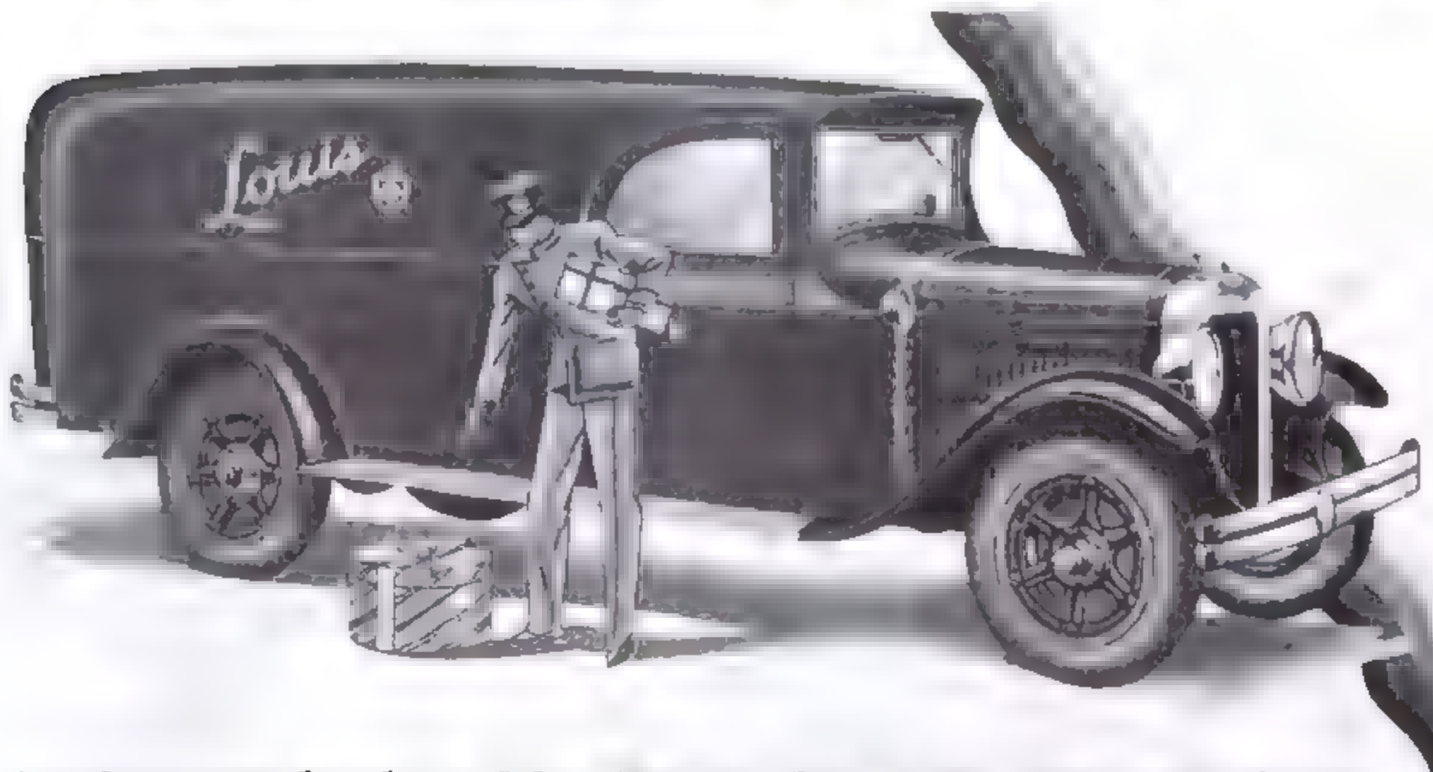
Well, I have dropped some pretty strong hints lately and I think Lucille has begun to suspect the real truth; she has quit dragging her grandfather into the conversation, has stopped calling me Uncle Dick, and I have been invited to Sunday dinner. If my birth certificate, which has been sent for, arrives before Sunday, I am going to take it along; and Mrs. Fitzpatrick and the community in general can like it or lump it.

I hope I never set eyes on Millard Whitaker again. The reason is that if I did I wouldn't know whether to break his neck or give him some kind of medal.


RECKLESSNESS
The captured seal-load
The high dive into shallow water
The camper who leaves his campfire burning and starts a forest fire
The crossing accident
those who hang on the rear of moving trucks.

Summer is the Time When This Evil Genie Gets in His Best Work

THE NEW STEWARTS



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6 Cylinder . . . $2690 Chassis

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6 Cylinder . . $3690 Chassis

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FOR 16 years Stewarts have established outstanding records in every department of truck operation and performance. Whether it be on a basis of economy, long life, easy steering, riding comfort or ability to stay on the road and out of the repair shop, Stewarts acknowledge no peer in all truckdom. . . . . The new models are unquestionably the greatest Stewarts of them all. New improvements and advancements mark them more than ever "America's Greatest Truck Value." Measured in miles and years of service, they will smash all former records.

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Stewart sales in 1926 were 41% greater than in 1925; in 1927, 45.7% over 1926; and in 1928, 53% ahead of 1927. These figures tell the story of Stewart success. 1929 sales to date are exceeding those of 1928. Learn why! Before you buy any truck, see the new Stewarts.

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Counterbalanced crankshaft,
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190 in., 220 in., 235 in.
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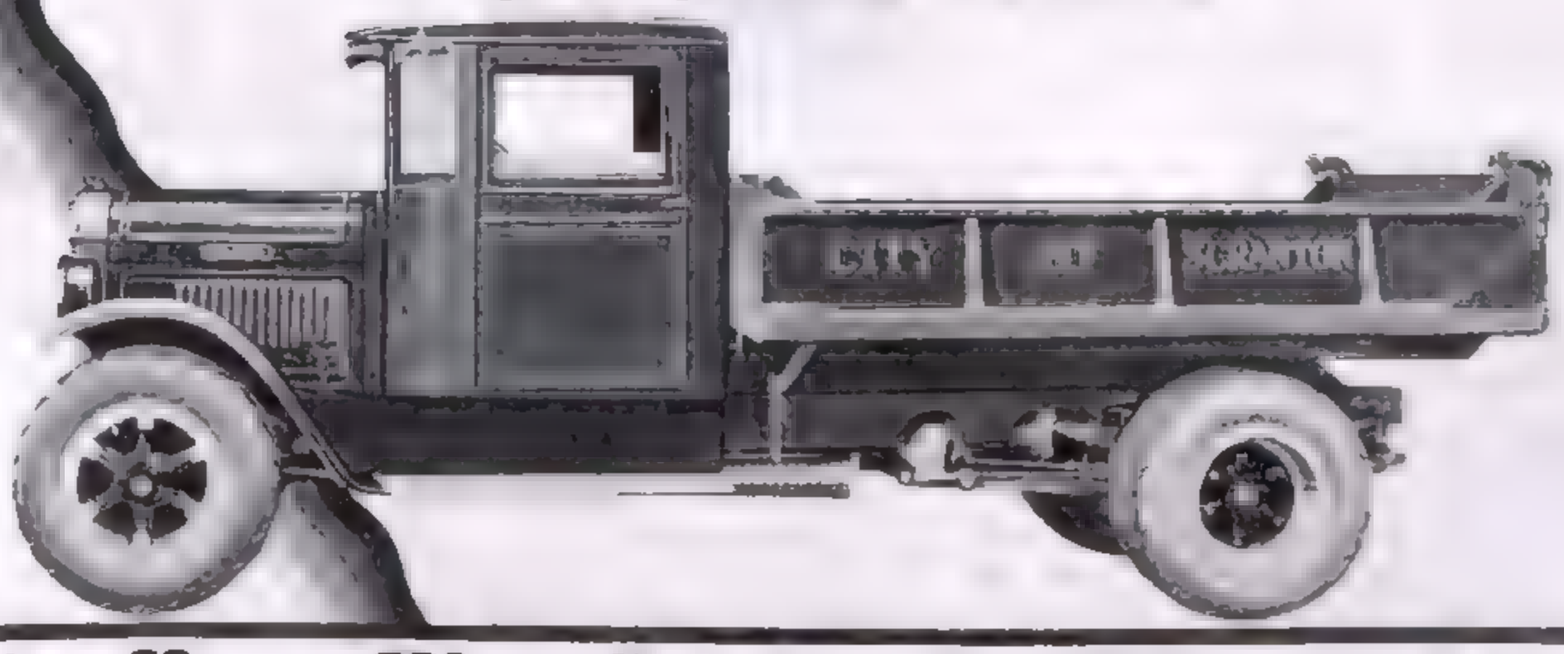

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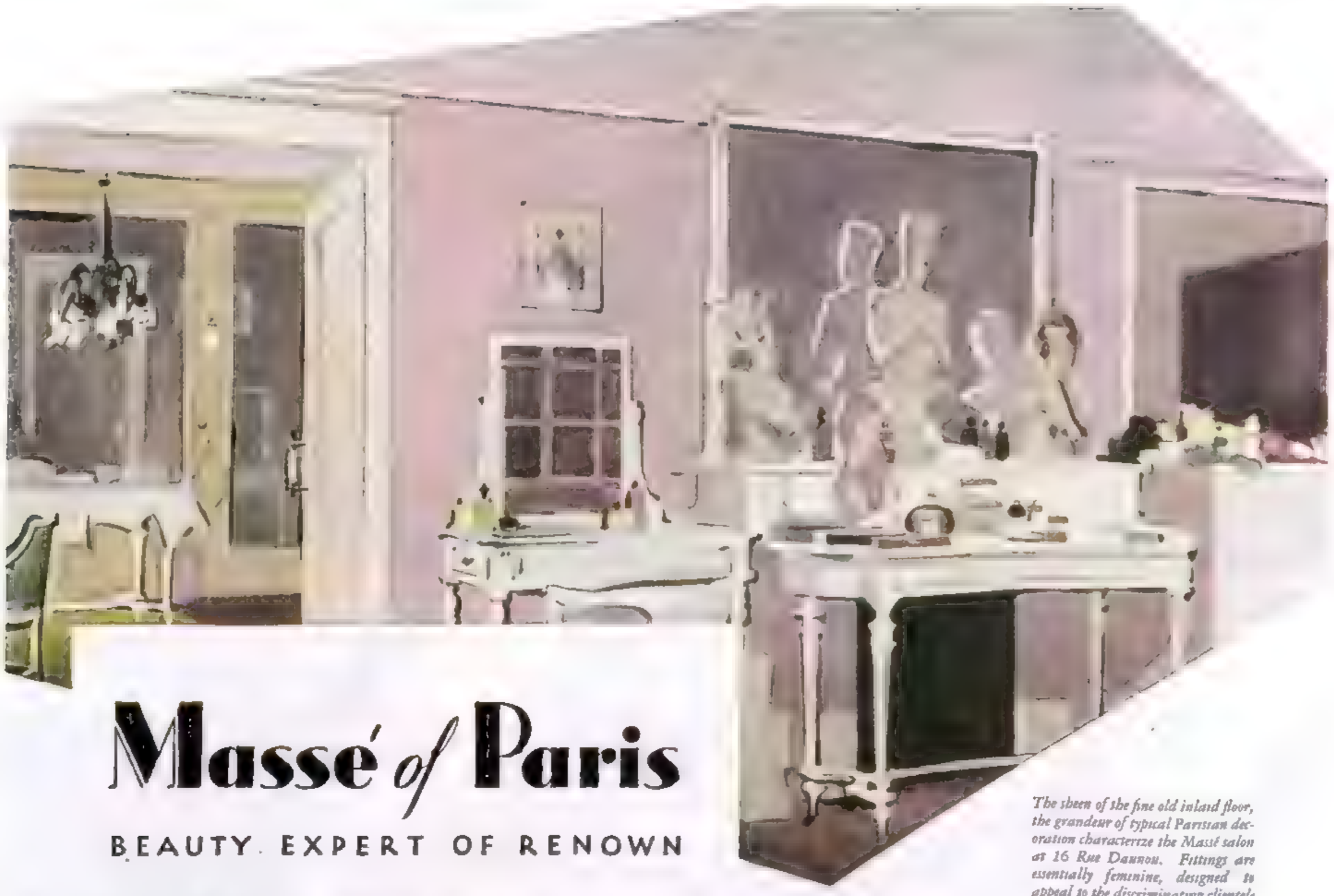

The sheen of the fine old inlaid floor, the grandeur of typical Parisian decoration characterize the Massé salon at 16 Rue Daunou. Fittings are essentially feminine, designed to appeal to the discriminating clientele of M. Massé.

Massé of Paris

BEAUTY EXPERT OF RENOWN

urges his patrons to use this one treatment to keep the skin lovely

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work. The simplest method is by far the best of all. That is the consistent use of Palmolive Soap, which combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

AT 16 Rue Daunou, Paris, many of the world's most distinguished women are accustomed to consult E. Massé on problems of skin care. Massé gives much time and thought to home beauty methods, as well as to the treatments given in his artistic salon de beauté.

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work," says Massé. "Clients who follow our advice *never* use any soap except that which blends oils of palm and olives—Palmolive. They are the ones whose skin shows the greatest improvement as a result of the treatments we give in the salon."

Other authorities agree

All the leading figures in the Parisian world of beauty culture agree with M. Massé. Lina Cavalieri, Vincent, Mme. Valentin le Brun—these are just a few of the many French authorities who recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap. And in Berlin, Vienna, London—in all the cosmopolitan centers of culture—one meets this same advice.

What palm and olive oils do

The need for thorough, but gentle, cleansing of the skin is universally recognized. Oil secretions, dust, dirt, make-up clog the pores. Unless these accumulations are removed, they will harden into blackheads and pimples or cause sallowness and a dull, lifeless skin.

In Palmolive Soap beauty experts—in America and all over the world—find just the correct blending of those oils which are so beneficial to the skin. This soap soothes, penetrates, stimulates. As Massé says: "Palmolive combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Massé also prepares an astringent, Elixor Camphre and Creme Massé, specially for home use . . . But always he, and his most famous colleagues, suggest the following treatment twice a day to retain skin loveliness: first, a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water, to be rubbed, with both hands, well into the skin. Two minutes of soap massage, a rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. A final ice water rinse as astringent. Dry skin usually needs some oily cream at least once a day. Oily skin requires an astringent lotion and the use of a day cream with drying effect.

In this 2-minute treatment millions of women find a solution to their problems of skin care. Palmolive is now the leading complexion soap not only in the United States but also in 48 other countries.

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CAPTAIN DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 21)

loss to live up to my contract. But meanwhile one of my vessels so freed, on one round trip to the Orient, paid nearly half her total cost, so we came out all right on the deal. Sea tariffs had become so high that we could no longer afford to carry lumber on our ships; so we let our lumber business dwindle down in the next few years. Our vessels took other cargoes instead."

They were soon taking war supplies over to Vladivostok for the Russian Government—cotton goods and motortrucks, flat cars and soup kitchens. And later they took munitions too.

Insurance rates were soaring high, Harold Dollar told me. So were seamen's and officers' pay. And they gave their men bonuses besides. They could well afford to. The German ships on the Pacific had been captured or interned, and those of the Allied countries were rapidly being commandeered; and though the shipping of Japan was stronger than ever in the past and had big advantages over our own, still, on both sides of the Pacific, freights of all kinds piled up in the ports; there were not enough ships to carry them; and so the Dollar steamers had more than they could handle now.

Meanwhile, in the first year of the war, Captain Dollar and his wife had made another trip to China. He was seventy at the time and had water on the knee; his leg was in a plaster cast and he found it hard to get about. But the trouble passed and he was soon quite as active as before. He had agents in Vladivostok and was opening offices in Petrograd and Riga for his increasing Russian trade. In China, though his lumber business was declining rapidly, he bought a lumberyard at Hankow and increased his property in Tientsin to a whole city block. For he was looking far ahead and he wanted to buy while land was cheap. He could afford to. His company was making a lot of money, those days.

"We bought one ship for half a million and she paid her cost in a year," he said. But how long could it last? The war might end, and he did not propose to be left with a big fleet on his hands; so most of the vessels his company bought they sold to the British and Japanese. Harold Dollar handled a good deal of that.

Quick Turns With Big Profits

"In Shanghai," he said, "a broker told me a ship in San Francisco was being offered in London for sale. I cabled our home office. They bought her and cabled me the price—$340,000. I sold her to the Japanese for $800,000 the same week. And we made a good many quick turns of that kind."

Over across the ocean other quick turns were being made. The General V. Pesqueira, an old Mexican passenger steamer, was on her way from Australia with a cargo of coal. A San Francisco broker showed a photograph of her to the mayor. He bought her for $200,000, then sold her to the Dollars for $225,000, and they sold her to the Japanese for $50,000 more than that. And these transactions were put through by men who had never seen the ship! For it grew harder all the time to find good vessels anywhere.

"Captain Dollar, during the war," a broker in San Francisco told me, "was one of the shrewdest traders that ever bought or sold ships in this port. But what makes him stand out from the rest was this: He'd find a boat others didn't want and discover a way to fix her up. I remember one of the kind. She was a freak oil burner of about 3500 tons, all cut up with tanks and compartments, and could carry so small a fuel supply that her sailing distance was only ten days. When her owners asked me to sell her, I told them at first there wasn't a chance; but then I thought of Captain Dollar and took him out to where she lay. Down into her engine room he went, and in between her boilers and tanks the old man crawled on hands and knees, fore and aft and everywhere, while I wrote down the figures he kept calling out to me. Then, up on deck he studied it out. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said. 'Up in the fo'castle there is room for another tank for oil. Then I'll build coal bunkers along her deck house on both sides, and run her on both coal and oil.' In that way he increased her sailing distance so she could run to the Orient. He bought her for $600,000, and I shouldn't wonder if he made a good profit with her at that!"

Striking at the Strikers

In the midst of those hectic times, when every seagoing vessel was earning thousands of dollars a week, their enormous profits were abruptly brought to a stop. For the men on the docks in San Francisco called a strike in 1916. The two sides could not get together; the cargoes piled up at the wharves; and when the shipowners tried to move them with nonunion men, along the Embarcadero the violence rapidly increased.

"Scores of men were beaten up and a few were shot and killed," a city official told me. "We had only 800 police at the time, and some of those along the water front were friendly to the strikers."

Moreover, the shipowners claimed, the police magistrates failed to convict even the few that were arrested. So finally the shipping men combined with leading merchants and bankers and called a big mass meeting at the Chamber of Commerce, to launch a law-and-order campaign. Captain Dollar was one of the speakers.

"I had not meant to speak," he told me, "but they asked me, so I did. I knew some of the strike leaders were there and I decided to give them fair warning. 'For over two months the strikers have been slugging our men,' I said. 'On an average, about one a day has been sent to the hospital! But I say now there must be a change! And if there is not—then, from now on, every time they make us call an ambulance, we must see that they call two! And I mean that! This killing business has got to stop!'"

His speech made a great stir at the meeting, and caused some consternation, too, for the law-and-order campaign was not being planned that way. But his warning was never put into effect; for $1,000,000 was raised that day, picketing was declared illegal and other forces were soon at work which promptly ended the violence. Later the strike petered out.

"I was glad we never had to defend ourselves in the way I proposed," the old captain told me. "I've been a peaceable man all my life. But the labor crowd had been giving us a regular reign of terror that year."

Far behind this story lies his training as a lumber-camp boss and as an operator of ships. He had no use for labor unions, either on land or out at sea. It was toward the end of this same year that, as a result of the Seamen's Bill, he moved the terminal for his ships in foreign trade to Vancouver.

Meanwhile, however, he still lived just out of San Francisco; his coastwise vessels were still running under the American flag; and on the new Foreign Trade Council he was taking an active part in efforts to change our shipping laws and develop our foreign trade. The first meeting was held in Washington, and 700 shipping men, merchants and bankers from all over the country came. One result of their meeting was the formation in New York of the International Corporation, to promote commerce overseas; and another was the passage of the Webb-Pomerene Bill, allowing American exporters to combine for foreign trade; for since its passage nearly half our big exporting industries have formed huge central organizations for the prorating of orders and other forms of cooperation in developing business abroad. Partly through that meeting, too, the Government adopted a much more liberal attitude toward our shipping, the captain said; and the Shipping Board was organized to meet the crying need for ships. When the Foreign Trade Council met next year, more than 2500 came, for the whole country had grown interested in our booming foreign trade, in which Robert Dollar had been one of the main pioneers. In submitting the report on our growing merchant marine, he said:

"Anybody can run a ship today and make money out of it, but after the war we are going to meet the keenest competition that the world has ever seen. And to keep the business then, we must place American ships on an equal footing with all others. They should carry half our foreign trade, and this will be tremendous. We shall need $500,000,000 for such a fleet. The Shipping Board has only $50,000,000 now—to be used for government ships which later must return to private ownership."

In the meantime he had been selling not only most of the vessels he bought but also several of his own ships, at about three times their original cost.

"We sold every ship that we could spare," his partner Lorber told me, "so as to be ready for the slump that we foresaw after the war. We did probably more than half our business in chartered vessels during the war, and we had to be careful there, for rates kept jumping up and down—often they changed overnight. They kept working higher, but still we refused to enlarge our fleet. We tried to manage our business so that if the war ended the next day we'd be in strong financial shape."

Up to the Admiralty

Their finances grew stronger all the time, for their vessels from Vancouver were crammed with valuable cargoes to and from the Orient still. But this could last only during the war. To provide them with freights in future years, he decided to build near that port an immense electric sawmill, having a capacity of 100,000,000 feet a year. He bought great tracts of timberland, too, and laid out the model village of Dollarton for his lumbermen; while down at Vancouver he secured larger warehouses and docks. His son Melville was in charge.

Early in 1917 he went across to China again, to look over the properties of a big exporting company which he was thinking of buying there. But his plans were interrupted; for at Shanghai he received in May a cable from the British in Hong-Kong, commandeering his ships. It was a blow. Threatened with a total paralysis of his trade in the East, he took the Bessie Dollar promptly down to Hong-Kong and there learned from the British commodore that they wanted his ships to carry coolies to Vancouver for transportation to France. He did some quick thinking.

"Would it be satisfactory to allow me to do the work for you," he asked, "and use the space in my vessels that the government does not need?" The commodore thought that it would. But what about the compensation? "I'll leave that entirely to the Admiralty," the captain said.

"But suppose they pay only a dollar a ship?"

"This is wartime and I'll stand by my offer."

His offer was cabled to London then and the Admiralty sent back terms better than he had hoped for. Moreover, his ships, on the trip from Vancouver, could use all their cargo space, and they ran to Vladivostok still. On the voyage back from China the coolies took the main and twin decks, as a rule, but he had the lower decks for cargo, and quite often more than that; so his vessels touched at Manila and took on hemp and copra and large quantities of cocoanut

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*From personal interviews at Amsterdam by Jantzen representatives.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

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husks for gas masks. Shippers were frantic for space, those days, and rates kept rising all the time. It was fearfully hot in the Orient, that summer of 1917, and he was seventy-three years old, but he spent some busy weeks.

"We had an awful rush of work," his son Harold told me. "Cables poured in on us day and night; often at three or four A.M."

But through it all his father was still looking far ahead. In Shanghai he bought 1000 feet of river frontage for future wharves and warehouses, also a new office in Hankow and another big lumber yard in Tientsin. Civil war was raging in China again, but still he managed to get about; and in less than two months after the time when his ships were commandeered, he had finished his work in the Orient. He came back home and in August went to Washington, D. C., and from there up to Ottawa to see the Canadian Government about rushing more supplies to the Russians in Vladivostok. That same fall he was in Vancouver looking after his shipping and lumber; and so he went on for the next year, under pressure all the time. From exposure on one trip up north, he had an attack of illness that made him delirious for three days and totally blind for almost a week. But this was the only serious illness he had had in forty years! He quickly recovered, and in August of 1918, he was in Washington again, putting through a contract for a Chinese Government yard to build four big steamers for our transport service. When the contract had been closed, the Chinese minister, Wellington Koo, asked the president of our Shipping Board to hand over to Robert Dollar all money in payment for the ships, amounting to $14,000,000, without requiring any bond.

A Fine Way to Pay a Fine

"I prize this confidence as one of the highest honors I've ever received," Captain Dollar said of it. Meanwhile he was carrying thousands of tons of United States steel over to China to build those ships; but he did not let it interfere with his work for the British Government. He lived up to his contract with them so well that, after the war ended that fall, he had a message of thanks and congratulation from the Admiralty. His relations with the Russians, however, were not working out so well.

"I never got any satisfaction in dealing with them," he told me. "And now things went from bad to worse; for in the last year of the war the Bolsheviki seized the office of our Vladivostok agents; and when our next vessel arrived and our captain found them in control, he did not want to land his valuable cargo, so he asked them to clear his ship. 'All right, we'll do it tomorrow,' they said. But he was by no means sure of that, so he had the chief quietly get up steam. Luckily it was a dark night; he put out all his lights and slipped off to sea. The Bolsheviki had his papers, so our ship was now an outlaw. He ran to Vancouver and met me there; and as soon as he had told me the news I took him straight to the customhouse and had him make a full report. The collector said:

"'You're in a bad fix. I'll fine you $10,000 to start with.'

"'All right, I'll go and get it,' I said.

"'No, you won't,' he answered. 'Sit down and write me a letter promising to pay on demand.' And while I was writing he gave our captain an order and told him: 'Present this note and they'll clear your ship.' As soon as the captain had left us, I asked:

"'Why make me write a letter like this? I'd rather pay up and be done with it.'

"'No, finish your letter,' he replied. When I handed it over, he asked: 'Will you remember this promise?' And when I told him that I would, he tore up my letter. I saw a twinkle in his eyes. 'Now go on about your business,' he said."

The demand for the money was never made, for the British Government liked him, those days! But the captain was through with Russia now. He stopped running to Vladivostok and cabled his men in Moscow, Petrograd and Riga, to close the offices and come home.

When the war was over the boom in shipping still kept on, but feeling that the peak had been reached, he sold nearly half of what ships he had left. An old friend of his told me a story of that.

A Twenty-Minute Option

"I was in New York on business," he said, "and one November afternoon a little after the Armistice, I was starting uptown in the Subway, when Robert Dollar came along; and as we rode uptown together, I asked Uncle Robert what he was doing in New York. 'I've just sold a vessel,' he replied. 'One of the men from the Standard Oil wanted to know if I would take $1,250,000 for one of our ships. I told him I would; I'd take it in cash. He asked me when. Today, I said. He objected to that and asked for an option. I gave him one—for twenty minutes. When the time was up I went back to my office, and there later on I received a wire from Harold. He had just sold her for more than my price. He's a better business man than his father.'"

Through such sales he built up his cash reserves and waited to buy when ships should be cheap, for he felt a depression must come soon. The British Government felt the same way and sold nearly all their vessels, he told me. But our Government did not. Instead of that, our Shipping Board began using its hundreds of ships to start trade routes all over the world. Some of these paid, but more did not. On the Pacific Ocean they faced the keen competition of Japan; for the Japanese shipowners had made huge profits during the war and had plenty of money now, and also generous subsidies. Against them, our government vessels cut rates, and so to a large extent regained control of the Pacific trade. But they were doing it at a loss, and it seemed to be only a question of time until they would start selling their ships, on terms that would make it possible for the buyers to compete with shipowners of other lands.

How Captain Dollar was dreaming still of future trade with the Orient is shown by his account of a trip he made next year, in Canada, to the site of the lumber camp where he had once been a shanty boy. He had long talks, in a town near by, with two aged lumbermen, one ninety and one ninety-three, for whom he had worked as a youngster, fifty-seven years before. To reach the camp, he motored up along the Gatineau River, he said.' It took him only a few hours. When he was a boy it had taken ten days. Then they had gone up in canoes, and on the long portages through the snow they had carried their bags on their backs and gone Indian fashion through the woods. On reaching the site of the camp, he found that the lake from which he had once carried water was still there, but in place of the unbroken forest, he saw cultivated fields, and the region was dotted with farmers' houses. His thoughts flew back; then far ahead. And he wrote soon afterward:

As a boy, I had been a pioneer of the unbroken forest that was now a fine agricultural country. And if I could live fifty-seven years longer, what a transformation I would see in the Pacific Ocean trade, of which I was also a pioneer.

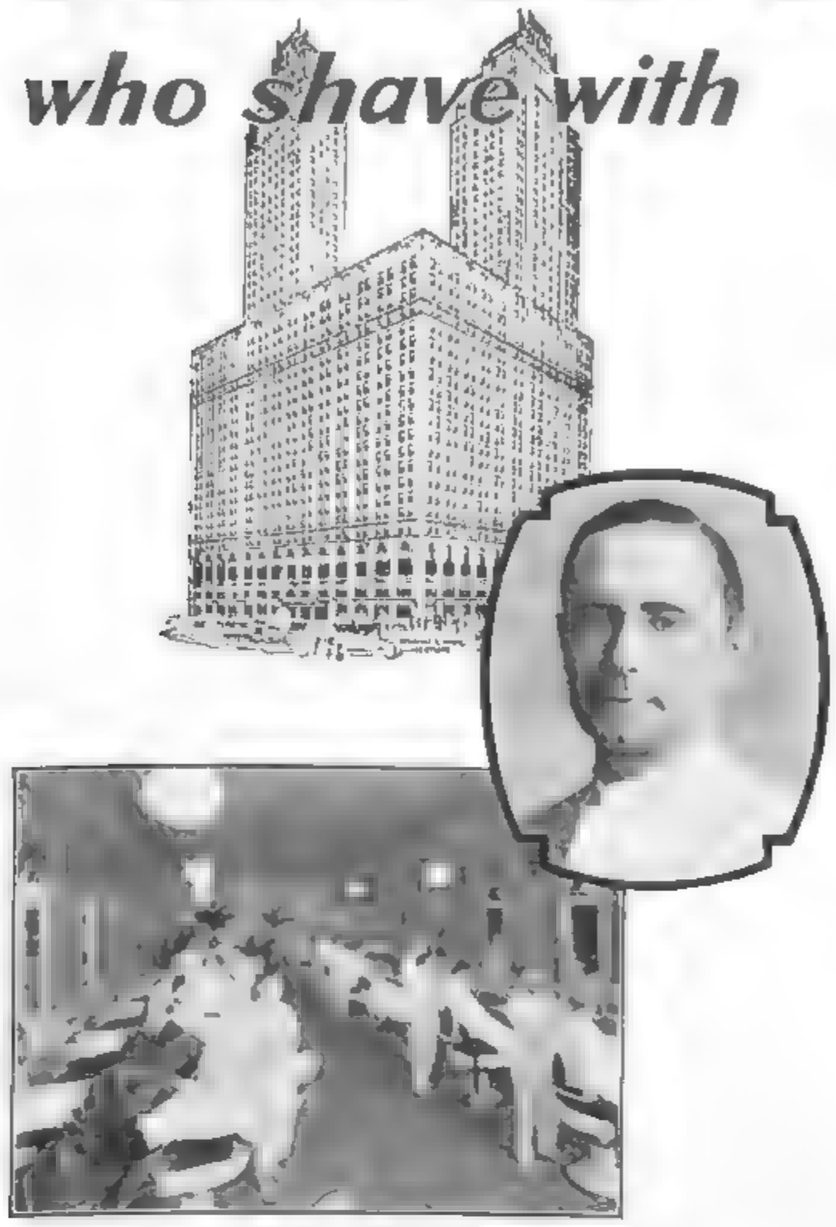
To get ready, with the money he'd saved, he could now begin building in a big way. Our export trade was booming still, and to obtain more of it for his ships, he opened an office in Chicago to get freight from all over the Middle West, both for Vancouver and New York. For in addition to the four big freighters he ran from Vancouver still in the transpacific trade, he was planning now to start a freight service around the world—from here to China and Japan, down to Singapore, through the Suez Canal to New York, and from there by way of Panama back to the Pacific—besides

(Continued on Page 116)

Famous Head Barbers

who shave with

MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)



Top: Morrison Hotel, "the tallest Hotel in the world."—*Center:* Bert Woitas, Head Barber—*Bottom:* One of the modern barber shops at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago

WE have told you a million men prefer MOLLÉ because it means quicker, easier, smoother shaving than the old brush-and-lather way . . . And now comes high professional endorsement—by America's leading head barbers. Bert Woitas, in charge of the Morrison Hotel Barber Shops at Chicago, puts it this way:

> "When men tell me they have tender faces and tough beards I recommend a MOLLÉ no-brush shave, and it always brings them back for more . . . I personally like to shave with MOLLÉ. The after-feel is wonderful."

You'll like this NO-BRUSH *way to shave*

In your daily shaving at home—MOLLÉ abolishes steaming, rubbing-in, brush, lather, lotions and powder. And so it saves your time, your effort, and *your face.* MOLLÉ has just the right "body" to hold the bristles erect while your razor zips thru. No wonder when men try MOLLÉ Shaving with an open mind they are off "brush-and-lather" for good!

1 *Wash face and apply* MOLLÉ *with finger tips—no rubbing-in, no steaming necessary.*

2 *Shave! Shave faster than you ever shaved before and without danger of cutting the face.*

3 *Dry with towel . . no lotions . . no steaming . . no powder needed.*

The One-Two-Three Speed Shave

MOLLÉ will change your daily nuisance to a mere one-two-three gesture. For it works in an entirely new and different beard-softening principle . . . a *cream* to lubricate the razor's path, not lather. A *healing* cream that takes the smart out of your razor. A *healing* cream that instantly relieves sunburn and chap. Makes the face feel like a million dollars.

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A Whale of a Tube—50c at Your Druggist

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The cage shown in the above illustration is "Rhapsody", No. 2030-DB, with Stand No. 64. Drawer in the base makes cleaning easy It comes in charming color combinations.

Phoebe's happiest bridal gift sang a rhapsody throughout the ceremony

WHEN Phoebe was married her happiest wedding gift came from their old Italian gardener. It was a little golden canary which he had raised and trained to sing with his flute.

"You are going so far from home," he said, as he presented "Caruso", "that I want you to have this little songster to keep you from forgetting the flower garden where you played so many sunny hours when you were a little girl."

Thereupon Caruso, enthroned in his charming Hendryx home, justified his name with such rapturous song that the other wedding gifts were quite neglected.

A bird makes a most acceptable wedding gift

It has become the vogue to give a bride a gay little songster for her new home. There are Hendryx cages in smart and colorful designs that will harmonize with every type of interior. For the modernistic room, there are vivid reds or orange with black trim, while there are lovely pastel shades for rooms done in the French manner.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

This popular cage gives the bird an unusual amount of wing room. It comes in Chinese red, leaf green, or blue with polished brass trim. Removable drawer in the base makes cleaning easy. Ask for Cage No. 2055-DB. Stand No. 34. Reasonably priced.

For the bride who prefers birds of brilliant plumage, nothing could be more delightful than love birds in one of the new Hendryx homes in Chinese red lacquer. Can't you see how they would hobnob with old Godey prints or Japanese wall panels? They are simply perfect.

Of course, if you know of someone who failed to get a wedding present of a bird, correct that mistake by getting her one at once, for a bird is one sort of a present that will be welcome many years after the wedding!

Go to your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, housefurnishings or department store and spend a joyful hour looking over the new Hendryx designs. Prices are always moderate.

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(Continued from Page 114)

running his smaller vessels from San Francisco to New York in the intercoastal trade. In New York, on the East River, he bought a twenty-acre site for future warehouses and wharves; and for the service around the world he purchased from the Shipping Board four large-cargo vessels—the same ships that had been built for our Government by the Chinese.

"I had looked after the building of those boats myself," he told me, "so I knew that they were sound."

They were under the American flag, but he had bought them at a price which offset to some degree the high wages and other handicaps imposed by the old Seamen's Bill. On the other hand, the depression in shipping which he had foreseen had now begun; hundreds of ships were already laid up, and with the Shipping Board cutting rates, lucrative cargoes were hard to find. So he went again to the Orient about the end of 1919, and decided to open offices at Yokohama and Tokio, to build a large new office in Shanghai and to get larger wharves in Hong-Kong. Already he had an interest in a bank in the Philippines. He went down to Singapore, too, where he'd opened an office the year before; and on leaving, his ship took out a part cargo of more than $4,000,000. From there he came back north to Peking, where he had opened an office, he said, "on account of our growing relations with the old Chinese Government." Next he went to his Hankow office up on the Yang-tse River, and from there to Changsha. Civil war had filled the town with troops. Leaving his wife at the home of the American consul, he started next morning with Harold, his son, out to a mine of manganese ore. During the war he had bought the ore for a blast furnace in Philadelphia, and he was dealing in it still.

And So to Bed

"There was no motor road to the mine," his son Harold told me. "The ore was brought down on a gravity line and the empty cars were hauled back by mules. This means of locomotion was too slow for father, so we walked—ten miles out and ten miles back—and besides, he spent two hours or more in going over the whole mine. They were behind on their contracts, but he got them to speed up, in return for a little help on his part; for he wanted cargoes for our new ships. Then we started back to town. We reached the river after dark, crossed on a tugboat and landed at Changsha late that night. There'd been a civil uprising and the town was crowded with armed civilians and with troops; as we came through in rickshas we heard all kinds of threats from the crowds. At last we got to our sleeping car and found it filled with soldiers. After much talk we got them out and were glad to get to bed. It had been quite a day. We had tramped more than twenty miles in sleet or snow. And my father was seventy-six at the time."

The captain was none the worse for it, though, and the next Sunday, at Shanghai, he preached at one of the missions there, taking as his text these old verses from Joshua:

> This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.
>
> Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

The meeting hall was crowded, with many people standing, and his sermon was well received.

"This was a wonder," he remarked, "as preaching is entirely out of my line. I had never tried it before."

Soon after that he finished his work and was ready to start home.

"My father was not only after cargoes on that trip," said his son. "He was also jacking up our whole organization over there, to make sure we'd be ready for the service around the world, which was beginning later that year."

He reached home in time to attend, in May, 1920, the foreign-trade convention meeting at San Francisco, and make the welcoming address. With delegates from all over the United States and Canada, South America and the Far East, it made him feel that our merchants at last were fully alive to the chances of trade with the Orient. So he threw himself into the work of expanding his home organization, and he had a strenuous year. At the end of it, on New Year's Eve, he made in his diary this note:

> Every minute of this day was taken up until bedtime, and still I could have used some more, if human strength could have held out.

Round-the-World Service

He already had offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle and Vancouver, Chicago and New York; and he opened others now in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, while from Chicago he sent out more freight solicitors through the Middle West He was getting some machinery and general cargo from that section, and from the Pacific Coast a rapidly increasing amount of canned fruits and vegetables. But the bulk of his trade to the Far East was made up of lumber still. That big sawmill on Puget Sound had been built to supply him with freight in hard times, and his foresight was rewarded now. He sold lumber both in China and down in the Straits Settlements, but from there on through the Suez Canal it was hard to fill his ships at the start.

"It wasn't easy to convince the shippers over there," he told me, "that we could continue the regular service we had planned from the Orient to New York. But we were soon getting mineral ores, hemp and jute and sugar, a little tea and rubber and tin, and some spices and rattans. In the Mediterranean we took on almost nothing at first. Genoa was our only port."

Those first four vessels around the world did well enough, however, so that he decided to buy three more, two from the British and one from Japan. And though the competing foreign lines and the immense oversupply of ships made it increasingly hard to get freights, he told a newspaperman at the time:

"We Americans should hang on to our business. If we don't stay with it we'll lose it. And you can't do it by staying at home. The man who sits at his desk and says: 'Well, if the blooming foreigners want to do business with me, let them come and talk to me,' may succeed in boom times, but not otherwise!"

So Captain Dollar and his wife sailed again to the Orient, in April, 1921, and he tackled once more the endless job of drumming up more cargoes there. He had an office now down in Canton, a lumber office up at Taing-tao, and a chain of five or six other lumber offices through Central China to the north of the Yang-tse River. More and more he had centered his energies on the Yang-tse River trade. At Shanghai he had just completed a wharf some 1300 feet long, with three large warehouses and 700 men employed. It had cost nearly $800,000. He felt that he would need it soon; for in only twenty years the city had more than doubled in size; and standing at the sea gate to that great river valley, with its vast undeveloped mineral wealth of coal and iron, manganese, lead, silver, copper and oil, its fertile fields and its population numbering fully one-eighth of all the people in the world, he felt that its future was secure as the great commercial center of China.

He had opened other offices up along the river, too, at Hankow, Ichang and Chungking, and a good many agencies. For he had returned to his old plan, interrupted by the war, and had started three river boats on the upper Yang-tse, as freight feeders for his seagoing ships. Hitherto, his foreign rivals had owned all boats on the lower river. To offset that advantage, he

had decided to run his new boats up more than 1600 miles, to open immense new regions to commerce. Though both the Shell and the Standard Oil already had stations up that way, their boats were used only for their own trade. Other small steamers had been tried, but had met with brigand attacks or been wrecked in the dangerous gorges above. In spite of their failure, Captain Dollar, about two years before this time, had determined to try it out. He had bought a steel boat and equipped her with an armor-plated bridge and powerful engines, with two huge boilers of modern design; and he had put her on the new run under the American flag.

"We had a little trouble at first," Harold Dollar told me. "Once, while she was anchored for the night, a dozen boatloads of brigands came out in the dark and boarded her, locked the captain into his cabin and began to loot ship and passengers. But they had forgotten our first mate—one of our own boys from San Francisco. He crawled up on top of the wheelhouse and with a small electric torch he signaled for help to an American gunboat above. She slid down quietly in the dark and opened with machine guns, and that was the last of that attack."

A Limit on Looting

Since then they had put two more boats on the route and had arranged with our Government for protection by two marines on each one. Up the river they carried lumber, cotton yarns for homespun clothes, cigarettes and kerosene oil and other general merchandise. On the trip down, for their deep-water ships they brought at first wood oil and bulk cargo, but soon their agents up the river, mainly young Americans from the home office in San Francisco, in spite of the wild times they had with hostile junks and bandits and ever-recurring civil war, were getting coal and mineral ores and also such high-class freights as tea and silks and quantities of native Chinese medicines—most of it brought on the backs of the natives down from the hills to branch rivers and creeks, and thence on little sampans to the Dollar agencies all along the great main stream. The local Chinese merchants were slow to ship through them at first, but they soon found that the Dollar boats saved time over the old slow junks and made the higher rates worth while.

"They found our boats were safer, too," Harold Dollar told me, "for they were protected by marines, and they went clear down to our Shanghai docks, where the goods were transhipped to our deep-water boats, while a shipment from upriver by junks to our competitors below meant transshipping two or three times; and that was dangerous those days."

To inspect the whole river service now, Captain Dollar and his wife, in the early summer of 1921, made the 1600-mile trip from Shanghai up to Chungking. Above Shanghai they found the river lined with cotton mills and factories. Farther up were great plains of alluvial soil formed from the sediment of the big stream, which overflowed its banks each year and made one of the most productive farming countries in the world for wheat and soy beans, he told me. Thousands of Chinese farmers and their families were working hard to get in the crops before the river should overflow. Six weeks later, after the flood, they would plant a second crop. Farther up the river his boat passed scores of lumber rafts from the forests far above, where a strict compulsory reforestation for many generations had kept the timber supply intact. And the captain was struck by this contrast to our wasteful lumbering methods at home.

"Would it not be well," he asked, "to take a leaf out of the Chinese book of knowledge, even though we think we know so much more than they?"

Above Nanking for some 300 miles they passed through a country of hills where lay the coal and the iron ore. The river there was crowded with boats—steamers and launches, sailboats, junks and sampans, hundreds of thousands in all. Every village had its own fleet tied up at the river bank, and the creeks and canals were crowded too. Through this traffic they went on up to Hankow and Wuchang opposite, where so much fighting had occurred. And the captain gave me a story of that, which shows how he had already obtained the good will of the people there:

"Some time before this, up at Peking, I was having luncheon with the president in the Forbidden City. 'Well, Dollar,' he said, 'I understand that you and I are partners now.' And when I asked what he meant, he answered, 'Down in Wuchang you went and looked over some land I had given the Y. M. C. A. You said it was not half big enough, so you bought a lot twice as big next to mine and put up a building on both lots. So I say we're partners!' Well, on this visit to Wuchang I learned that a little before we arrived, when large parts of the city were sacked and burned, several thousand refugees had crowded into our Y. M. C. A., until men, women and children were packed into the compound so tight that nobody could sit down. Then some Chinese soldiers came and one threw a blazing torch over the wall. But when our secretary came out on the balcony above and shouted to the officer: 'This is a Dollar Y. M. C. A.!' the troops were ordered at once to move and the lives of the refugees were saved, though they burned the buildings all around."

But farther up the river, in the old city of Ichang, his property did not fare so well. He found much looting and burning there, with lawless soldiers on all sides who helped themselves to whatever they liked. The whole native city was terrorized and Captain Dollar's office had been looted twice that year. Nevertheless, he gave a contract to remodel an office building which he had bought some time ago; but he wrote his friend, the foreign minister of the Peking Government, that twice a year was too often for this looting to happen, and that he thought once a year was enough.

"I agree with you," his friend replied, "and I will endeavor in the future to limit the occurrence to once a year, as you suggest."

Entertained at Tiffin

The Chinese chamber-of-commerce building had been burned down just before he arrived, but the merchants gave him a dinner and one of them made this address:

"We feel greatly honored that you favor us this tiffin. This is the first time you come to our city. What impresses you most is, no doubt, the burnt-down houses done by looters. We feel rather shy to describe to you such event. Within half year's time there were already two lootings, but we cannot blame soldiers because they did not receive their pay. General Wong is to blame; he causes such looting because he converts soldiers' pay to other purposes and sometimes he speculates. Hence, Ichang condition is always in the midst of danger. The only remedy is to stamp out such constant danger by having an international settlement established."

Captain Dollar replied that if they wanted international protection, the initiative must come entirely from themselves, as it would never do for foreign nations to land troops except on the greatest provocation. He thus held to his old stand against foreign intervention.

But though our gunboats on the river gave some protection to his trade, there were other dangers to his big new venture. On the last 450-mile stretch of his river service were the gorges and the rapids that wrecked about one junk in five and cost more than 1000 lives a year. Caught between lofty steep rock walls, often only 300 feet apart, here the great river, 500 feet deep, rushed and foamed and swirled on its course; and its erratic rise and fall of sometimes nearly 100 feet, caused by the melting

(Continued on Page 120)

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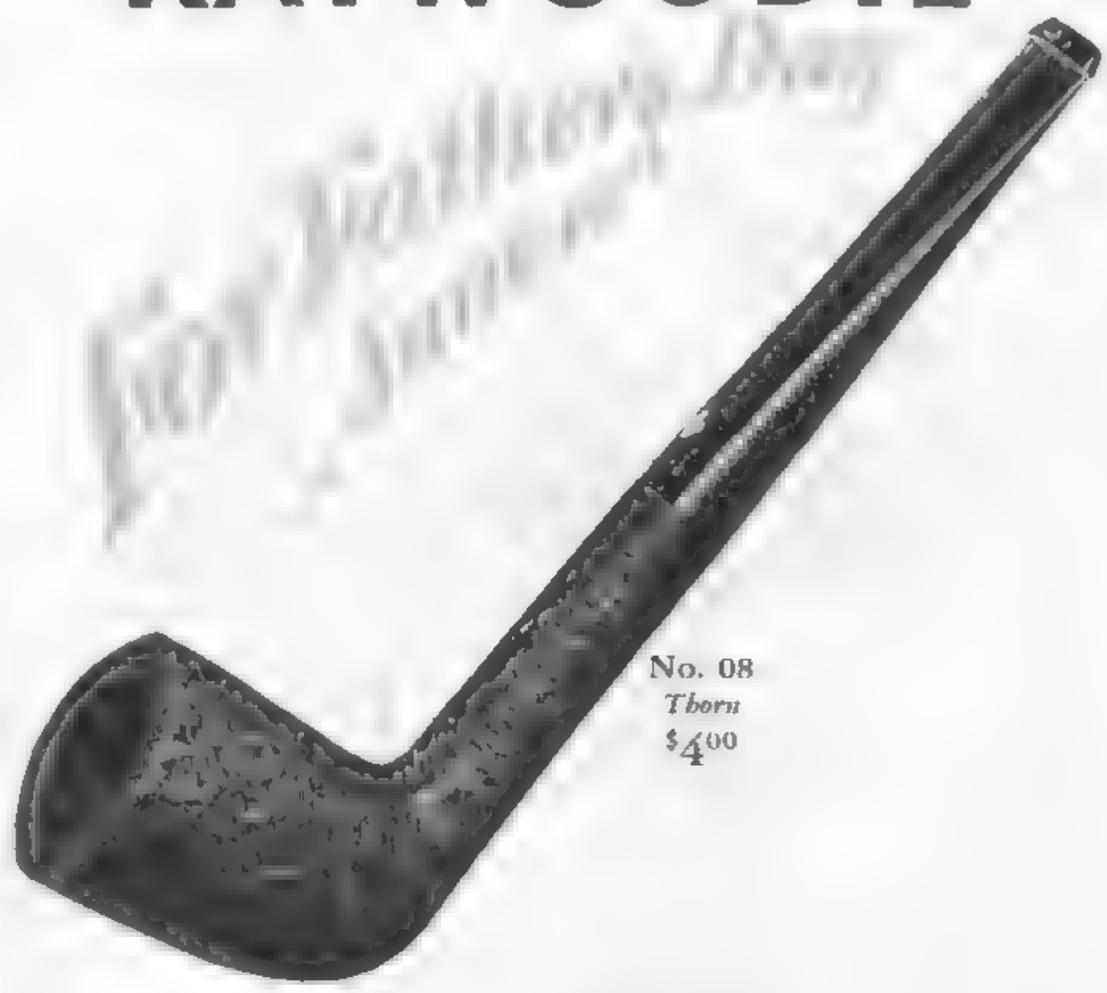

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You Can't Get a Drink From a
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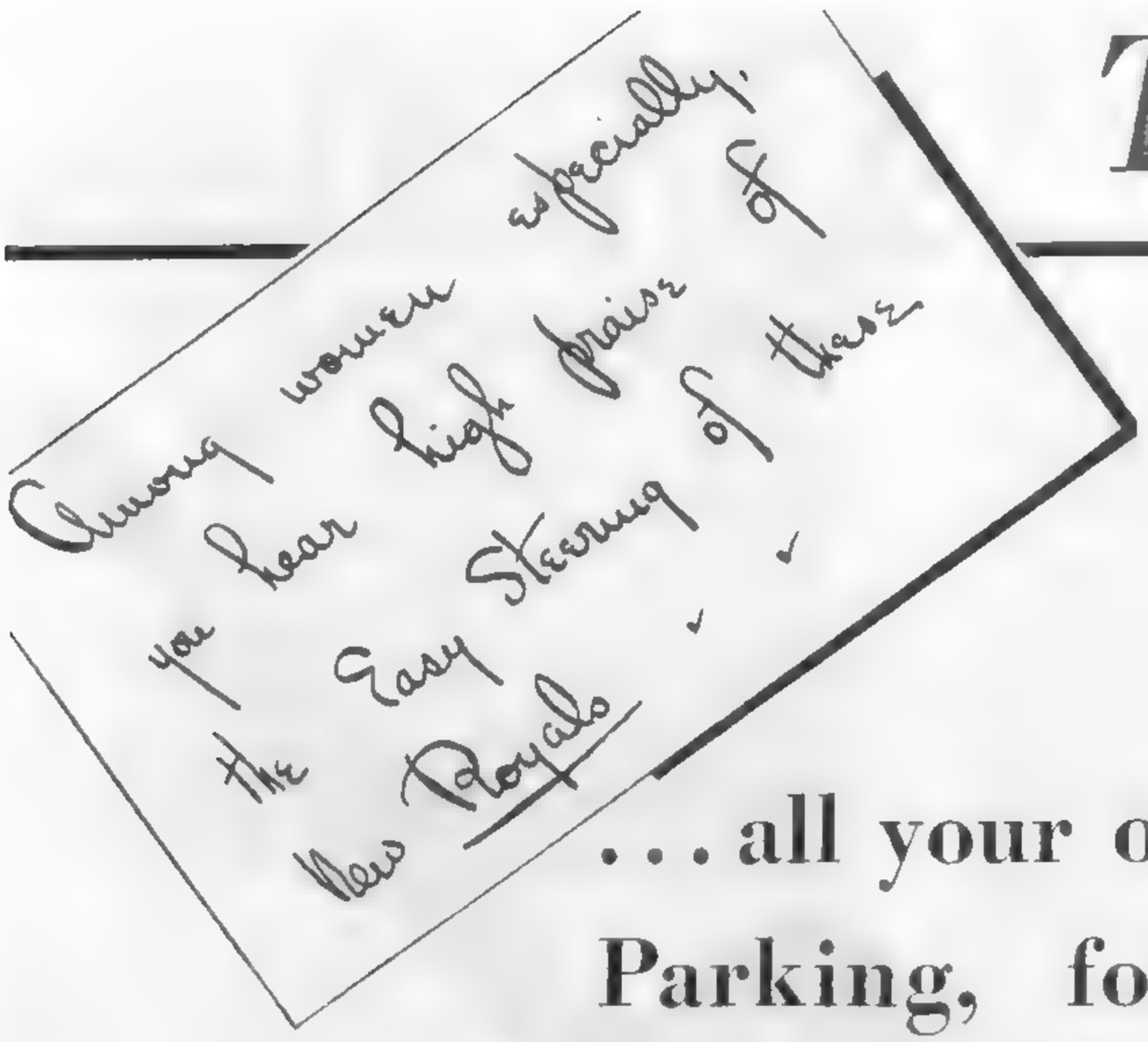
THE MODERN PIPE
"Dry"



The New

. . . all your old troubles about Parking, for instance, are cured by these New ROYALS. Just turn your wheel, and your ROYALS snuggle your car right up to the curb.

SIX MORE REASONS WHY THE WOMAN DRIVER OF TODAY PREFERS THE TIRE OF TODAY FOR THE CAR OF TODAY

BRAKING

These deep handsome tread blocks of the New ROYAL apply *to the road* the power you put on to your Four-Wheel Brakes. The Speeds of Today demand that you give your car the control brought to you by these Tires of Today.

TRACTION

No better Anti-Skid has ever been designed than this construction of rectangular blocks, which gives the maximum *pull* forward or backward; and the maximum resistance to *side-slip*.

LIVELINESS

You can see how this ROYAL tread functions almost with the fleetness of a pure *ribbed* tread, which has never been excelled for liveliness, plus the *traction* and superior control of the block formation.

STRENGTH

Possibly these sturdy buttresses will attract your eye first as a Style Feature. But the ROYAL Engineers adopted them primarily for Strength. Even the Beauty of the New ROYAL is *practical*.

LONG SERVICE

In every mail, reports are coming in from every part of the United States, indicating that the New ROYAL is giving mileage even beyond anything we had anticipated.

BEAUTY

The New ROYALS are often called "The Most Beautiful Tires in America." We are proud of the compliment—and doubly proud that these Tires are as good in performance as they are handsome in looks.

UNITED STATES

U. S. ROYAL

"THE MOST *Beautiful Tire* IN AMERICA"

RUBBER COMPANY

NOW·· the benefits of 6 great sports!

in 15 minutes a day

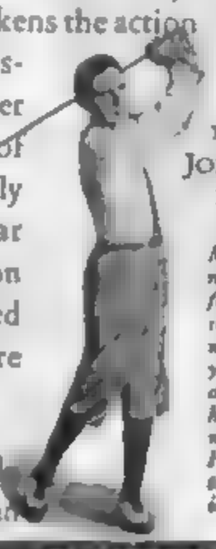
THE swing of a driver; the swish of a racket; the pull of the oars; the snap, dash and thrill of athletic competition—the benefits of all of them are now yours, right in your own home.

Just 15 minutes a day of delightful, enjoyable exercise with the Battle Creek Health Builder brings all of the muscles into play, tones up the nerves, gives the body the same development it would receive in actual sports.

No strain on heart, lungs, muscles, nerves!

For the Battle Creek Health Builder gives you not only the needed exercise of these 6 great sports without effort, without fatigue, but it arouses sluggish organs into normal action; its deep, penetrating massage quickens the action of even the heaviest muscles. And the Health Builder removes every vestige of unnecessary flesh; it gently corrects slow, irregular elimination; aids digestion and assimilation; renewed life, vigor and action are yours.

Here is why the Battle Creek Health Builder can assure you of receiving these great benefits; it gives an absolutely normal action, being synchronized to the normal nerve impulses of the human system, thereby eliminating nerve-jar.



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Without obligation, send me the FREE book, "Keeping Fit", with home exercise treatments. I am interested in ☐ Building better health ☐ Reducing excess fat ☐ Increasing my weight.

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City State

(Continued from Page 117)

snows on the distant Himalaya Mountains, increased the danger of navigation.

Up these rapids crept the junks, as they had done for a thousand years, while on a path only one foot wide, cut into the rock of the cliffs, long lines of naked coolies, "looking like so many flies on the perpendicular sides of the gorge," strained and tugged on the tow ropes, bending almost to the ground. It often took more than 100 men four hours or more to haul a junk up a rapid, Captain Dollar said; and more than once he saw them dive in and swim right out into the torrent to clear a line fouled upon a rock. So they slaved for nearly six weeks, and their total wages all that time were one dollar in gold and their rice.

"The difficulties of navigation are very great and the experiences are thrilling," Captain Dollar wrote of the trip. "I remember, on coming around a sharp bend, that we met a big junk, bound downstream, rowed by more than 100 naked men. At first it did not seem possible to avoid cutting her in two, but by extraordinary, skillful and rapid handling of our steamer . . . and by almost superhuman efforts of the crew on the junk at their fifty-foot sweep . . . we rushed by her with less than two feet to spare. . . . I could see the captain on top of the poop jumping and gesticulating like a demon. No doubt, if what he was roaring had been understandable, it would not have been fit for Sunday school! When we passed, I looked to see how they would run the rapid, and saw a big whirlpool catch the junk and turn her completely around."

The Firecracker Salute

"We had a wonderful pilot," he told me—"a Chinaman in a robe of black. Generally smoking a cigarette, with his eyes on the rough water ahead, he stood just in front of the man at the wheel. He never spoke his orders; but silently, from time to time, his forefinger would point right or left, or again his whole hand would bend sharply down. And this meant, 'Straight on your course.'"

Going up such rapids, the captain said, it was understood by their chief engineer that even when his engines were already at full speed, a second full-speed signal meant that he should open her out still more; and a third, that he should "run her wide open!" For it took power to breast that stream, and woe to the boat that could not make the grade.

On the high cliffs on either hand were many-colored waterfalls; and he saw temples and the forts of bands of brigands, who had combined with the owners of the junks, jealous of the Dollar boats, and had attacked them more than once. The armor-plated bridges had been mighty useful then; and replying to one of their volleys, the two Yankee marines on board had used a machine gun very effectively. This had happened about a year before and they had not been molested since. As he went on up the river he came to quieter water now, where again he met junks by hundreds. But just before reaching Chungking, at the upper end of his river route, he saw a gilded image cut into the solid rock.

This was the god of the river, he learned, to which each vessel passing by gave a firecracker salute, thanking the god for a safe trip, if it had just come upstream; or praying for safe passage, if it were bound for the rapids below.

Welcome to Chungking

Chungking, an ancient city of about 800,000, was set upon a high plateau some 300 feet above the river; and there, since the water rose often ninety feet or more, for the Dollar boats they were building a landing hulk of Oregon pine, so shackled to the cliff by chains that it could be moved up or down with the river's rise or fall. In honor of his arrival, the captain saw the boats on all sides decorated with hundreds of flags. The Chinese chamber of commerce was there to meet him with a brass band; addresses of welcome were delivered and thousands of firecrackers set off, and he was entertained for days at luncheons, dinners and receptions. One of the welcoming speeches said:

"Sir, you are well known in our country. We have been very anxious to see you. Now you personally pay a visit of inspection to Chungking and do honor to us. We are fortunate and happy. It was once very difficult for passengers and cargoes to pass through the Yang-tse River . . . but now the communication from Chungking to Shanghai is much more convenient than before. Such good results are accomplished by you, sir, and Harold Dollar. We have nothing to say but that we hope you and your company are as constantly prosperous in the abundance as the sun in its journey through the heavens."

And though not quite so "prosperous in the abundance" as all that, the river line was a success.

"We never lost money," said Harold Dollar, "and even made a little. And those river boats of ours were great cargo feeders for our ships; just as my father had foreseen."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Poole. The fourth will appear next week.

Long Island Sound From East River, New York City

THE BLACK CAMEL

(Continued from Page 34)

Tarneverro nodded. "Yes, and one among them may need an alibi badly before this affair is ended. You had, I take it, no flash of inspiration in the night?"

Chan sadly shook his head. "I had nothing but plenty good sleep. And you?"

The other smiled. "I'm afraid I weakly fell into a dreamless slumber too. No, I have thought hard, but I'm afraid I can't help you much. There are so many possibilities. Shall we go over them? Rita and Wilkie Ballou. Both in Hollywood at the time of Denny Mayo's death. Mayo was said to be a bit careless with the ladies, and it is clear that Ballou is a notably jealous man."

"I think about Ballou," remarked Chan slowly.

"It might pay," Tarneverro agreed. "He was wandering about—came into the living room to get a cigarette—claims he stayed there. Turning from him for the time being, there's Alan Jaynes. His state of mind was rather emotional last night. Who knows anything about him? Suppose that, like that of Ballou, his is a wildly jealous nature. He saw those flowers—not his—on the shoulder of the woman he loved. We found them trampled under foot, as though in rage. The Mayo affair, as I believe you pointed out, may have had nothing to do with Miss Fane's murder after all. Perhaps it was just a case of mad, unreasoning jealousy."

"Perhaps," answered Chan calmly. "There is also Martino."

"Yes, Martino," repeated the fortune teller. A black look swept across his handsome face. "It would give me great pleasure to help you pin this thing on him. He has made some very rude remarks about me."

"What sort of man you call him?" Charlie asked.

"Oh, he seems to have brains," Tarneverro admitted. "And a kind of rude strength—a queer combination; the esthete and the brute in one package. He wasn't in Hollywood when Mayo was killed, but once again—perhaps we are on the wrong trail there. Martino's been a bit of a ladies' man; there may have been some unsuspected relationship between him and Shelah Fane. Certainly that handkerchief in his pocket had a fishy look to me. Of course he denied he owned it—who wouldn't? But if anyone placed it on Martino's person, he was taking a tremendous and unnecessary risk. Why not throw it into the bushes—drop it on the lawn? Why attempt the difficult, the dangerous? The handkerchief, inspector, may have been Martino's own property. He may have gone on carrying it after the murder, quite innocent of the fact that it contained those splinters of glass. Unless"—the fortune teller paused—"unless you have evidence that it belonged to someone else?"

Chan regarded him with sleepy eyes. "I have so little evidence." He sighed. "Languishing in such a state, how gladly I hear you talk. Continue, please, to dispense logic and eloquence, those twin blossoms of speech. I now bring up the name of Huntley Van Horn."

Tarneverro regarded him keenly. "Have you anything on Van Horn?"

"I regret to note that he has no alibi. Also, he was at proper place at proper time to do the deed." Chan paused and decided he would keep some matters to himself. "Aside from that, I have nothing of importance. Deign to state your opinion of the man."

"Well," said Tarneverro, "I haven't thought much about Van Horn. He's an odd, rather bitter sort of chap—a notorious bachelor—the despair of all the women. No breath of scandal has ever touched him. I have always admired the fellow, though heaven knows he has never been any too friendly to me. He's an intelligent chap, with excellent taste; a bit conceited, perhaps, but no man could receive the adulation he does, and escape that." He considered a moment. "No, inspector," he added with sudden decision, "in spite of the fact that his opportunities were excellent, as you point out, I cannot see Huntley Van Horn as our quarry in this affair."

Charlie rose. "Thank you for this little conversation." He glanced at his watch. "Now I must haste to home of Shelah Fane. . . . You will accompany me, perhaps?"

"I'm sorry," Tarneverro replied, "but I am not at liberty to do so just at present. You'll let me know of any new developments, won't you? It isn't mere curiosity on my part. If we are to work together I must, of course, know what you are doing."

"We will encounter from time to time," Chan assured him. They walked to the hotel door.

The head bellman said something to Tarneverro in Cantonese and the fortune teller regarded him with a blank, uncomprehending look.

"What does he say?" he inquired of Charlie.

"He makes most respectful inquiry after your health this splendid morning," Chan translated.

"Oh, I'm fine, Sam," Tarneverro smiled. There was a puzzled expression on Sam's broad face. "So long, inspector," the fortune teller continued. "Ring me up if you strike anything new. I'll be hunting about myself. Anything I can do—well, I'm with you to the finish, as I told you."

"You are so extremely kind," bowed Chan, and returned to his car.

The front lawn of Shelah Fane's house, when Charlie arrived there, lay peaceful and serene in the shade of its ancient banyan tree. Jessop answered the door, perfect in manner and attire, as always.

"How are you, constable?" he said. "The morning is rather on the gorgeous side, is it not?"

"Presume so," agreed Chan. "It is matter we do not notice here. All mornings much the same."

"Which must, if I may say so, sir, grow a trifle monotonous in time." The butler followed Chan into the living room. "Now in England, constable, drawing back the curtains of a morning is something of a sporting proposition."

Charlie stood looking about the great room where so much had happened the night before. It was calm, quiet and sunny now.

"Miss Julie and Mr. Bradshaw are in the neighborhood of the beach, sir," Jessop remarked. "One of your officers—a Mr. Hettick, I believe—is busily engaged in the pavilion."

"Ah, yes, Hettick is our fingerprint expert," Charlie explained. "I will go outside at once." On the lawn he encountered the two young people, who greeted him warmly. "So sorry to develop into pest," he said to Julie, "but path of duty is often rocky one."

"Why, you could never be that," she smiled. "We've been expecting you."

He glanced at her, so fresh and lovely, her blue eyes wide and innocent. He thought of the emerald ring.

"Well, how did you like my story in the paper this morning?" Bradshaw wanted to know.

"My perusal was of a necessity hurried," Chan replied. "Imagine it covered the ground."

"Is that the best you can say for it?" the boy complained.

Charlie shrugged. "Always think twice before you scatter tributes," he answered. "If no one had praised the donkey's song, he would not still be singing." He grinned. "The comparison is, of course, unhappy one. I take it you enjoy a pleasant morning?"

"Oh, I just ran out to help Julie," the boy told him. "I've been acting as a shock absorber between her and the reporters. The fellows on the evening paper weren't

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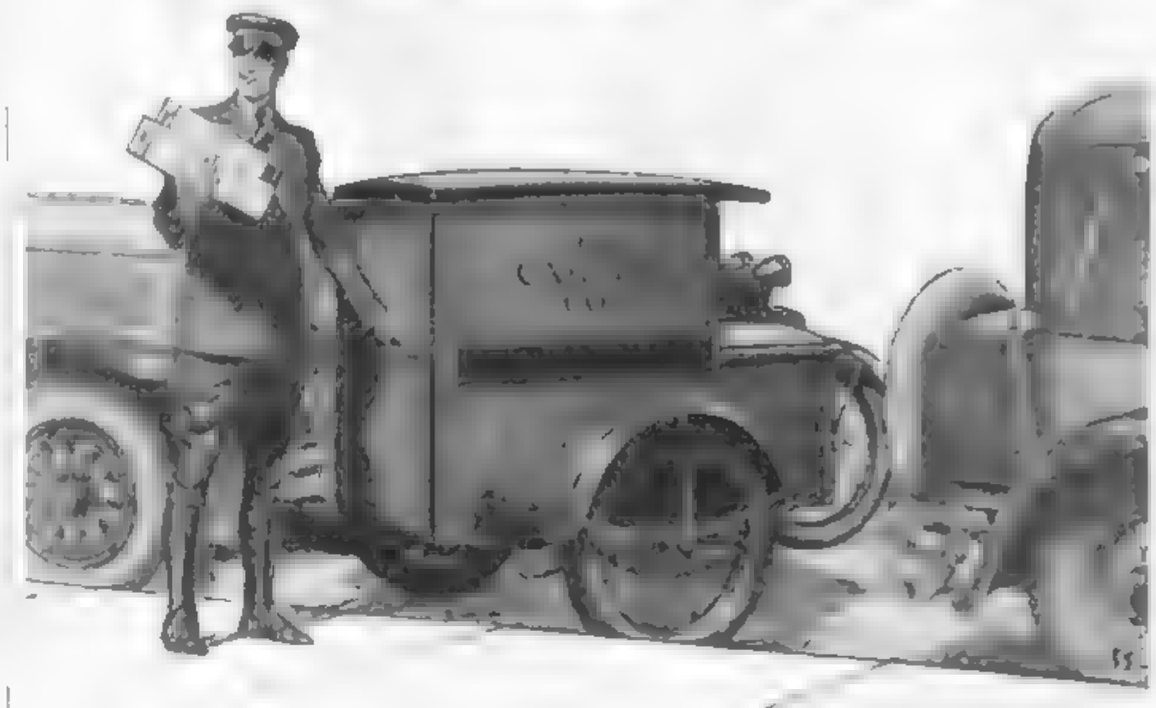
A PACKAGE TRUCK



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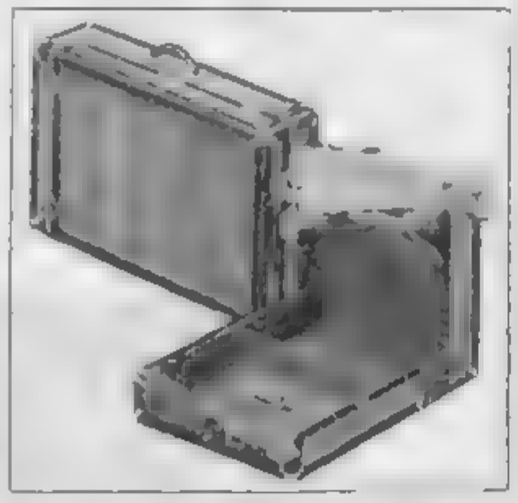

The Hartmann Tourobe holds 3 to 4 suits, accessories, etc., or the equivalent in women's attire. Price, $20 to $70.

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THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

very polite. They seem a bit miffed the story didn't break right for them."

"A natural feeling," Chan replied.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Bradshaw eagerly.

"Propose to look about in bright light of day," Charlie answered.

"I'll help you," Bradshaw said. "Julie, you just sit down and relax. Close your eyes and try not to think. Nobody ever has at Waikiki and you can't tell—it might be dangerous."

The girl smiled at him and dropped into a beach chair.

"Want to keep the poor kid cheered up," Bradshaw explained, as he and Chan walked toward the pavilion. "This has been a pretty rough shock for her. But in time I think I can convince her that all her troubles are over. That is, if she'll marry me."

"You possess excellent opinion of yourself." Charlie smiled.

"Why shouldn't I? I know myself so well."

As they reached the pavilion Hettick came out. He had been brought over from the mainland at the time of the reorganization to strengthen the force, and he had never been very cordial to Charlie, whom he had replaced in the rôle of finger-print expert.

"Good morning, Mr. Hettick," Chan said politely. "Have you had successful time of it?"

"Not very," the man replied. "Plenty of prints, but mostly those of the murdered woman. All the others can be accounted for, I guess. Come inside and I'll show you."

"One little moment," interrupted Charlie. "First, I take careless stroll about outside of place."

Followed by Bradshaw, he made his way through some bushes at the side of the cottage and came out on the public beach that bounded the grounds on the west. Beneath the single pavilion window which opened on that beach—the one under which Smith had stood the previous night—he paused.

A great many footprints were there now, and those made by the battered shoes of the beach comber were barely distinguishable. Charlie stooped down and carefully sifted the sand. With a little cry of satisfaction he stood erect again.

"Important discovery," he announced. Bradshaw came nearer. He saw in Charlie's palm the remains of a small cigar, the size of a cigarette.

"Trampled into sand," Charlie added. "I would never have expected to find this here."

"Why, I know only one man who smokes these," the boy cried. "I saw him last night ——"

"You are quite correct," Chan beamed. "One man, and who would believe he could act so careless? I am consumed with wonder. When did Mr. Alan Jaynes stand outside this window—and why?"

XV

CHARLIE took an empty envelope from his pocket and carefully placed his latest discovery inside it. He and the boy again penetrated the bushes and entered the pavilion. Hettick was sitting idly by the dressing table, with the paraphernalia of his calling spread out before him.

Dropping down on a wicker chair, Chan glanced around the room where, only the night before, he had encountered tragedy. The detective's face was placid and serene; he might have been awaiting the luncheon bell untroubled by any problem. Through an enormous plate-glass window he watched a liner from the coast move slowly into port.

"You have enjoyed no luck here, Mr. Hettick?" he inquired.

"Not much," replied Hettick. "The things on the table are covered with prints—all those of the murdered woman herself. I got her record at the mortuary this morning. By the way, the coroner asked me to tell you he has postponed the inquest until tomorrow. He expects you to have something by then."

Chan shrugged. "Thank him for the compliment. Also inform him I will exchange places with him at any moment." His gaze returned to the room; the woodwork, he noted, had recently been painted white. Suddenly he rose and stepped to the small window opening on the beach. "You have not tested this sill, I believe," he remarked.

"No, as a matter of fact, I haven't," Hettick answered. "I meant to, but it slipped my mind."

Chan grinned. "Mind gets so slippery in warm climate. May I humbly suggest you do so now?"

Hettick came over and covered the sill with his lampblack. With practiced hand he applied the camel's hair brush.

Charlie and the boy crowded close. "Ah!" cried Chan.

On the smooth white surface of the sill were the marks of someone's fingers and thumb.

"These were not made by Shelah Fane?" Charlie inquired.

"No," answered Hettick. "Those were left by a man's hand."

Chan stood, deep in thought. "Recent too. We achieve some progress now. A man's hand. A man opened that screen, climbed up on sill. Why? To enter room, of course. When? Last night, when murder was in atmosphere. Yes, we move, we advance." He paused. "What man?" In his coat pocket his fingers touched the envelope containing the cigar stub. He turned with sudden decision. "One thing is certain. I must without delay obtain thumb prints of Alan Jaynes." Smiling at Jimmy Bradshaw, he added: "Police have fine clew and promise early arrest. But if you publish one word of this, I recall matter of your laundry and put you in jail at once."

"I won't use it, Charlie," promised the boy. "What are you going to do now?"

"I propose to leave you with nobody for company, except Miss Julie. And who is she?"

"Wait a minute, and I'll tell you. She's the most ——"

"Later," cut in Chan. "Much later. Mr. Hettick, I request that you remain here until my return. Your keen eye will be required. I am off for session at Grand Hotel."

He left the pavilion and the boy followed. As Charlie passed out of sight around the corner of the house, Bradshaw went over to where Julie sat. He dropped down beside her.

"Has that funny policeman gone?" she asked eagerly.

"For a few minutes. He'll be back before he's missed." Looking up at her, the boy thought he saw an expression of fear cross her delicate face. He wondered. "Charlie has just made an important discovery outside the pavilion window," he added.

"Wh-what?" she inquired.

"I don't believe he'd like to have me tell you," Bradshaw answered. "Not just yet, at any rate. But—what about this Alan Jaynes? You don't know him very well, do you?"

"Scarcely at all," the girl replied. "I never saw him until yesterday morning. Shelah met him in Tahiti; I believe she was very fond of him. But Shelah was fond of—so many people. She was even—fond of me." Without warning, Julie turned away her head and burst into tears.

Bradshaw got up and laid a hand on her heaving shoulder. "Now—now," he said uncomfortably. "You mustn't do that. You're ruining all my press stuff. Waikiki, the abode of peace, the crescent beach where happiness rules supreme. Suppose one of these tourists who took me at my word should see you."

"I—I'm sorry," she sobbed. "I'm not happy. I can't be."

"No, of course you can't—not at this moment, I mean. But why not look ahead

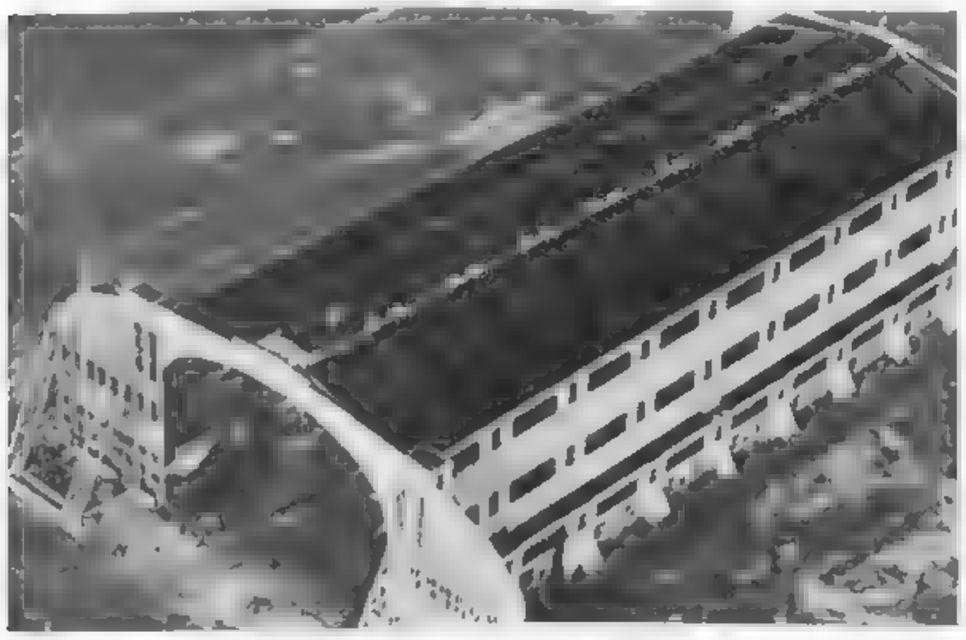
(Continued on Page 124)

A DRYDOCK FOR THE LINERS OF THE AIR

The U. S. Navy Hangar at Lakehurst, N. J. Due to wind pressure the J-M roof on this huge building must meet conditions far more exacting than those encountered on usual buildings. Yet there has so far been no upkeep expense. This view shows the Los Angeles leaving the great hangar

Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing Safely Covers the Vast Hangar of the Los Angeles at Lakehurst

THE great liners of the air, the Los Angeles, and her over-seas cousin, the Graf Zeppelin, swim like tireless silver fish through the trackless blue. But like the slow-going ocean liners these great ships must have care and rest at journey's end.



The huge hangar of the U. S. Navy at Lakehurst, N. J., provides, not only safe harbor for these amazing craft, but also for a pair of blimps which a few years ago would have been thought giants themselves. Since it was built in 1921, this remarkable building has been protected by 300,000 square feet of Johns-Manville Super Class A Roofing. Impervious alike to driving rain or blazing sun, fireproof and weather-proof, the J-M roof protects this enormous building, and the millions of dollars of property it shelters.

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NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 122)

to all the happiness that's coming, and draw a little advance on that?"

"I'll—I'll never be happy again."

"Nonsense. I'm going to make the world as glamorous for you as I've made this town in the Tourist Bureau ads. When we're married ——"

She pushed him away. "We'll never be married. Oh, it's terrible. I'm horrid, really—and you don't suspect. You'll hate me when you know."

"Do tell! Look at me." He leaned over and kissed her.

"You mustn't," she cried.

"I've got to," he smiled. "It's my duty. I've advertised this place for its romance, and romance there must be if I have to attend to it myself. Now listen to me. Inside a week or less all this will be over and you can begin to forget. Charlie Chan is going to solve the puzzle at any minute."

"Oh, do you think so?"

"He's sure to. You can't keep anything from Charlie."

"I wonder," said the girl.

"I know," Bradshaw replied firmly.

Scarcely sharing Bradshaw's confidence, Chan was at that moment entering the lobby of the Grand Hotel. He waved a hand toward the bellman and went at once to the desk.

"I arrive again," he remarked to the clerk. "For a nonpaying guest, I am plenty much in evidence around this place. Will you give me number of room occupied by Mr. Alan Jaynes, if you will be so good?"

The clerk smilingly gave it to him and pointed out the house telephones at the right of the desk. Charlie was relieved to hear the Britisher's answering voice. He politely requested a moment's conversation, and Jaynes replied that he would come down immediately.

Charlie walked with unaccustomed speed to the lounge. A small Filipino bell boy was there alone, and the detective summoned him.

"I wish to be served with two of your delicious orange-juice drinks," he announced.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"I will also accompany you while you secure same." The boy appeared taken back, but it was not his rôle to argue. From out of the jungle he had come to learn that the guest is always right.

Charlie followed his small guide to the serving pantry, where they encountered a man in a white apron.

"Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police," Charlie explained briefly. "I have just engaged to purchase two juices of the orange. Will you hand me the glasses in which you propose to place same, please?"

The servant was too weary to be surprised. The climate, as he often explained to his wife, had got him. He produced the glasses, and Charlie, removing an immaculate handkerchief from his pocket, began to polish them briskly.

"This action, I hasten to say, involves no criticism of you," he remarked. "But I am reading lately about germs." He grinned. "A very dangerous form of animal life." It could be noted, however, that it was only the outside of the tumblers that concerned him. He completed the task, set the objects of his attention carefully down on the tray the boy had brought, and reaching into his pocket, handed a quarter to the serving man. "You will do me great favor if you will fill these receptacles without placing fingers on same." He turned to the boy. "That also applies to you. Do you understand? You are not to touch those glasses. Set tray on table as it is. Otherwise, when moment arrives for your tip, I develop far-away look in eye and cannot see you."

Returning to the lounge, Charlie found the Britisher already there. "Ah, Mr. Jaynes," he said. "I am happy to see you again. You had good night's rest, I hope?"

Jaynes stared at him. "No," he replied, "I didn't; but what of it?"

"So sorry," Chan cried. "Waikiki is famous sleeping place, and being old resident of Honolulu, I experience deep pain when it fails to live up to reputation. Will you do me the honor to join me on this sofa?"

He dropped down on the seat, which creaked protestingly beneath him.

"Harsh voice of furniture proclaims to world my excessive avoirdupois," he continued affably. "I diet and I fast, but to no avail. What is to be, will be. Man—who is he to fix own weight upon the scales? All that is determined elsewhere."

Jaynes sat down beside him. "What can I do for you this morning, inspector?" he inquired.

"You can accept, if you will be so kind, renewed apologies for detaining you on this island. Some people pronounce it Paradise, but even Paradise, I can appreciate, looks not so good when one is panting to travel elsewhere. Again my warm regrets. I assure you I apply myself with all possible speed to task of clearing up mystery, so that you may make quick exit."

"I'm glad to hear that," nodded Jaynes. He took out a case and offered Charlie one of his little black cigars. "No?" He lit one himself. "You are making progress, I hope?"

"I encounter difficulties," Charlie admitted. "Those who know, don't talk; those who talk, don't know. But that is always to be expected in my work. Within last hour I think I see faint glimmer of light ahead. Ah!" The Filipino boy had arrived with the tray; he set it down on a small table before them. "I should have said, Mr. Jaynes, that I am on orange-juice diet, and the hour of the drink is here. I have ventured to order same for you."

"Oh, no, thanks," replied the Britisher. "I don't believe ——"

"Same is all prepared," Charlie protested, and a note of imminent offense crept into his voice. "The beverage is harmless. You are not going to refuse?"

"Well, thank you," said Jaynes. At the moment he wanted nothing less, but he knew how easily the feelings of a Chinese may be hurt, and he could not risk any further offense to this particular representative of the race. "You are very good." He reached for a glass.

Beaming, Charlie lifted his own. "We will drink to my quick success, since you desire it equally with me." He imbibed heartily and set the glass down. "Presume mild nature of the liquid gives you hearty pain. I have noted how bitterly men from your country resent this prohibition."

"What prohibition?" Jaynes inquired.

"Ah, you mock and jeer. Well, it is noble experiment, but it is not new, as many think. The Emperor Yü, who came to the throne of China in year 2205 B. C., said, when he tasted liquor for the first time: 'This will do my people much harm,' and forbade its use. His edict had good effect for a while, but later got lost in dim pages of history. China," added Charlie Chan, drinking again, "like the purse of a generous man, has endured much. But it still survives."

Jaynes was looking at him with a deep curiosity. Had this odd policeman dropped in merely to discuss prohibition? Charlie noted the look.

"But to return to our mutton broth," he said. "I desire to make inquiries of you regarding last night. You are most unfortunate man not to possess nice alibi for motions during time of homicide. You were, as I understand things, wandering about plenty mad at fatal hour?"

"I'm afraid I was," Jaynes admitted.

"From the moment when you left Martino on beach until he went out and found you with announcement of murder, you exist quite alone?"

"Yes."

"Making your walk, how far down beach did you penetrate?"

"Only as far as the Moana Hotel. I sat there under the banyan tree and tried to think what I had better do."

"You did not—will you join me in another quaffing—ah, yes—you did not travel on to property of Shelah Fane?"

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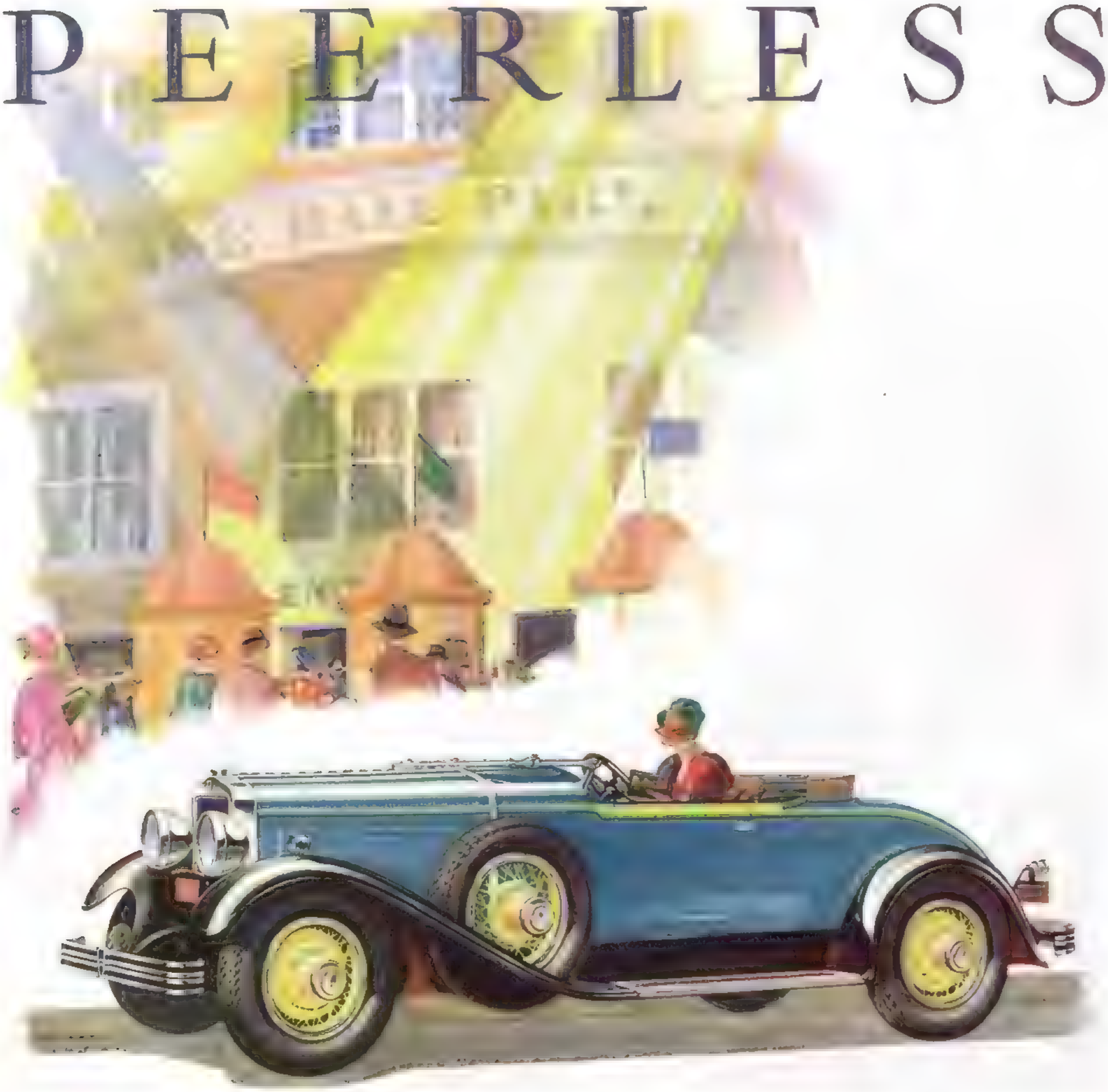

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(Continued from Page 124)

"I've just told you," replied Jaynes, "that I went only as far as the Moana. As I say, I sat down there to try and figure things out. When I had grown a bit calmer, it occurred to me that perhaps I was making a big row about nothing. A woman who could be so easily influenced by a silly fortune teller—I asked myself whether she would, after all, make a satisfactory wife. Her life was far removed from mine. I began to feel that the whole affair might turn out to have been a mere passing infatuation with both of us. I resolved to take the boat at midnight and, if possible, forget the entire business. After that was decided, I felt better. I came back here, past the Outrigger Club, and just outside the hotel Martino met me with the appalling news of the poor girl's murder."

"No one noted you at Moana under banyan tree?"

"I fancy not. I sat in a dark corner."

"Were you ever in pavilion where Shelah Fane encountered finish?"

"No, I never saw the place."

"Then you could not have been in the neighborhood at any time? Hovering about window, for example?"

"Well, hardly." Without prompting, Jaynes took up his glass and drained it. Suddenly he stared at Charlie. "I say, why do you ask me that?"

"I seek only to narrow search," Chan explained. "That will be all, thank you. Can you name hour of next boat to mainland?"

"I certainly can," answered the Britisher. "There's one tomorrow at noon. I hope to heaven, inspector ——"

"I will extend myself to the utmost," smiled Chan. "Though, to look at me, many might remark that I had already done so."

Jaynes laughed. "Don't let that thought deter you," he said. "You'll do your best, I know. By the way, I'm afraid I was a bit rude to you last night—but I was very anxious to get away. For many reasons—not only my business in the States but this whole terrible affair—I wanted to be out of it. I still do. You understand?"

"I understand," nodded Chan gravely. His left hand, in the side pocket of his coat, touched a certain envelope. "I will say good morning," he added.

He stood, watching the Britisher cross the terrace and stroll toward the sea. Sensing someone at his back, he turned just in time. An old bent Chinese who continually paraded the lounge in his native costume, armed with a brush and dustpan, was reaching out for the glasses.

"*Haie!*" Chan seized the withered hand. "Do not touch, or the wrath of the seven watchful gods descends upon you." He took out his handkerchief and tenderly wrapped it round the glass from which Jaynes had drunk. "I am removing this, and the affair does not concern you."

But evidently the old man thought it did concern him, for he followed Charlie to the desk. There Chan encountered one of the managers.

"I should like to purchase this object," he said, revealing what the handkerchief held. "Kindly name price."

The manager laughed. "Oh, that's all right. Take it along. What are you doing, Charlie? Collecting fingerprints from our harmless guests?"

"You are close to truth," nodded Chan. "Save perhaps with that word 'harmless.' Thank you so much. And now will you kindly call off this aged gentleman who thinks he has captured one of the forty thieves?"

The manager said something to the servant, who moved away, muttering to himself. His comments, Chan knew, were not complimentary, but he gave no heed. He hurried through the door to his car.

Deep in thought, he drove back to Shelah Fane's house. Were the fingerprints on this glass identical with those on the window sill in the pavilion? If they were, then he was approaching journey's end.

Hettick was waiting, and to him Charlie intrusted his precious cargo, still redolent of orange juice. The expert set quickly to work. Presently he stood by the window, the tumbler in one hand, a magnifying glass in the other. Chan came close, awaiting the verdict.

Hettick shook his head. "Nothing like it," he announced. "You've been on the wrong trail this time, inspector."

Keenly disappointed, Chan sat down in a chair. So it had not been Alan Jaynes who entered this room last night? It had all seemed to fit in so neatly that up to this minute he had not had a doubt of it. On the wrong trail, eh? He hadn't cared for the way in which Hettick had said that. The men at the station had been in a rather unfriendly mood since Charlie's return from the mainland. They had expected to find him in a haughty and triumphant state of mind since his exploits there, and the fact that he had shown no trace whatever of such an attitude had done nothing to lessen their envy. He had been forced to endure many joking remarks that held an undercurrent of hostility.

On the wrong trail, eh? Well, who didn't take the wrong path occasionally in this business? Where was the superman so good that he never erred? On the wrong trail. Chan sat deep in thought. Jaynes had been outside that window; the stub of the small cigar, which he had evidently forgotten, was proof enough. But it was not he who had pushed up the screen and entered, leaving the imprint of fingers on the white sill. Someone else had done that. Who? Who else had been ——

Suddenly Charlie smote his forehead a resounding blow. "*Haie*, I have been complete and utter idiot. I move too fast, without proper thought. Everybody seeks to hurry me—even my own family. And I was not built for hurry. Hurry is the wind that destroys the scaffolding." He turned to Hettick. "What has become of fingerprint record of beach comber, taken at station last night?"

"Oh," replied Hettick. "I've got that here." He produced a manila envelope from his pocket and removed a glass plate. "Do you think ——"

"I think, yes—a little late, but still I think," said Charlie. He took the plate from the unresisting hand of his brother officer and hurried to the window. "Come quickly," he called. "Your glass—look! what is your decision?"

"They are the same," Hettick announced.

Triumph shone brightly in Charlie's little eyes. "At last I arrive somewhere," he cried. "Smith, the beach comber, was in this room last night! Am I forever on wrong trail, or do I have my lucific moments?"

XVI

CHAN'S air of calm detachment had vanished for the moment, and he walked the floor as though inspired by his latest discovery.

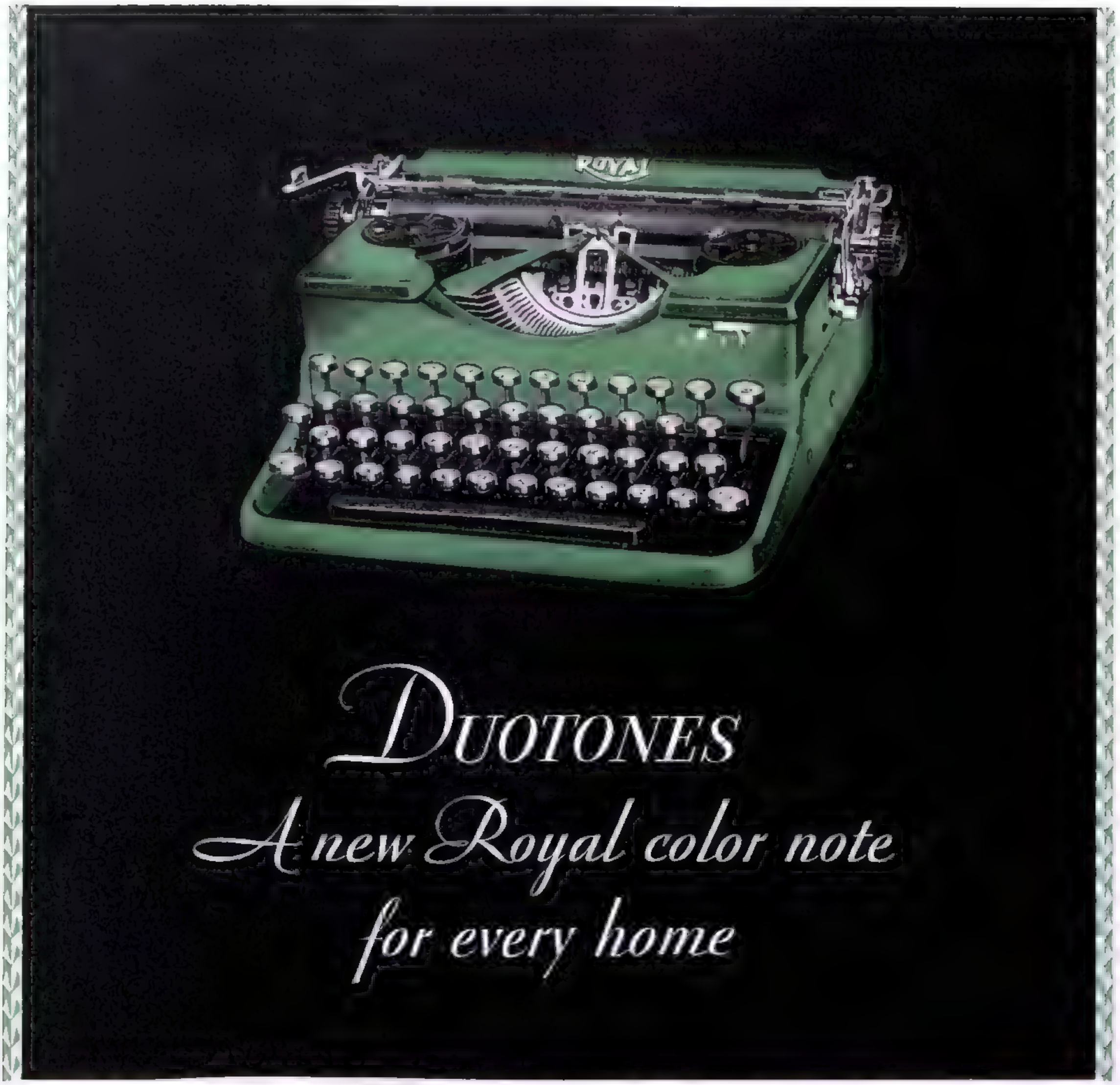
"Smith, the beach comber," he said once more. "Dreary bit of human wreckage cast up on shore of splendid island. Ragged remnant of a man—how busy he was around this building last night. A big evening, I think, in the life of Smith."

Hettick was gathering up the tools of his trade. "Well, I believe I'll go back to the station now," he remarked. "I've given you boys something to work on. Go out and make the most of it."

"Ah, you are clever detective," Chan grinned. "Things slip from mind sometimes, but when humble fellow worker recalls them, then you move on like avenging demon. You have given us material indeed. Yes, please return to station at once. I will arrive later, and in meantime I respectfully suggest that you send out alarm call for Smith. Tell chief beach comber must be pulled into station with no delay. Let all low dives be explored. Put Kashimo on it. He is our most passioned searcher, and what is better, he knows all the cracks and crannies of modest little underworld."

Hettick promised he would deliver the message, and departed. Charlie followed

(Continued on Page 129)



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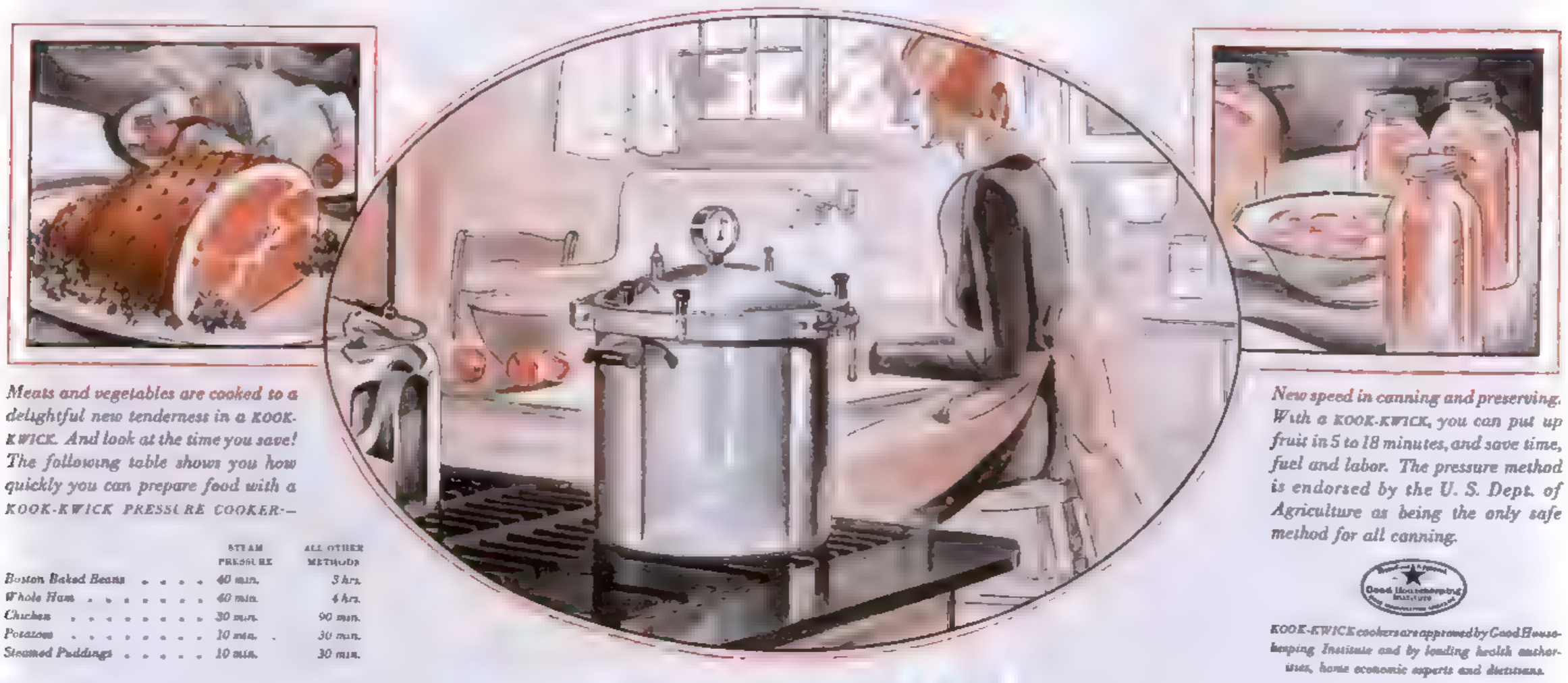

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(Continued from Page 126

at his heels. He saw Julie and Bradshaw on the lawn, and paused beside them.

"You wish ride to town?" he inquired of the latter.

"No, thanks," Bradshaw replied. "I've got my car today. Besides, Julie has just persuaded me to stay for luncheon."

"May life hold for her no sterner task than such persuasion," smiled Chan. "I do not wish to cloud your future, Miss Julie, but must warn you that I return here soon."

He was skirting the house when Jessop appeared at the *lanai* door. "Ah er—constable," he said, "may I ask you to step inside just a moment?"

Struck by the seriousness of the butler's manner, Charlie passed through the door which the servant held open. "You have something to say to me?" he asked.

"I have, sir. Kindly come with me." Jessop led the way into a small reception room near the front of the house. He entered it first—evidence of unusual abstraction on his part. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I'll just close this door, so we may have an undisturbed tête-à-tête."

"Time is none too plentiful with me——" Chan began, somewhat surprised by these elaborate preparations.

"I know that, constable. I will—er—plunge in at once." In spite of this promise, he hesitated. "My old father, who was for more than forty years the trusted employe of a rather exacting duke, remarked to me in my youth: 'A good servant, Cedric, sees all, knows all, but tells nothing.' It is only after prolonged and mature consideration, constable, that I have determined to ignore that excellent counsel."

Chan nodded. "Circumstances," he remarked, "upset cases."

"Precisely, sir. I have always been a law-abiding man, and what is more, I am eager to see you get to the bottom of this matter without—if I may say so—further delay. Last evening I chanced to be busy in the hall at the moment when you were engaged in interviewing Miss Julie regarding the emerald ring. This may suggest to you that I was eavesdropping, but I can assure you that such duplicity was furthest from my thoughts. I heard the young lady tell you that Miss Fane had given her that ring early in the morning, and that she—Miss Julie, I mean—had held it in her possession from that moment on, until you discovered it in her room."

"Such was Miss Julie's story," Charlie agreed.

"I am at a complete loss to understand it, sir. I don't know what she meant by her testimony, but I do know this. At about seven last night, Miss Fane called me to her room and gave me the letter which I was to deliver to Mr. Tarneverro immediately on his arrival at the house. As she passed over the missive, I distinctly saw, gleaming on her right hand, the ring in question. I am positive on that point, constable, and prepared to offer a sworn statement along those lines."

Chan was silent for a moment. He thought of Julie O'Neill, so young, so innocent-looking. "Thank you very much," he said at last. "What you say seems of vast importance."

"I only hope it may not be so important as it appears," Jessop replied. "I tell you this, constable, with considerable reluctance. I have nothing against Miss Julie—a charming young woman—indeed she is, sir. I was tempted for a long time to remain silent, but it struck me that my duty lay, most decidedly, in the opposite direction. Like yourself, I desire to see the miscreant in this affair adequately punished. Miss Fane was always extremely kind to me."

Chan moved toward the door. "I shall act upon your information at once," he announced.

Jessop looked uncomfortable. "If my name could only be kept out it, sir."

"Same may not be possible," Charlie told him.

Jessop sighed. "I recognize that, constable. I can only say again that I am quite positive I saw the ring. My eyesight is excellent, which, to a man of my age, is a matter of deep satisfaction."

They went out into the hall. Anna, the maid, was slowly coming down the stairs. Chan turned to Jessop.

"Thank you again," he said. "You may go now."

The butler disappeared toward the kitchen and Charlie waited for Anna at the foot of the stairs.

"Good morning," he remarked pleasantly. "I desire one word with you, please."

"Of course," replied Anna, and followed him into the living room.

"You recall story of Miss Julie regarding the ring?"

"Naturally, sir."

"Same was given her by Miss Fane in early morning and remained in her possession. Have you anything to say regarding that?"

"Why—why, what do you mean, sir?" the maid returned.

"You did not yourself see the ring on Miss Fane's finger during the day? Or when she came to you to procure pin for orchids?"

"If I did, it made no impression on me, sir."

"You see things, yet they make no impression?"

"You know how it is, sir. Things become familiar and you don't really notice. What I mean is, the ring may or may not have been there. I'm afraid I can't say, sir."

"You wish the matter to stand at that?"

"I fear it must, as far as I am concerned."

Chan bowed. "Thank you. That is all."

He stepped through a French window and walked slowly across the *lanai*. He had no heart for the task that faced him now, but many such tasks had confronted him in the past and he had never faltered. Stepping out onto the lawn, he went over to a beach swing where Bradshaw and the girl were sitting.

"Miss Julie ——" he began. The girl looked up at him, and at sight of his grave face, her own paled.

"Yes, Mr. Chan," the girl said in a low voice.

"Miss Julie, you have told me Miss Fane gave you that emerald ring soon after her arrival yesterday morning. Why did you tell me that?"

"Because it's the truth," Julie answered bravely.

"Then how do you account for fact that ring was seen on her finger last evening at seven?"

"Who says it was?" the girl cried.

"Is that important?"

"It is very important. Who says it was?"

"I learn it from what I think reliable source."

"You have no means of knowing how reliable, Mr. Chan. Who made that statement? Not Miss Dixon—she isn't up yet. It must have been one of the servants. Jessop, perhaps. Was it Jessop, Mr. Chan?"

"What does it matter?"

"But I assure you it matters very much. Because, you see, I don't stand very well with Jessop. There's an old grudge between us—on his part, at least."

"You will, please, explain what you mean by that?"

"Of course. As I told you last night, Miss Fane's servants were always cheating her. When I first became her secretary I shut my eyes to it, because I'm no tale-bearer. But about a year ago her finances became terribly involved and I began an investigation. I discovered that Jessop had a most shameless arrangement with the tradespeople—all the bills were padded outrageously and Jessop was getting a share of the profits.

"I said nothing to Miss Fane—I knew what that would mean—a temperamental outburst, tears and recriminations, and probably a grand scene of forgiveness in the end. She was always so kind-hearted. Instead I went to Jessop, told him I knew what he was doing, and that the thing

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must stop. He was most indignant. All the other servants in Hollywood, he told me, were doing the same, and he seemed to consider it a sort of royal prerogative. But when I threatened to tell Miss Fane he backed down and agreed to put an end to the practice. I fancy he did, too, but since that time he has always been very cool to me, and I know that I have never been forgiven. So you see why I asked you if it was Jessop who told that falsehood about the ring."

"Just where do you stand—as you say it—with Anna?"

"Oh, Anna and I have always been on the most friendly terms," Julie answered. "A good, steady girl who saves her money and buys bonds with it. It's money honestly come by. I'm sure of that because"—Julie smiled faintly—"the poor thing has never had a chance to pad bills. None of them pass through her hands."

Chan looked at Julie's flushed face for a long moment. "Then you desire to repeat that Miss Fane herself gave you the ring yesterday morning?"

"I certainly do. It's the truth, Mr. Chan."

Charlie bowed. "I can only accept your word, Miss Julie. It is quite possible the person who told me of seeing the ring last night may have been moved by ancient grudge. I thought of it at the time. Miss Julie, I say to myself, too fine and sweet for underhand work. You will note, Jimmy, that you and I have tastes in common."

"Which does you credit," smiled Bradshaw.

"Which credits us both," amended Chan. "I will no longer hang about, a blot on this lovely scene. My kindest good-by, until we meet again."

He walked thoughtfully to his car and drove away through the hot noon sunshine. "So many roads that wind and wind ——" He had read that somewhere. He sighed. So many roads—would the little car finally leap down the right one?

As he approached the Grand Hotel, Huntley Van Horn was again in his thoughts. He was reluctant to reappear so soon at the hotel's main entrance, so, parking his car in the street, he entered the grounds and walked toward the palm court. A group of excited tourists was gathered beneath the tallest of the coco palms, and, looking aloft, Charlie saw one of the beach boys, in a red bathing suit, climbing the tree with the agility of a monkey. He stood for a moment, admiring the boy's skill.

"The kid's clever, eh, inspector?" remarked a voice at his elbow. He turned and looked into the smiling gray eyes of Van Horn. They were standing a little apart from the others, and the picture actor was the recipient of many awed, adoring glances from young women who were ostensibly there to watch the beach boy.

"Ah, Mr. Van Horn," Chan said, "this meeting is most fortunate. I am calling here for the sole purpose of seeing you."

"Really?" The actor looked up at the tree. "Well, he seems to have traveled as far as he can on that one. Shall we go onto the veranda—pardon me, the *lanai*—and have a chat?"

"The idea is most suitable," Charlie agreed. He followed Van Horn and they sat down in a secluded corner. The boy had descended the coco palm and stood now the center of an admiring group, hugely enjoying the limelight. Chan watched him.

"Sometimes in my heart," he remarked, "arouses hot envy of the beach boys. To exist so happily—to have no cares and troubles, no worries—ah, that must be what men mean by paradise. All they ask of life is one bathing suit, slightly worn."

Van Horn laughed. "You have worries, I take it, inspector?"

Charlie turned to him; he had decided to be frank. "I have." He paused. "You are one of them," he added suddenly.

The picture actor was unperturbed. "You flatter me," he answered. "Just how am I worrying you, inspector?"

"You worry me because in this matter of Miss Shelah Fane's murder you are quite defenseless. Not only do you possess no alibi, but of all those concerned, you were nearest to the scene of her death. You walked across lawn at very important moment, Mr. Van Horn. I could not worry about you more if you were own son."

Van Horn grinned. "That's kind of you, inspector. I appreciate it. Yes, I am rather badly cast in the story of the crime. But I rely on you. As an intelligent man, you must realize that I could have had absolutely no motive for killing the poor girl. Until I joined her company to make this picture, I scarcely knew her, and all through our journey and the work together we were on the friendliest terms."

"Ah, yes." Chan watched the actor's face eagerly. "Were you likewise on friendly terms with Denny Mayo?" he inquired.

"Just what has Denny Mayo to do with all this?" Van Horn asked. Despite his best efforts, his expression was not quite so casual as he wanted it to be.

"May have much to do with it," Charlie told him. "I seek to unearth facts. Maybe you assist me. I repeat: Were you on friendly terms with Denny Mayo?"

"I knew him fairly well," Van Horn admitted. "A most attractive chap—a wild Irishman—you never could tell just what he was going to do next. Everyone was very fond of him. His death was a great shock."

"Who killed him?" Charlie asked blandly.

"I wish I knew," Van Horn replied. "Last night, when I heard you asking everybody about three years ago last June, in Hollywood, I sensed that you thought his death involved in this somehow. I'm curious to know the connection."

"That, no doubt," said Charlie, "is why you haste to library early this morning to do hot reading about Mayo case?"

Van Horn smiled. "Oh, so you found me among my books, eh? Well, inspector, as my press agent will tell you, I'm of a rather studious type. There's nothing I like better than to curl up in a corner with a good book—real literature, mind you ——"

Charlie raised a protesting hand. "The wise man, knowing he is under suspicion," he remarked, "does not stoop to tie his shoe in a melon patch."

Van Horn nodded. "An old Chinese saw, eh? Not bad, either."

"You will," said Chan sternly, "before we leave these chairs, tell me the reason for your visit to library this morning."

Van Horn did not reply. He sat for a moment with a frown on his handsome face. Then he turned with sudden decision:

"You've been frank with me, inspector. I'll be the same with you. Though when you've heard my reason for that visit, I fear you'll be more puzzled than ever." He took from his pocket an envelope bearing the crest of the Grand Hotel, and drew out a single sheet of hotel note paper. "Will you please read that?"

Chan took the paper. It bore a brief note, typewritten and unsigned. He read:

Just a word of warning from a friend. You should go at once to the Honolulu Public Library and remove from the bound volumes of all Los Angeles papers carrying the Denny Mayo murder story, certain rather damaging references to your own part in that affair.

Charlie looked up: "Where did you get this?"

"I found it under my door when I awoke this morning," the actor told him.

"You went to library at once?"

"Directly after breakfast. Who wouldn't? I couldn't recall that I'd ever been mentioned in connection with the case—there was no reason why I should have been. But naturally, my curiosity was aroused. I went down and read every word I could find regarding Mayo's murder in the Los Angeles Times—the only paper they had. And oddly enough ——"

"Yes?" Chan prompted.

(Continued on Page 132

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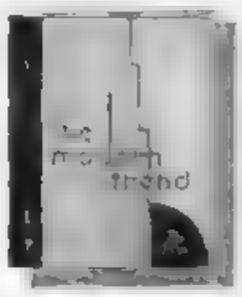

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(Continued from Page 130)

"It was just as I thought. My name wasn't mentioned anywhere. I've had a rather puzzled morning, inspector."

"Natural you should," nodded Charlie. "A queer circumstance, indeed. Have you any idea who wrote this note?"

"None whatever," returned Van Horn. "But the purpose of it seems to be clear. Somebody has sought to cast suspicion in my direction. It's a delicate little attention, and I appreciate it. He—or possibly she—figured that I would go to the library and sign for that volume, and that of course you would soon find it out. After that, you would fancy me deeply involved in this affair, and would spend precious time sleuthing in the wrong direction. Fortunately you took the unusual course of coming to me at once with your suspicion. I'm glad you did. And I'm glad I kept the letter."

"Which, after all, you may have written to yourself," Chan suggested.

Van Horn laughed. "Oh, no, I'm not so deep as all that, Mr. Chan. The letter was under my door when I rose. Find out who wrote it, and you may find the murderer of Shelah Fane."

"True enough," agreed Charlie. "I will keep it now, of course," He stood up. "We have had a good talk, Mr. Van Horn, and I am grateful for your confidence. I go my way with one more puzzle burning in my pocket. Add a few more and I collapse from mental strain. I trust I have not held you away from luncheon."

"Not at all," the actor replied. "This has been a very lucky interview for me. Good-by, and all my best wishes for success."

Chan hastened through the palm court, and at last set his flivver on the road to the city. As he moved along, he thought deeply about Huntley Van Horn. Despite his airy manner, the actor had seemed to be open and sincere. But could he, Charlie wondered, be sure of that? Could he ever be sure in this world? Deceit sprouted everywhere, and thrived like a weed.

Suppose Van Horn was sincere. Who put that note beneath his bedroom door while he slept? Chan began to realize that he was engaged in a duel—a duel to the death. His opponent was quick and wary, cleverer than any person he had yet encountered in a long career. How many of these clews were false, dropped but to befuddle him? How many real?

An inner craving told him that luncheon would be a pleasant diversion; he was never one to put such promptings aside. But as he approached the public library an even greater craving assailed him—a keen desire to read for himself the story of Denny Mayo's murder. With a sigh for the business man's luncheon that must languish without him a little longer, he stopped the car and went inside.

The desk was deserted for the moment, and he turned into the reading room at his right. There was just a chance that the big volume taken out by Van Horn early that morning was not yet restored to its place on the shelves. Yes, there it lay, on the table at which he had seen the picture actor sitting. Save for one or two children, the place was deserted. Charlie rapidly crossed the room and opened the book.

It happened that he knew the date of the Mayo tragedy, and he sought immediately the issue of the subsequent morning. His little eyes opened wide. Under an eight-column head: MOVIE ACTOR FOUND MURDERED IN HOME, a great torn gap stared up at him.

Quickly he examined the pages, and then sat back, dazed and unbelieving. Every picture of Denny Mayo had been ruthlessly cut from the book.

XVII

CHAN sat motionless for a long time, deep in thought. Some desperate person was determined that he should not look upon the likeness of Denny Mayo. The captions to the pictures were for the most part intact: DENNY MAYO WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO HOLLYWOOD. And here again: DENNY MAYO AS HE APPEARED IN THE UNKNOWN SIN. But in every instance the reproduction of the actor's face was destroyed.

Who had done this thing? Huntley Van Horn? Perhaps. Yet if that were so, Van Horn's methods were crude and raw for so suave a gentleman. To go boldly to the library, ask for this volume, sign his name to the slip as he claimed to have done, and then mutilate the yellowed pages, would be unbelievably naïve. It invited swift and inevitable detection. It certainly did not sound like Van Horn.

With a ponderous sigh, Charlie applied himself to the story that had surrounded Denny Mayo's pictures. The actor had come to Hollywood from the English stage, and had won immediate success. He had lived with one servant in a detached house on one of the best Los Angeles streets. On the night of the murder the servant, after completing his usual duties, took the evening off. He went out at eight o'clock, leaving Mayo in excellent spirits.

Returning at midnight, the man let himself in through the kitchen door. Seeing a light in the living room, he went there to ask if anything further was required of him before he went to bed. On the floor of the room he discovered the actor, dead some two hours. Mayo had been shot at close range with his own revolver, a delicate weapon which he was accustomed to keep in the drawer of his desk. The revolver was lying at his side, and there were no finger prints on it—neither his own nor those of any unknown person. No one had been seen entering or leaving the house, which occupied a rather dark position under its many trees.

Unfortunately, the following morning—and Charlie's eyebrows rose at this—the police had permitted the general public to swarm through the house. Actors, actresses, directors, producers—all friends, they claimed, of the dead man—had paraded through the rooms, and if any vital clew was still lying about it could easily have been destroyed. In any case, no vital clew was ever found. Those the police discovered led nowhere.

Little was known about Mayo's past; he had come from far away, and no member of his family stepped forward during the investigation. It was rumored that he had a wife in England, but he had not seen her for several years, never mentioned her to his friends—might, possibly, have been divorced. His life in Hollywood had not been spectacular; women admired him, but if he returned this admiration in any instance, he had been most discreet about it. If anyone had a grudge against him ——

Further along in the story a name caught Charlie's eye, and he sat up with sudden interest. Hastily he read on until he came to it. Mayo had been working in a picture, and as his leading woman he had had an actress named Rita Montaine. Miss Montaine was engaged to marry a certain Wilkie Ballou, a prominent figure in Honolulu, scion of an old family there. Some obscure person testified that he had overheard a quarrel between Mayo and Ballou; it concerned a party to which Mayo had taken Miss Montaine. But the witness had heard Ballou make no threats against the actor.

Nevertheless, Ballou had been questioned. His alibi was complete, sworn to by Miss Montaine herself. On the night of Mayo's death the actress said that she and Ballou had been together from six o'clock until after midnight. They had taken a long ride in Ballou's car, and danced together at a roadhouse far from the scene of the crime. She admitted that she was engaged to Ballou and intended to marry him soon.

These two faded from the limelight. Charlie read on, through the helpless meanderings of a completely baffled police. He turned page after page, no new developments arose, and amid a frantic sputtering on the part of the reporters, the story gradually died out. He closed the book.

How about that alibi of Ballou's? Sworn to by the woman who was going to marry him. Was she also ready to lie for him?

Chan picked up the heavy volume and returned to the main room of the library. He laid his burden down on the desk, behind which stood a bright young woman. Without speaking, he opened the book and indicated the mutilated pages. If his aim had been to annoy the young woman, he could have found no better means. Her cry of dismay was immediate and heartfelt.

"Who did this, Mr. Chan?" she demanded.

Charlie smiled. "Thanks for touching faith in my ability," he remarked. "But I cannot tell you."

"It was taken out by Mr. Van Horn, the actor. This sort of thing is prohibited by law, you know. You must arrest him at once."

Chan shrugged. "It was also lying on table from time Mr. Van Horn left it, early today, until well past noon. What proof have we that Van Horn mutilated it? I know him well, and I do not think him complete fool."

"But but ——"

"I will, with your kind permission, speak to him over wire. He may be able to cast little light."

The young woman led him to the telephone, and Chan got Van Horn at the hotel. He explained at once the condition in which he had found the book.

"What do you know about that!" Van Horn remarked.

"Alas, very little," Charlie returned. "The volume was in the intact state when you saw it?"

"Absolutely. Perfectly O. K. I left it on the table about 9:30 and went out."

"Did you see anyone known to you about place?"

"Not a soul. But I say, inspector, this throws new light on that note I got this morning. Perhaps the intention of my unknown friend was not so much to involve me as to get that volume out of the files. He—if it was a he—may have hoped that the thing would happen just as it has happened—that I would take it out and leave it where he could find it without himself signing a slip. Have you thought of that?"

"So much to think of," Chan sighed. "Thank you for the idea." He went back to the desk. "Mr. Van Horn left the volume in original state. He is certain of that. Was it noted that anyone else examined it this morning?"

"I don't know," the young woman replied. "The librarian in charge of that room is out to luncheon. Look here, Mr. Chan; you've got to find who did this."

"Plenty busy with murder just now," Charlie explained.

"Never mind your murder," she answered grimly. "This is serious."

Chan smiled, but the young woman was in no mood to join him. He promised to do his best and departed.

A glance at his watch told him that he had no time for his usual leisurely luncheon. He had instead a sandwich and a glass of milk, then went to the station. The chief was pacing the floor of the detectives' room.

"Hello, Charlie," he cried. "I've been wondering where you were. Pretty busy this morning, I take it?"

"Like fly on hot griddle," Chan answered. "And just as eager to get off."

"Haven't got anything yet, eh?"

"Have so much I am worn out," Charlie told him. "But no idea who killed Shelah Fane."

"That's what we want," the chief insisted. "The name—the name. Good Lord, we ought to get somewhere pretty soon."

"Maybe we will," replied Chan, with just the slightest inflection on the "we." He sat down. "Now I will relate morning's adventures, and it can happen that your keen brain will function where mine wanders lonely in the dark."

He began at the beginning—his visit to the theater, Robert Fyfe's cast-iron alibi,

(Continued on Page 135)

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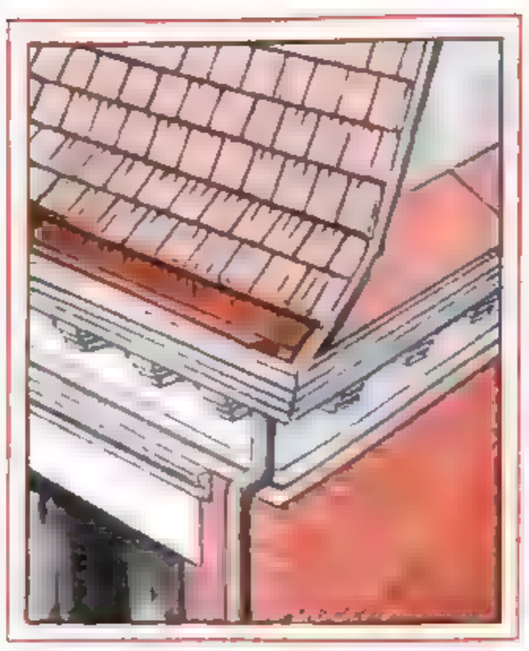

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Safe is the load when packed in boxes, crates or cases made of Long Leaf or Short Leaf Southern Pine—a wood which has been taking the battering ram of shock ever since American shippers began world-wide distribution. Protection is the watchword of the box maker—no truer guarantee can be given than "made of Southern Pine."

At times, all construction is subject to sudden shock—truck bodies, railroad cars, dwellings, factory buildings, farm buildings, bridges, trestles, concrete forms. Architects and engineers reckon on that and that's why this same Southern Pine, so serviceable as a shipping container for merchandise, is universally used for many structures built for hard service.

Cut true and square, seasoned dry to meet every requirement, graded more exacting than ever, conforming to American Lumber Standards—and, so every user may know positively he obtains the grade he wants, the piece bears indelibly the mark of the expert grader and the trade-mark of the mill which manufactured it—and back of it all, the certification of grades of the Southern Pine Association.

*Long Leaf Southern Pine gives maximum strength, rigidity and durability to construction. Short Leaf Southern Pine is unsurpassed in beauty of grain, workability and soft texture.

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

These letters at the right of "SPA" identify the grade. The designation here is one of 15 grade-marks appearing on lumber from Southern Pine Association mills.

Advertisement No. 6 —one of a series

(Continued from Page 132)

his admission that he had given the beach comber money in exchange for a painting. He mentioned his call at the library and his discovery there of Huntley Van Horn; then went on to the two old people on the terrace of the hotel, who had accounted so readily for Tarneverro's actions on the previous night.

"They may be lying," said the chief.

Charlie shook his head. "You would not say that if you saw them. Honesty gleams like unceasing beacon from their eyes."

"I'll judge of that for myself," remarked his superior. "What was their name—MacMaster? I'll talk with them later. Go on."

Charlie continued. He told of finding the stub of the small cigar, of a sort smoked only by Alan Jaynes, beneath the pavilion window.

"Oh, Lord," sighed the chief. "They can't all be in it. Somebody's kidding you, Charlie."

"You go back to singular pronoun," smiled Chan. "A moment ago it was we. But that was only in regard to approaching moment of success, I think."

"Well, somebody's kidding us, then. Have it your own way. You got Jaynes' fingerprints?"

"I slyly obtained same. But it was print of Smith, the beach comber, we discover on window sill."

"Yes, that was something we can really act on. I sent out the word to pick him up right away. They'll bring him in any minute now. What have you been doing since then?"

Charlie repeated Jessop's story about the ring, which, he pointed out, might mean merely the repayment of an old grudge. He showed his chief the letter which Van Horn had offered in explanation of his visit to the library.

Finally he told of the mutilation of the bound volume of the newspaper, and ended with the mention of Ballou and his wife in the story of the Denny Mayo murder case.

For a long time, when he had finished, his chief sat silent. "Well," he said at length, "according to your investigation, they're all in it, I guess. Good heavens, Charlie, can't you draw any deductions from all this?"

"Kindly state what are your deductions," answered Chan with gentle malice.

"Me? I don't know. I'm stumped. But you—the pride of the force ——"

"Kindly recall—I have never been demon for speed. While I stumble about this way I am fiercely thinking. Large bodies arrive late. Grant me time."

"What do you propose to do now?"

"I consider little social visit with Mrs. Ballou."

"Great Scott, Charlie, watch your step. Ballou's an important man in this town and he's never been very friendly to me."

"I plan to use all possible diplomacy."

"You'll need it, and then some. Don't offend him, whatever you do. You know—these old families ——"

Charlie shrugged. "I have not lived in Honolulu all these years in state of blindness. Do not worry. I move now on feet shod with velvet, and my voice drips oil and honey."

Kashimo came in. He walked with dragging step and had a discouraged air.

"Well, where's this fellow Smith?" demanded the chief.

"No place, sir," said Kashimo. "Melted like ice."

"Melted! You go out again, and don't come back without him."

"Look everywhere," Kashimo complained. "All funny joints, upstair, in cellar. Comb town. No Smith."

Charlie went over and patted him on the back. "If at first you have drawn blank, resume the job," he advised. He took a slip of paper from a desk and began to write. "I give you list of unsavory places," he explained. "Maybe you overlook some. Perhaps, after all, I have better knowledge of city's wickedness than honored member of Young Men's Buddhist Association like yourself."

He handed his list to the Japanese, who took it and left, followed by Charlie's kindly encouragement.

"Poor Kashimo," Chan remarked. "When there is no oil in the lamp, the wick is wasted. In dealing with such a one, friendly words bring best results. Now I go forth to wallow some more in bafflement."

"I'll be waiting to hear from you," his chief called after him.

Charlie set out for the home of the Ballous. The business district disappeared behind him and he traveled a street lined with great houses set on rolling lawns. Above his head flamed flowering trees, now in the last weeks of their splendor. He sped past Punahou Academy, and as he penetrated farther into the valley he left the zone of sunshine for one of darkness. Black clouds hung over the mountains ahead and suddenly, borne on the wind, came a wild gust of rain. It beat fiercely on the top of the little car and blurred the windshield. Yet a mile away, at Charlie's back, Honolulu sparkled in the midday sun.

He reached the handsome house of Wilkie Ballou, and Rita received him in the dark drawing-room. Her husband, she explained, was upstairs dressing for his afternoon golf. In Honolulu a real golfer pays no attention to rain; it may be pouring on his street, but bright and sunny round the corner. Rita's manner was cordial, and Chan took heart.

"I am so sorry to obtrude my obnoxious presence," he apologized. "If you never saw me again, I feel sure you would like it well enough. But—mere matter of form—I must inflict little talk on everyone present at sad affair last night."

Rita nodded. "Poor Shelah. How are you getting on, inspector?"

"I make splendid progress," he informed her blithely. There was, he felt, no occasion to go into that. "Would you speak with me little while about days when you were famous Hollywood figure?"

With bored eyes, Rita looked out at the rain lashing against the window. "I certainly will," she said.

"May I add that you broke heart of my eldest daughter, who is great film fan, when you retired from silvery sheet? No one, she moans, is ever so good as you were."

Rita's face brightened. "She remembers me? That's sweet of her."

"Your fine skill will never be forgotten anywhere," Chan assured her, and knew that he had made a friend for life.

"How can I help you?" she inquired.

Chan considered. "You knew Miss Fane in Hollywood?"

"Oh, yes, quite well."

"It is wisely forbidden to speak ill of those who have ascended the dragon, but sometimes we must let old rules go down the board. Was there at any time scandal in the lady's life?"

"Oh, no, none whatever. She wasn't that sort, you know."

"But she had what you call love affairs?"

"Yes, frequently. She was emotional and impulsive—never without a love affair. But they were all harmless, I'm sure."

"Did you hear that once she loved a man named—Denny Mayo?" Charlie watched Rita's face closely, and he thought she looked a little startled.

"Why, yes, Shelah was rather wild about Denny at one time, I believe. She took it rather hard when he was killed. You knew about that, perhaps?"

"I know all about that," answered Chan slowly. But to his disappointment, the words seemed to leave the woman quite calm. "You had acquaintance with this Denny Mayo yourself, I think?"

"Yes, I was in his last picture."

Chan had an inspiration. "It may be you have photograph of Mayo somewhere among possessions?"

She shook her head. "No. I did have some old stills, but Mr. Ballou made me burn them. He said he wouldn't have me

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mooning about over the dear, dead past when I was ——" She stopped, her eyes on the door.

Charlie looked up. Wilkie Ballou was in the doorway. He strode grimly into the room.

"What's all this about Denny Mayo?" he demanded.

"Mr. Chan was simply asking me if I knew him," Rita explained.

"Mr. Chan should mind his own business," her husband growled. He walked over and faced Charlie. "Denny Mayo," he said, "is dead and buried."

Chan shrugged. "I am so sorry, but he does not stay buried."

"He stays that way as far as my wife and I are concerned," Ballou answered, and there was a certain dignity about him as he said it.

For a moment Chan looked sleepily into the hostile eyes of the millionaire. "Your alibi for the night of Mayo's murder," he ventured, "seems to have enjoyed a fine success."

Ballou flushed. "Why not? It was the truth."

"So, naturally, it prevailed." Chan moved toward the door. "I am sorry if I have disturbed you."

"You haven't disturbed me in the least," Ballou snapped. "Just what did you expect to find here, anyhow?"

"I thought I might chance upon photograph of Denny Mayo."

"And why should you want his photograph?"

"Some unknown person objects to my looking at it."

"Is that so?" said Ballou. "Well, you won't find Mayo's picture here. Or anything else that will interest you, for that matter. Good day, inspector, and I must ask you not to call again."

Charlie shrugged. "I travel where duty takes me. Would much prefer to loll in station house—but can you study swimming on a carpet? No, you must go where waters are deep. Good day, Mr. Ballou."

Rita followed him into the hall. "I'm afraid we haven't been able to help you," she remarked.

"Thanks all same," bowed Chan.

"I'm so sorry," the woman said. "I want to see you succeed. If there was only something I could do."

Chan's eyes caught the flash of rings on her fingers. "There might be," he remarked suddenly.

"Anything," she replied.

"Last night you saw Miss Shelah Fane after long separation. Quick glance of women catches points men would despise to notice. You recall all she was wearing, no doubt?"

"Why, of course. She had on a stunning gown—ivory satin, it was ——"

"I speak mostly of jewels," Chan told her. "What woman is so blind she fails to note other woman's jewelry?"

Rita smiled. "Not I. She had on a gorgeous string of pearls and a marvelous diamond bracelet ——"

"And her rings?"

"Only one. A huge emerald I remember seeing in Hollywood. It was on her right hand."

"This was when you last encountered her? The young people were already in the water enjoying warm swim?"

"Julie and that boy were, yes."

Charlie bowed low. "My gratitude has no bounds. Now I must go on with my work. Good-by."

He went out into the perpetual valley rain and turned his car toward the sunlit beach.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Nerve Exhaustion — the penalty of pavements

THROUGH the jungle and over the veldt goes the safari day after long day in the equatorial heat.

Yet the bearers rise at dawn refreshed. They have done their walking as nature meant man to walk—*on springy turf.*

Not for them is nerve exhaustion—the jumpiness, the irritability, the weariness that sleep does not remedy. That is a disease of civilization—*the penalty of pavements.*

Man was never meant to walk continually on hard surfaces. The structure of his foot proves it. It is built for soft sand and springy turf.

And—*unless we guard against it*—nerve exhaustion is the price we pay when we depart from nature's plan.

Quit pounding your nerve energy away. Put a springy cushion between your heels and the sidewalk—a pair of U. S. Spring-Step Rubber Heels.

Stop at a repair shop where you see the Spring-Step Sign. Have a pair put on. Wear them for a month. You'll feel better, enjoy life more—have more energy. And you'll never go back to hard heels again.

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SPRING-STEP
Rubber Heels
Made by the Manufacturers of Keds

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UNCLE SAM HAS A NEW INDIAN POLICY

(Continued from Page 5)

The young Indian coming out of school does not want to go back to the reservation. A return to the crude life of it is particularly repellent to the Indian girls. It usually happens, after they have gone back to their homes, that they come to the Indian agent and plead with him to find an avenue of escape for them. They beg for work. But in the isolated regions in which the reservations are located there is no work. They can do nothing else than to submit to the will of the reservation.

There should be no great difficulty in finding places in the industrial life of the nation for these young Indians. They are pliant and tractable and not hard to direct into the proper channels. Their numbers are not so great as materially to affect any labor market. They are mostly in the West, where, for example, domestic help is scarce. Every girl who wants it could find a place in a white home. Their employment in the tourist hotels would help create an attractive atmosphere. Many of them have had special training in sewing, which has its possibilities. Places could be readily found for those who have got as far along as stenography. There is unlimited call out-of-doors for the boys on the farms, in the orchards, in railway building and maintenance.

The Government has clung doggedly to one idea which, on the face of it, seems a correct one, but which has failed through the decades in actual practice. It has held that this people of the open spaces was better fitted to farming than any other occupation. They had land. Above all else, they should be taught to farm. They have been so taught. But they have not gone back to the reservation and applied what they have learned. Their opportunities have been many, but few have taken advantage of them. Farming on the reservations is largely a failure. The Indians lease their good lands to white farmers, who succeed on them, but do little farming themselves.

As a matter of fact, the owner operation of a farm is a quite complicated business. Many white men with a thousand years of experience back of them fail at it. It requires foresight, fixity of purpose, business sense, capacity for management, certain scientific knowledge—a combination of many qualities. It is too much for other than the exceptional aborigine. The development of the Indian into a farmer has largely failed and should cease to be the favorite scheme for his emancipation. The simplest method of self-support for an inexperienced and backward individual, the new policy will hold, lies in working for pay for somebody else. The Indian's first step toward taking his place among the general population should be that of getting a simple job that will maintain him while he gains experience in the new manner of life. Securing this sort of work for him is the most practical step that can be taken toward his assimilation.

It is to the advantage of the Indians who remain on the reservation that their contact with their white neighbors be increased. Wherever possible the reservations should be opened up in part to white settlers. White men should be mixed with the Indians. This would break down Indian isolation, give them an opportunity to absorb white civilization.

The experience of the Kiowa Indians, in Oklahoma, is a perfect example of the results of such intermingling of the races. A generation ago lands were allotted to the Kiowas, who were unlettered red men, few of whom understood English. Instead of allotting them lands that were in a solid block, they were given alternate tracts with white men. The white settlers went about their farming, established their schools, carried on a normal community life. The Indian farmers observed their neighbors, came in contact with them, grew to imitate them, sent their children to the white

schools. Those children of the present generation are in no way members of a race apart. They are average members of the community.

Even the Indians who grew up under the old order have come to live in the white man's way. A single generation has worked the miracle. Conditions approximating these would cause the dissolution of any of these reservations.

Much might be done for the aboriginal adults of the isolated reservations who are now living in idleness and poverty. The West is full of work which they might be doing. During the past decade half a million Mexicans have crossed the line, seeking and finding work in the United States. More of them have come than there are Indians in all the United States. They have tended to congregate in such cities as Los Angeles and San Antonio and to create new quids for the nation to digest. The excuse for allowing them to come in has been the need of them to perform rough labor. Yet these Mexicans are actually Indians. Their blood is little different from that of their cousins across the line. They have been introduced and have created a new problem while our own Indians have languished in idleness and want on their isolated reservations.

Proper attention to securing employment for our own Indians should have resulted in their getting many of the jobs rather than these introduced Mexicans. It would have got them away from the reservations, given them an opportunity to learn, carried them far toward civilization. There are certain tribes that have gone forth and earned much money. The White Mountain Apaches, in Arizona, for instance, the last of the warlike Indians, have got away from the reservation and earned as much as four hundred thousand dollars in a single year. It was said of them that they spent it all, brought none of it back to the reservation. The answer to this is that they gained an experience in handling money which will be of value when next they have opportunity to earn any.

Off the Reservation

There is one employmental activity of the Indians, however, that I would discourage. I do not think their participation in showmanship is beneficial to them. The influences that surround circus life, for example, are likely to prove a rather severe test on the moral fortitude of an undeveloped people. There have already been too many cases in which shows have been stranded and the Government has been called upon to take Indians who were a part of them back to their homes.

Employment will be found for the reservation Indians. It is in the interest of most of them that, when they get away from the reservation, they be encouraged to stay away. Gradually they would find themselves, establish permanent homes among the general population, take their places among the mass of us.

There are a few of the reservations on which native, productive arts and industries have developed. The blanket weaving of the Navajos, the baskets and silver ornaments of the Pueblos, are typical of these. They should be encouraged to the utmost. They should be helped, particularly in marketing their output. The existence of these industries on a few reservations, however, should not lead to the false impression that they offer a general opportunity to the mass of the Indians on all reservations. On most of the reservations there is little opportunity for the Indians to earn livelihoods through their native arts and industries.

The Right Sort of Help

In so far as is possible, there should be continued allotment of Indian lands with full ownership rights. Provision should be made for disposing of the land rights of absentee Indians. The advantages of contact with the whites develop when members of that race are allowed to enter the reservations in such a way that they become distributed among the Indians. The Indians, whether they stay on the reservations or leave them, should be fully protected in their property rights. There are many ways in which this could be done. An Indian reservation, for example, might be covered with valuable timber. A corporation might be created which would own this timber. The Indians of the tribe would be stockholders in the corporation. It could be so handled as to get the best possible returns from the timber. Members of the tribe, whether they stayed on the reservation or went away, would get all that was due them. This would be better for them than that they should be bound to the reservation by property rights which they were fearful of losing if they went away.

Under these influences Indians would tend steadily to get away from the reservations. Those Indians of the old order would gradually die off. Those who remained on the reservations would have normal educations and would assume the rôles of normal citizenship. Government wardship would vanish. In a generation there would remain but a few small groups that would be different from the generality of the population. Indian administration virtually would have ceased to exist.

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Look out for a naked baby on every package, red, ready to cry out

BIG YANK
ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

THE CHINLESS MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

a-doin' cavortin' round these mountains at night on Teeb Gallatin's mule!"

"Do you need to put a gun on me to ask that?"

"Why," said the other, with just a hint of confusion in his tone, "we ain't put no gun on you-all. We're out coon huntin'."

The chinless man, from his place of refuge, coughed chokingly.

"You, Jed Blaisdell!" barked Dan'l Doniphan. "You stomp down any o' my corn with that there mule o' yourn an' I'll stomp you down flattern you-all 'll ever want to be!"

"Listen," said Gilbert. "I'm cold and this mule is cutting me in two. I want to see Mrs. Stephen Doniphan. That's what I came up here for. If you'll tell me where she lives, and the quickest way to Heart Valley, I'll be on."

"You're in Heart Valley now!" said the other. "Mrs. Steve Doniphan's my daughter-in-law. Ef you-all want to see her, you go to my house. You-all c'n see her in the mornin'. . . . Jed! You-all hear me? You-all stay in my house!"

The chinless man projected his ball-like profile against the moon. "Follow me!" he said hastily to Gilbert and thumped his mule onward. They proceeded in silence for some fifty yards, then Blaisdell whispered cautiously to his companion:

"You was most awful foolish to talk that way to Dan'l Doniphan. I expected to see yore corpse in the cornfield in another second."

Gilbert made no reply, being occupied in pulling his trousers legs down from their folds about his knees.

"He was aimin' to chase us down the mountain," went on Blaisdell. "If they're feudin' again with the Turners they don't want no furriners round to be maybe witnesses agin 'em. H'm. I reckon now he was so plumb almighty surprised at you talkin' up to him he let us by!" This last was said in such a tone of awed admiration that Gilbert was forced to laugh.

"You never get anywhere in business without the use of a little guts, and that goes for mine more than for most! Also," went on Gilbert, "when I was in the war I learned that the man that gets the farthest is the one that gets the jump on the others. They're so busy being surprised afterward that he can do about as he pleases and they'll say nothing."

"Hit won't work in these hills," answered the chinless man, his teeth chattering. "When folks is surprised here they're most uncommon liable to jerk lead into you and figure it out after yore surprisin' days are over."

There was a sudden clamor of dogs, a woman's voice quieting them, then: "Don't come any nigher, you-uns on them thar mules!"

"Friends, Mis' Doniphan," called Blaisdell. "We just met yore husban' an' Tom. He said we-uns was to stop with you-uns."

"Who-all's that other man?"

"I'm lookin' for Mrs. Steve Doniphan," called Gilbert. "I'm from the Cocos Lumber Company."

"Well, you-all get down an' come right in!" called the mysterious woman heartily. "I'm right sorry you couldn't have come right up to the door, but I'm skeered o' them thar mules! They'd trample down all my melons!"

Gilbert got stiffly down and untied his grip from the saddle horn. With an old soldier's instinct he dropped on one knee as the hostess gathered the bridles and led the mules away. There was a streak of moonlight between the house and one of the outbuildings, and against this the kneeling Gilbert could see her silhouette. She had a rifle in the crook of her free arm.

Inside, there was no light save that of the fire. A rough board floor, rough walls, a spinning wheel, a table made of a single plank two inches thick. Mrs. Doniphan served them a supper of corn bread and cold pork. There was also something from a jug that Gilbert knew was "corn" even before he tasted it. It shot down his throat like a flash of lightning. Blaisdell, however, drank deeply, swinging the jug expertly onto his crooked arm and allowing its contents to gurgle down his throat.

There was no conversation. The chinless man applied himself to the jug, and the hostess, between her rare visits to the table or the fire, remained near the door, her hand against her cheek, as though she listened.

Gilbert's head reeled. He was exhausted with the journey by train and the bone-racking ride on the mule's back up the mountainside. The side of him that was toward the fire was uncomfortably hot, while the other felt the cold wind that came in under the door and through the chinks in the wall. He wished that the case and the man in the home office who had indorsed on the folder, "A personal interview with the widow must not be neglected," were both in a nameless place. No. He wished that that man was there in that lonely cabin, with stern-voiced coon hunters roaming the mountains, while their women stayed at home with no lights in the house and went out with rifles to be sure that no one "trompled" their melon patches.

At Gilbert's request he was shown a bed a real bed in a corner of the same room where he had eaten supper. As for the chinless man, he was roughly ordered outside somewhere, whither he went rather uncertainly, probably to sleep with the mules.

Morning. Gilbert had been aroused shortly after daybreak by the dogs' howling and men's voices. The cabin door was open, meat was frying, dogs fighting, men shouting to one another in the distance.

Gilbert arose and, having slept full pack, was not long in dressing. He shaved, and inspected his neighbors from the corner of his eye. They were half a dozen, some in overalls and caps, some in slouch hats, and the younger ones all in O. D. shirts. They all said "Howdy" to Gilbert.

The chinless man sat on one heel against the cabin and practiced his liquid aim on the hens.

"Mornin', young fellar," said a voice suddenly.

Gilbert turned and recognized, from the tone and the figure, the man who had stopped him the second time the night before—Daniel Doniphan. He was older than Gilbert had expected, but his figure was straight as a pine.

"Sleep well? Come in an' have a bite o' breakfast. Now, young man, you stuff yore mouth full o' vittles."

"Get any coon last night?" asked Gilbert.

"Nope, we didn't jes have no luck thataway nohow!"

"Well, I always heard that the best kind of a night to hunt coon was a dark one, anyway!"

"Hey? Er—yes—that is, some do an' some don't! . . . Blaisdell, you stop a-spittin' at them chickens! Whar do you-all think you-all are?"

Gilbert remarked that the chinless man grinned.

"Now, sir," went on Doniphan, when they were seated at the table, "what are you-all fixin' to do?"

"I'd like to see Mrs. Stephen Doniphan. She's your daughter-in-law, I think you said."

"What do you-all want to see her for?"

"Well, you see, I have to see her to see that she's alive, that she really exists. Then I'd like to see her marriage certificate. We just take a little statement from her that she was married on such a date, that she has so many children or hasn't any, and that's all."

One by one the men had come in from outside and had taken up their stand, some behind Daniel Doniphan's chair, others beside the table. Gilbert, although he had noticed this, paid no attention. He felt like Jean Valjean in Thenardier's garret. Beyond, in the opening of the door, a face with no chin looked anxiously around the door jamb. Suddenly the head of the Doniphan clan leaned across the table and fixed Gilbert's eyes with his own, as cold and as blue as deep ice.

"Are you-all a-goin' to pay fer my son or are you-all a-goin' to fight hit?"

"There's nothing to fight about," said Gilbert calmly. "Your son was killed in the course of his employment, and his widow is therefore entitled to some four thousand dollars. There's no question about that. As soon as I send a copy of her marriage certificate to the home office, she'll get the money."

"Now thar," said Daniel Doniphan, "is what I was jes leadin' up to. This here money has got to be paid to me."

"To you? Why to you?"

"Because she ain't come of age yit. She's only nineteen! An' I been an' got myself appointed her gardeen."

The chinless man's face, which had disappeared a moment before, reappeared, but was now quite gray with fear.

"Dan'l!" he gasped. "The Turners!"

There was an instant dash for the door, but the oldest Doniphan's hand slapped the table like a pistol shot.

"Not a man stir!" he snapped. "They don't mean trouble, or they'd started a-shootin' afore they'd let themselves be seen!"

He arose and went to the door alone, his hands in plain sight, a thumb in either armhole of his vest.

"Howdy, Marion," they heard him say.

"Howdy, Doniphan!"

"Come in, Marion, an' have a little somethin' to sorta wash yore throat out!"

"I'd ruther you brought it out," said the other voice, "ef you-all don't mind. I jes don't feel smart this morning. I—I'd ruther set out here in the sunshine."

Instantly those within laid hold of the table and carried it out before the cabin. Gilbert, going out with the others, looked eagerly at the newcomers. They were four. An old man, but short and deformed by a sort of hunched back, and three others.

The rival clans faced each other. There were the same characteristics—brown skin, gnarled hands, shoes twisted from endless walking on mountainsides or creek-bed roads, suspenders, overalls, and the mark of army service in O. D. shirt, quartermaster waist belt or leather jerkin.

"Set down, Marion," said the Doniphan chief. "I been expectin' to hear from you-all."

Marion Turner sat down on a rough stool and leaned his hands upon the table. His infirmity made his head fall sideways, so that his glance was always oblique, which gave him an attitude of sly cunning.

"I heard," said he slowly, "that there was a man come up the mountain last night with Jed Blaisdell, and I jes knowed that he come here about Effie. So I takened down my hat an' come up to see him."

"Did you-all figure he might outsmart me?" asked Doniphan.

"Well, no, but I jes sorta thought it would be easier fer me to come up here whar I knowed he was, than fer him to come a-huntin' me down the mountain."

"A-huntin' you?" demanded Daniel. "What you-all got to do with hit?"

"Well, I sorta understood that the lumber company was to pay fer killin' of my girl's husband."

"What's that to you?" asked Daniel sharply.

"I'm the administrator of her estate," replied the other gently.

"Yo're what?" shouted Daniel.

"You-all heared me!" replied the other. "The money must be paid to me."

(Continued on Page 142)

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

It's the *new way* to buy Pineapple

—Look for DOLE *stamped in the top*
—Choose by number the grade you wish

THOUSANDS of women have been wondering: "How can I get DOLE pineapple?" Thousands have asked their grocers: "Is this brand of pineapple packed by Dole?"

Here is the answer:

Look for the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can—and beneath—the grade you wish.

Dole 1 . . . Dole 2 . . . Dole 3

This is the new, easy way to buy Hawaiian Pineapple—the way to be sure of getting the best fruit—DOLE grown—DOLE canned.

That one word—DOLE—stamped in the top of the can, just as you see it above, tells you the tempting fruit *inside* was packed by the world's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple—tells you that fruit, positively *fresh* and *ripe*, went into that can—assures you of maximum *flavor* and *taste* due to the most modern process of canning.

And the number—1, 2 or 3—stamped beneath the word DOLE, tells you exactly what grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you are getting—guides you to the best possible quality for the price you pay.

What about the label around the Dole stamped can?

Significant? Yes. It means that the experienced distributor of canned fruits—whose own label you find around the can—has given his unqualified approval of DOLE pineapple. He has the Hawaiian Pineapple Company pack the pineapple he sells under his label. He knows there is none finer.

Now — you can choose by number the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish — DOLE 1 . . . DOLE 2 . . . DOLE 3

SELECTING the grade of Hawaiian Pineapple you wish is now as simple as 1-2-3. Simply look under the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can for the number indicating the grade you wish.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken Slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

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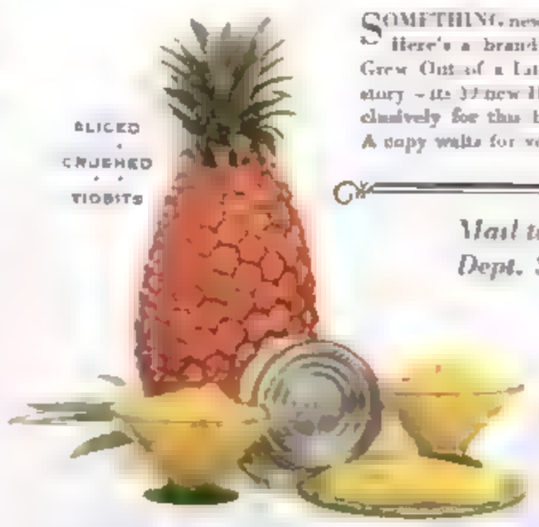
AS you shop you will find *different brands* of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple with either DOLE 1, DOLE 2 or DOLE 3 stamped in the top of the can. That is because we supply many distributors—each having his own label or brand—with one or more grades. Your favorite brand of Hawaiian Pineapple may be packed by DOLE, now. But, to be certain of getting the pick of Hawaii's finest fruit, look for DOLE stamped in the top of the can. A treat awaits you. Hawaiian Pineapple—at its very best.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can choose the grade you wish.



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AIR-MAZE

An Air Filter *for Automobiles, Airplanes and Motor Boats*

Continued from Page 140

His first shock of surprise over, the chief of the Doniphan clan clenched his fists and breathed deeply for a minute.

"Marion Turner," said he finally, "you-all ain't larned a heap in all these years, ef you-all don't know any better'n to come into my house an' tell me yo're a-fixin' to spend the money that's bein' paid fer a son o' mine! You ain't been so near yore finish in fifty year!"

"Thar's three rifles out on the mountain p'inted at your heart right now," smiled the other, "an' ef I take off my hat they'll shoot!"

"Ef you raise a finger," said a woman's voice faintly, "I'll bust yore head like a turkey's!"

There was an instant but noiseless movement of the spectators in the vicinity of Marion Turner. They knew that from somewhere Mother Doniphan had a rifle sighted on the eldest Turner, and they removed themselves at once from his vicinity, to avoid risks arising from any slight error of aim.

"Before we get all haired up about this money," interrupted Gilbert, "you'd better wait until we decide to pay it."

"What?" Every eye swung at once upon the last speaker, and all the latent anger that seethed in these men seemed about to pour forth on the subject of their common wrath.

"Young fellar—ef you—man, you—all won't miss—no money? Well, now, you jes think again!"

"I told you, Mr. Doniphan," said Gilbert, "that I must see the plaintiff. Until I do, no money! Not even a discussion!"

"You-all told me this morning that you-all wasn't a-goin' to fight the case!" protested Doniphan.

"As I understand the law," interrupted Turner, clutching at Gilbert's sleeve, "the money's to be paid to the administrator, her not bein' of age."

"An' her not bein' of age," snapped Doniphan, "the gardeen—me—has the spendin' of hit!"

"You-all think you'll get hit?" sneered Turner.

"Now wait!" began Gilbert, for the atmosphere was tense.

"Which of us are you-all goin' to pay hit to?" interrupted Doniphan.

Every eye bored at once into Gilbert's face.

He looked around. There was not a weapon in sight, but these men probably had them close enough at hand. And then they, being many, would not need weapons to wreak their wrath on him.

"There's no question of payment yet," said Gilbert. "I must see the plaintiff, the marriage certificate, and take a statement from her. And until she appears in person the law doesn't compel us to pay a cent."

"Whar is she?" demanded the chief Turner.

"She's at Birdsboro."

"Well, I'll take this here young man down to her!" said Turner.

"No," said Doniphan, "he's my guest; I'll take him!"

"You'll never git thar alive!" hissed Turner.

The two men glared at each other.

"Listen," remarked Gilbert. "To avoid hard feelings why not send and bring her up here?"

"I'm willin', but no Turner shall bring her!"

"Ner no Doniphan neither!"

"Well, why not send the gump there—Blaisdell? He can have the mules we rode up on. How far is it?"

"'Tain't fur," said Doniphan—"not over ten mile. They'd be back by afternoon. Jed Blaisdell, you a-willin' to go fetch Effie?"

"Blaisdell!" grunted Turner. "I don't know ef he's fitten to go after my gal! I dusted him with rock salt once to larn him not to follow her home from school!"

The chinless man, quite white, had been dragged forward into the front ranks of the spectators.

"He'll have to go," said Doniphan, "sence we don't trust one nuther, an' this stranger here don't know the way. Did you say somethin' about a marriage certificate? We don't have things like that around here. We jes make an entry in the ole family Bible an' the preacher signs it. Ain't that enough?"

"Well, I have to have a copy!" said Gilbert. "Isn't the marriage recorded somewhere?"

"Sartin! At the county clerk's office. Now he can kill two birds with one stone. . . . Jed! You-all stop to the clerk's office and git a copy of Effie's weddin'. Then you fetch her up here. She's at my sister's place. And make it smart, you-all hear?"

Doniphan turned to his antagonist. "An' now don't you-all think we might's well call in those boys from the mountain? I jes sorter seed some o' mine wanderin' round up there, and I expect they got yours pretty well kivered!"

The eldest Turner made no reply, but applied himself to the jug. The conference about the table broke up, the Doniphans retiring in a group, and the chinless man, his hands opening and shutting nervously, went to get the mules.

"Don't forget that marriage certificate now!" called Gilbert after him.

"Wouldn't hit save a heap o' time," inquired the chinless man, "ef you-all was to come along with me an' jes do your business with Effie right thar in Birdsboro?"

"No!" objected the rival chiefs at once. "You-all bring her back here, an' anything he's got to say he c'n say it afore us!"

"You-all ain't a-scairt to stay here alone with 'em?" whispered the chinless man.

"A-scairt? Not me, boy! When I'm afraid of anyone I always figure they're twice as afraid of me. I found that out in the war."

"Yeh," sighed the other, "but I never was in no war nohow!"

One or two who had heard laughed harshly.

"Well, you-all larned it now!" they jeered.

The morning wore on. Gilbert, at first left to himself, finally addressed the hailing sign of the Great Brotherhood to one of the men in O. D. shirts.

"What outfit were you in?"

The other mentioned some nameless regiment of antiaircraft machine guns, but by dint of naming one after another all the ports of England and France, and most of the interior towns, they arrived at one in which they had both passed a night. They were off then, and the first man—a Doniphan—having called to others of his clan that might have been in Montmirail or Châlons or Gondrecourt, the conversation was soon general.

The Turner man in the leather jerkin hovered in the vicinity, and at last, unable to contain himself, he broke into the conversation. It transpired that he had belonged to a division that had gone around the left side of a hill called Montfaucon at the same time that Gilbert's had gone around the right. Question: Which division captured it? The debate waxed warm, and finally those who had no interest in either division requested the two to pipe down—an expression that did not use to be common in the Kentucky hills.

Dinner was served to friend and foe alike. Corn, in solid and liquid form, hawg, and sweet potatoes. Gilbert learned that Heart Valley was so called because of a heart carved by some unknown hunter upon a big tree on the hillside, and that it was called valley because, though on a mountain top, it was lower than lots of other places in the neighborhood.

After dinner the two clans had become reconciled to the point where they decided to indulge in a shooting match, the chief of the Doniphan clan contributing a turkey as a prize.

"How about the boys on the hills?" asked Gilbert. "Aren't they going to be hungry?"

(Continued on Page 145)

Joyous-- in Style and Comfort

Showing VAN TODD The New COLLAR for 1929

VAN HEUSEN is truly smart. ¶ It is the *first and only* collar woven on a curve—*woven to fit stylishly and comfortably.* ¶ In the curve is grace and vigor—*smartness.*

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At $2.00 a pound, Prestige Chocolates give value plus the pleasant consciousness that you are getting absolutely the finest thing of its kind. Every piece of chocolate in the package is a Prestige special. When you wish to give a very particular gift—send a Prestige.

Whitman's

PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES

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(Continued from Page 142)

"We-uns ain't got nobody thar!" grinned the Doniphan soldier.

The leather-jerkined Turner likewise grinned. "We-uns ain't neither," said he.

For the shooting match, however, the supporters all produced rifles from down their trouser legs, which explained why none of them had sat down. The two chiefs, however, used muzzle-loaders, which, they informed Gilbert, were the only really accurate rifles. This seemed to be the case, for the two chiefs came the nearest to the mark so near that Gilbert was called upon as umpire to decide which had won. He decided in favor of Daniel Doniphan, amidst the indignant shouts of the Turners So faded the good will that had been manifest directly after dinner; even the leather-jerkined ex-soldier remarking bitterly, "That's jes' about the amount o' sense a man would have that had done his soldierin' in that thar no-account aggregation o' handcuff volunteers that you-all was with!"

Into this atmosphere of animosity arrived the chinless man accompanied by the widow.

It was late in the afternoon, and cold; so the heads of the clans retired indoors with Gilbert. Their supporters, one by one, came in, nevertheless, while Gilbert was taking the widow's statement. She was a worthy descendant of the Turners. At one moment she wept, at another, feeling herself the center of all this attention, she bridled and tittered and "jes' couldn't remember."

And at the end of the statement Gilbert had decided that this female approached the nearest, from a mental standpoint, to absolute zero, of anyone of that sex he had yet encountered.

"Got the marriage certificate?" he asked.

"Sh-sh-shore!" chattered the chinless man, his hand shaking so that the paper rattled.

"An' now, all bein' in order thataway," began Daniel Doniphan, hitching forward his stool, "which one of us gets the money?"

"The law says," snarled Turner, "that the administrator gits to git the money! Fu'thermore, I says so too!"

"Which one?" demanded Doniphan. "Answer!"

"Neither!"

There was a shriek from the crowd. It was the chinless man who had cried out. All looked at him aghast.

"You-all drunk?" demanded Doniphan.

"Neither one o' you!" repeated the chinless man. He swayed and seemed about to collapse, but his eye caught Gilbert's, and he recovered. "The money's to be paid to me!"

"Shet yore mouth!" said several. "Run him outside; he's drunk!"

"I'm her husband!" said the chinless man, almost firmly. "I done married her this afternoon, and I shall have the money!"

There was a horror-stricken silence, during which the widow bride tittered.

"You-all are a liar!" hissed Doniphan.

The chinless man, without reply, presented another paper. It was still light enough to read what it said. It was a certificate of marriage between Effie Turner Doniphan and Jeremiah Blaisdell and was dated that very day.

"So that settles that argument, don't hit?" shouted Blaisdell to Gilbert.

"Yes," said Gilbert, "it does, because under the law the widow ceases to draw compensation when she marries again."

There broke loose then a pandemonium that frightened the mules in the lean-to stable so that they nearly kicked in the cabin wall.

Some shouted, one Turner and a Doniphan assaulted each other with their fists, rifles appeared from everywhere, and a continual collection of brown horny fists were presented to Gilbert's sense of smell. He looked about him for some place of refuge but saw none. If any shooting started he would become a death claim himself.

Finally the continual shouting of the head of the house of Doniphan brought some quiet.

"I'll settle this!" he roared. "Now, then, you-all go on as if nuthin' had happened'"

"But she's remarried!" protested Gilbert.

"She'll be a widder again before sunup!" replied Doniphan grimly.

There was instant silence after that, and Gilbert, searching the hard implacable faces about him, saw that these men meant it.

"It won't do any good," said Gilbert, "because she'd be the widow of Jeremiah Blaisdell, in whom my company has no legal interest."

After five minutes of absolute silence, the leather-jerkined Turner was the first to speak

"Well, so long!" he said. "I got to be home afore dark!" He tucked his rifle under his arm and went, and two minutes later one of his brothers followed him. There was then some half-hearted discussion.

Mother Doniphan announced suddenly from the shadow that she was glad she was "shet" of her former daughter-in-law, who had never been worth a lick nohow. Father Doniphan then announced bitterly that he would give Jed Blaisdell five minutes to get off his land, law or no law, money or none.

The hunchbacked Turner remarked, coldly and hissingly, that Jed Blaisdell had now, by marriage, become a Turner and could walk on any man's land this here side of hell.

"That's right!" echoed Mother Doniphan. "He's a Turner now, an' jest about the best man of the lot of 'em!"

"Five minutes fer him, or fer any Turner!" said Doniphan doggedly.

"I'm a-goin'," snapped Turner. "I wouldn't touch no money nohow that come from a Doniphan, dead or alive!"

"Well, as they're all going my way," remarked Gilbert, "I guess I'll go down the mountain with them."

"I would ef I was you-all!" agreed the head of the house of Doniphan.

So they went away, Gilbert riding one mule, and the bride the other, which the chinless man led by the bridle.

They came at last to a patch of scrub timber, where the others cut short down the slope, leaving the mules to follow the path. This leaving the newlyweds comparatively alone, Jed Blaisdell lifted his chinless face for a kiss, and Gilbert, feeling himself the crowd that three makes, thumped his mule's ribs.

"Don't go," said the chinless man soberly. "Ef it hadn't a been fer you I'd never have gone an' done it! 'Ef a man wants anything he's got to have the guts to go after it!' you said. 'Don't be a-scairt; the other fellar is a-scairt of you!' I been lovin' Effie sence she was a child, but never could seem to sorter get up the nerve to ask her!"

"No kiddin'!" laughed Gilbert. "Why, I was trying to bolster my own courage all the time! Well, now, since you've saved my company four thousand dollars, I guess they can stand to give you a hundred of it for a wedding present."

And leaning upon his mule's withers, in spite of the twilight, he wrote out a check to the order of Jeremiah Blaisdell for that amount forthwith.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

Now in they go—the woolen duds, the silver and the bedding; the luncheon set to finish up for Cousin Clara's wedding; I simply love my khaki rig, the silhouette has chic; and isn't this the cutest suit for swimming in the creek? We'll take along our evening things; we just might want to dance—the new Steppe Inne is down the pike, beyond the Roadside Manse. I'll try to get a permanent today, before we start; a rainy spell's less deadly if you know you're looking smart. Let's see: bath salts, reducing scales, silk lingerie, new hose; perhaps I'd better have my rose chiffon—one never knows. No, darling, take your boots away, and all that other junk; suppose you put your outfit in the little steamer trunk. I often wish my packing were as simple as a man's—keep out your fishing things until I've packed the pots and pans. Be sure you leave a space for books, we ought to read a lot; we'll buy some nice exciting ones, all thrills and peppy plot. I'm glad we got Ye Hill-toppe Shacke, it's worth the extra rent; hot water, bath, electric light—much better than a tent. I guess the car will hold the rest; bridge tables, radio, the midget film projector and the phonograph must go We're sure of getting fresh supplies; I'll market in the car, and if we want a movie, why, the village isn't far. I love this way of breaking off from city herds and habits, and spending peaceful hours among the squirrels and the rabbits! There may be cloudy skies, of course—stick in the sunshine lamp! -but why be civilized and tame, when one can go to camp?

CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

Medieval Fancy of a Modern Lady

OH, SHOULD my knight come riding,
I'd give to him a quest.
"Go out and get me a dragon," I'd say.
"I'll take none but the best.

"A nice, long dragon bring me,
Of iridescent hues,
Because his hide will furnish me with
A lot of snakeskin shoes."

Fairfax Downey.

Two Songs for Music

Santa Lucia

SUL mare luccica
L'astro d'argento,
Quiete è l'onda,
Di di di dento;

Venite all' agile
O something twia,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia.

O da dum doodlio
Star sur la nave,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia.

Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia.

A Horse for This Fellow

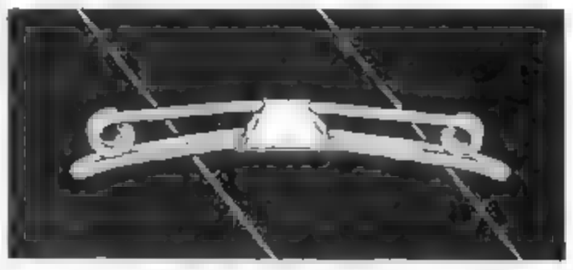
GIVE a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a pipe he can puff,
And he'll ride the nag, on the pipe he'll drag—
Naturally enough.

Give a man a song he can sing,
As I, O my song, sing thee;
He'll sing the darn thing till the heavens ring
At each opportunity.

Give a man a barytone voice,
Give him some friends he can ride,
And a song in his clutch that doesn't mean much,
And give him a push outside.

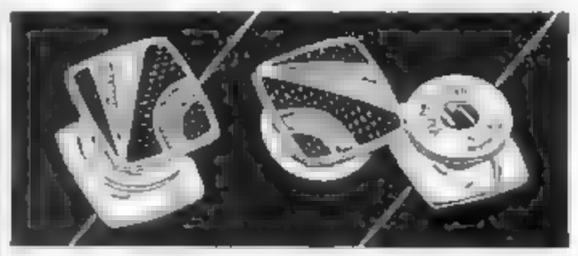
—Morris Bishop.

...Four extra touches, reasonably priced, that better dressed men will choose



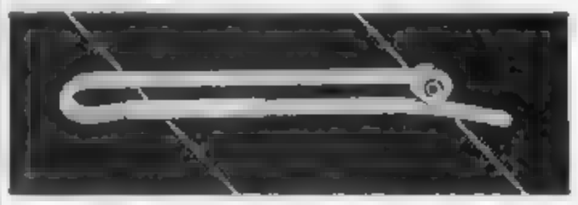
To keep collars trim

You'll never have a careless collar as long as you wear a Swank. Swank keeps collars secure and neat, and collar points smartly straight. Swank is easy to adjust—and easy to take off. It has no points to jab your neck or fill your collars with holes. The lowest priced Swank is 50 cents. Others up to $5.



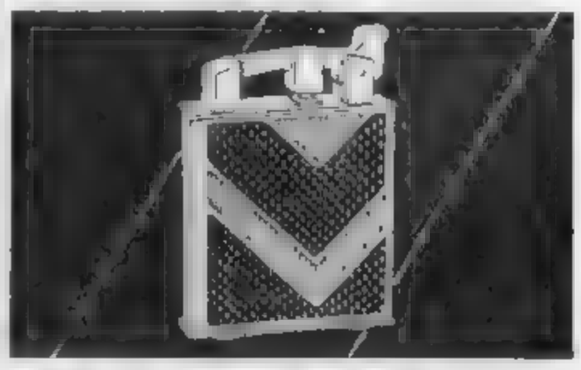
To keep cuffs neat

Kum-a-parts hold the softest cuffs trimly and neatly in place. You can't find a cuff button easier or simpler to put into a cuff. Just slide Kum-a-parts in—and press them together. They'll stay put until you wish to separate them It's merely a snipping and snapping action—guaranteed for a lifetime. Reasonably priced up to $25.



To keep ties down

Swank Klip is a perfect tie-tamer. It won't let your tie bulge out of your vest or lie awry on your shirt-front. In vestless summer days it anchors your tie against the wind. You just roll Swank Klip on—and roll it off It can't chew your ties or mar your shirts—for Swank Klip has no teeth. 50 cents up to $5.



To keep fire on tap

When you want a light, you're bound to get it with a Carlton Automatic Lighter. And get it on the first try "Snap the lever—there's your light"! a Carlton's sure-fire Positive action and fine appearance make it popular with men and women. Carlton's the thinnest lighter made. It takes its place in a pocket or handbag without becoming an annoyance. Priced at $5 and up.

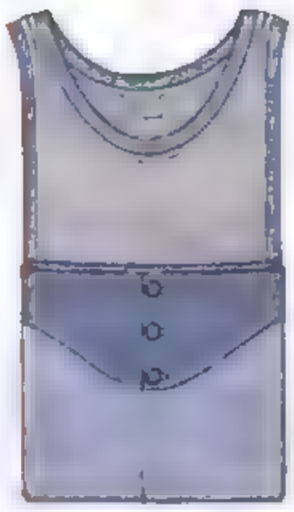
Kum-a-part Products

Sold at jewelers' and men's shops
BAER & WILDE CO., Attleboro, Mass.

A triumph! Super-Shorts

No center seam discomfort

A great comfort origination joins a smart style idea in underwear. *Super-Shorts* have been invented. •• An ingenious back panel banishes the wedging, harassing center seam. Binding is eliminated in every posture. Roominess in seat and crotch is achieved with tailored trimness. A Wilson Brothers inspiration and origination, with patents pending! •• Good haberdashers are now featuring Super-Shorts in the latest colorings and patterns. Ask to see these aristocrats of ease and style today.



BLEND SUITS *with Super-Shorts*

$2.50

Spring needle knitted shirts of finest Tubize rayon match the broadcloth of the Super-Shorts in a choice of five new two-tone effects; the belt and the band around arm holes and neck emphasizing in a deeper shade the hue of the suit. Smart to their very color-rimmed buttons, authorized by Wilson Brothers Style Committee, *Blend-Suits* are priced at $2.50.

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WILSON BROTHERS

Haberdashery

CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • PARIS

ENGAGED TO THE SMALLPOX

(Continued from Page 19)

"And you said you was." The physician struck the third crack of doom. "Anyways, whether you was or whether you wasn't, it is my official duty to quarantine such or all as might of exposed themselves."

"But for how long?" groaned the distracted Henry.

The physician looked at him with peculiar penetration. "Till I see that you are cured, all." He turned toward his vehicle.

Mrs. Schnapp ran chittering along the fence. "But you can't—he can't—we can't be shut in here!"

Doctor Stiegelmeier turned squarely and squarely uttered his final dictum: "I am the sanitary inspector, the health center and the board of hygiene for this county. If I am finding you or your pop or Hossfeld outsides of this fence I will quarantine you by the pesthouse. Would that suit you?"

Nothing suited Mrs. Schnapp at that moment, judging from her appearance. She came prowling back along the fence, holding to it at intervals.

While yet a considerable way from Henry she stopped short and said: "There you are"

The remark in itself might have meant almost anything. In Mrs. Schnapp's tone it meant one thing, and that was that Henry was altogether the most loathsome undesirable she had ever gazed upon. Henry did not attempt speech; he was staring at the sign upon the gate; sliced into yellow fingers by the slender pickets, it looked like a grisly hand upraised to bar them from the world without.

"Anyways, we're together," ventured Henry. Indeed, a pleasant reflection was edging through the jagged tumult in his brain. He was shut in with the widow, and, even more important, others were shut out!

"Together!" commented the widow bitterly. "What do you mean, coming here with the smallpox in you?"

Henry was stung to speech, much speech. "I ain't got it and I ain't even engaged to it!" he disclaimed stoutly, his soft face netting into fine puckers. Hurriedly he stumbled into detail after detail of his single tentative encounter with the scourge.

Mrs. Schnapp listened attentively but she was not entirely convinced. "To be sure, medical doctors are always much for showing off their authorities," she murmured, "and, to be sure, Stiegelmeier ain't ever made himself friends to us." But "Keep your distances!" she warned severely as she picked her way to the house.

Henry followed. "I can't understand it of him," he kept repeating. "Here it ain't an hour back he said I didn't have need to worry and then he goes and makes like this."

"It's me that's got the need to worry," said Mrs. Schnapp shortly.

Henry scarcely heard her. Another aspect of the case which delicacy forbade him putting into words was puzzling him sorely. Stiegelmeier had expressly disapproved of Henry's association with the widow. Why, in the name of all reason, then, had he shut him up with her? Henry was shaking his head feebly as he approached the kitchen steps.

"Stop outsides!" commanded Mrs. Schnapp. "This thing has got me all around so I can't hardly make a thought. It ain't familiar with me, this notion of getting smallpox insides of our own fence."

Henry stopped. The lady stood looking down upon him. In spite of her recent shock and her present agitation not a hair was out of place. Two high spots of color in her cheeks, the wide stare in her eyes, gave her more the appearance of a smooth glazed doll than ever. And he was engaged to her! Or was he? At any rate, closed in with her by a dizzy turn of fate, he had just the opportunity he needed. He laughed softly.

"We got a boarder," announced Mrs. Schnapp dryly. The remark was addressed to Herman Ridenbach, who came around the house at that moment. Nature had used small left-overs in hashing together Mr. Ridenbach. His eyes were closely set and not completely matched in color; one was greenish, the other bluish. His upper lip was thin and tight, his lower hung loose in the middle. His nose was a thin blade set slightly askew. Mr. Ridenbach did not waste anything, even language. He frowned from his daughter to Henry, and his eyebrows peaked in question.

"A mealer," explained Mrs. Schnapp. "Three square meals he'll be expecting, I make no doubt."

"I have got always my appetite by me," contributed Henry brightly.

"What fur a riddle is this?" scowled Mr. Ridenbach.

Mrs. Schnapp detailed at considerable length the riddle. Mr. Ridenbach promptly solved it. "It's all right if he can afford fur it," he said as she concluded.

Henry took a backward step.

"Seventy-five cents per the meal ain't any too heavy," particularized Mr. Ridenbach.

Henry took two backward steps. "Seventy-five cents per the day, you're meaning to say, ain't?"

"Per the meal," said his host firmly.

Henry's eyes appealed to Mrs. Schnapp. She was gazing dreamily at the apple orchard.

"And, to be sure, the doctor's bills if you are fetching us anything to get sick off of," added Mr. Ridenbach.

"At that rate," Mrs. Schnapp said, almost cheerfully, "we can leave him come insides, I guess."

Courtship was coming high at this rate. Henry's feet continued to plow upward even after he had followed the others silently up the steps. But, of course, she had said she liked folks free-handed; and, of course, now, if ever, was his chance to prove that he was just that.

"Better stop by the yard till I fumergate the windows," she was calling from within.

But Henry, now upon the porch, picked his way to the far corner and sat down behind a churn. From within came Mr. Ridenbach's rasping whisper: "Hah! More eggs, then?"

"Persimmons." A window banged up.

"Dumb," pronounced old Herman. Henry started. "No market fur them things."

Market?

"It could be maybe," amended his daughter. "I'll see oncet when I pack in the eggs."

Eggs?

"Yes, and how are you packing them?" growled old Herman. "Shut up here like rats at a trap!"

There was pause. Then said Mrs. Schnapp decisively, "We have got to get them on market. We can't be leaving them spoil on us—not at sixty-five per the dozen."

But she had said her hens weren't laying!

"Well, figger it out." Old Herman tramped heavily across the porch and down the steps.

The admonition might have been addressed to Henry, for certainly he had much to figure out at that moment. His fingers reached dazedly toward the support of the churn dasher. But, after all, Henry's was not an analytical mind; it was the pleasant sort which selects instinctively the obvious upon which to browse—the obviously delightful, moreover; and, of course, the obviously delightful in the astounding situation in which he found himself was that he was closed away from all the world with the lady of his choice. The thing of paramount importance, therefore, was to ascertain as speedily as possible whether he was the gentleman of her choice. He rose, tiptoed to the door, and balanced anticipatively upon the threshold.

Mrs. Schnapp turned upon him a heartening countenance. "Well, if you're here, you're here," she remarked philosophically. "To be sure, I can't lay you in the best bed, for we can't have no suspicion of smallpox amongst our sheets, but you can sleep by the bunkhouse anyway. And I guess if I keep fumergating in between times ——"

"I'm here, and others ain't," said Henry boldly.

"Yes, I got that thoughtened out too," agreed the lady.

So she had thought of that! And she was smiling!

Henry leaned forward somewhat dizzily. "And I guess you ain't forgetting what we was making mention of a while back?" Again his knees apexed.

"Well, no"—the widow slowly bit a thread—"but, to be sure, anything as important as what this is, I have got to have my time to consider into."

Henry spent a ravishing afternoon watching his hostess propagate a new variety of rose upon the towel. Twilight descended. Still she embroidered. Henry had spoken truth when he had referred so glowingly to his appetite; notwithstanding his thirty-nine years, he had not lost his adolescent ardor for food. His eyes turned more and more often toward the stove, the pantry and the table.

Mrs. Schnapp rose presently and in an incredibly short time set forth the evening meal. It consisted of fried ponhaus, pepper slaw, beets, and three cookies upon a plate.

"We don't have much of a set-out at night," she remarked. "It ain't so good for the stummick."

"No, I guess not, too," responded Henry bravely.

The host partook sparingly, as though from long custom. The hostess partook sparingly. Both stared as Henry reached for a third slice of bread.

"What about Strobel?" suddenly demanded old Herman.

"He'll be stopping by, I guess," said Mrs. Schnapp, and laughed.

Henry laughed too. It would be a great joke upon Strobel. Henry could see him now, stopping, backing off from the pestilential sign, then hastily descending the hill. And when he found that Henry was immured with the widow—ach, that would now make a joke!

"But how will you manage?" The paternal eyebrows hoisted.

"I'll manage," promised his daughter.

She managed. She sat presently by the window and gazed dreamily into the front yard. Henry gazed dreamily at her. Mr. Ridenbach, after thriftily lowering the wick of the coal-oil lamp, lit a candle and, holding it between himself and a farmer's journal, absorbedly perused the latter.

Henry began to feel vaguely uneasy. He began to feel that all was not as it should be with him at this particular hour of the night. He began to feel gnawing pangs, and the pangs were not of love; momentarily they localized themselves more definitely as pangs of hunger. His eyes began to stray from the widow toward the back porch where reposed the little basket of persimmons.

"I feel fur a drink," he erupted finally, and bolted.

It was borne upon Henry, as he stood at the well, that persimmons and water are not the most satisfying of diets. However, a sight so eminently satisfying met his gaze as he stood there that any vague discomfort was for the moment forgotten. A lantern came bobbing along the road. It stopped, it steadied like an unwinking astounded eye upon the yellow pasteboard, it backed. Henry bit with large satisfaction a persimmon.

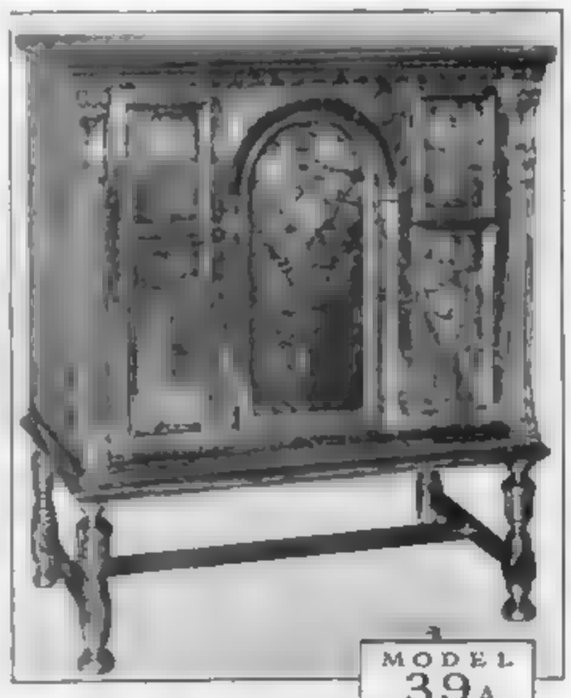
A door burst open. "Wait oncet!" called Mrs. Schnapp agitatedly. Down the front walk she sped. "Wait anyhow! I have got something to explain you."

She explained for a long time. At least it seemed long to Henry as he oozed down finally upon the well curb and started

(Continued on Page 149)

ZENITH RADIO
LONG DISTANCE

The Quality GOES "IN" before the name GOES "ON"



THIS beautiful Italian renaissance Zenith model is but one of the world-famous group of Zenith receivers, "thoroughly time-tried and tested, coming to you from the great laboratories of one of the World's Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Radio." In these same laboratories, you will also find Polymet Products ready for incorporation in Zenith Sets—parts made by specialists in electric set essentials for high-quality radios.

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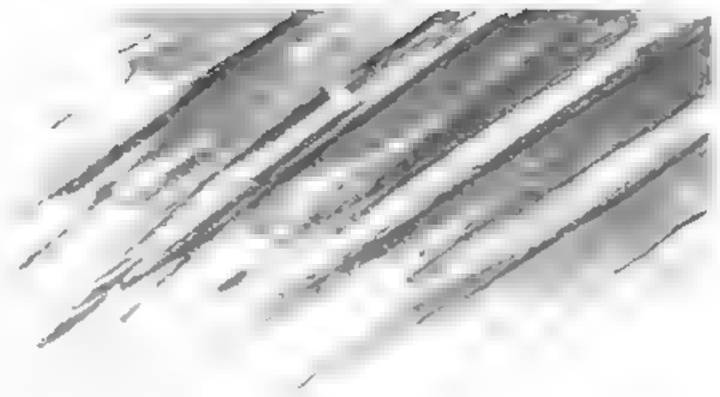

In Those Days . . .

Everyone Knew the Cobbler

. . . and everyone knew the candle-maker, the ship-chandler, and the blacksmith. Because in those days, people's wants were simple. And there was seldom more than one place to go for the few things they needed.

But today! In clustered, humming cities and communities, where millions of people buy thousands of different things, it is not so easy to *remember who to buy from.*

If you are to successfully keep in touch with old customers, and prospective new ones, you must find some way to *constantly remind* them of your service or your product.

A method of accomplishing this was developed more than thirty years ago by Brown & Bigelow, of St. Paul, and is known as *Remembrance Advertising.*

Today, more than 150,000 concerns and individuals are making use of the Brown & Bigelow service. Among them are leading manufacturers, merchants, dealers, bankers, insurance agents, and people in almost every other line and profession.

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These plans are put into execution by Brown & Bigelow representatives . . . skilled business counselors who bring you many valuable ideas that they have gained from study and experiment in fields of work similar to yours.

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SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

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OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 147)

moodily upon the second concentric ring of persimmons. Where was the joke upon Strobel now? Where, with the lady billowing softly toward him over the pickets, while Henry, in the background, out of sight, out of hearing, out of mind presumably, stared at the two forms which seemed blended into one in the mellow light of the lantern? Where, indeed, as the lady at last swung merrily inward from the pickets with words somehow familiar bubbling in high key from her lips:

"Och, no! I couldn't be saying tonight anyhow! Anything as important as what this is, I have got to have my time to consider into."

Familiar, yes! So familiar that Henry attempted to swallow a persimmon whole and choked upon it; so familiar that the words brought both him and the persimmon up simultaneously. He stood staring at the neat figure as it flitted toward the house. And what was that rustle of paper in her hands? Such a gift now?

Henry made hotly toward the house. If Strobel thought he was both going to visit and both going to ——

"How many tonight?" old Herman was inquiring as Henry opened the screen door.

"Thirteen," responded Mrs. Schnapp from the pantry. "And some head cheese then yet."

"And Biedenhouser yet to hear from," murmured Mr. Ridenbach with satisfaction.

Biedenhouser, then! Henry felt better still. Just as he'd suspected—now that Biedenhouser's missus had fell off for him. But thirteen! Henry had to know. He went to the pantry door.

Mrs. Schnapp was transferring eggs from a paper sack to a bowl. "You got you your drink, then?" she inquired with bright preoccupation.

"Yes, I got me a drink," repeated Henry. He leaned against the door, his jaundiced eyes upon the eggs. And Biedenhouser yet to hear from. . . . What was this—a collection agency, anyhow? He raised his eyes and fixed them earnestly, imploringly, upon the widow. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were sparkling, her scalloped hair was shining, her little fingers dealt with each egg tenderly. Oh, but she was good to look upon! And, after all, why shouldn't she accept Strobel's eggs? Strobel's eggs—here was a joke, after all.

"I guess we'll be eating off Strobel for breakfast then!" chuckled Henry.

She gazed at him hardly. "Strobel once? Who said anything about Strobel? You fetched me eggs, ain't you?"

Henry could never afterward remember whether he made response of any sort. All he could remember was that at this point he felt a slow chill, though the night was unseasonably warm. He got to a chair and fumbled down upon it.

"Anyways"—delicate reproof was in her tone—"pop and me don't seem to feel for eggs this time of year."

Old Herman was yawning prodigiously. "It's time fur the bed." His nose slanted toward the clock.

"For me not," said Henry, with decision surprising even to himself. There were things which needed explaining, even to his incurious mind, and with old Herman out of the way ——'

"Till it comes eight o'clock we don't waste the coal oil no more," frowned his host.

"We can leave the moon furnish the light for nothing," laughed Mrs. Schnapp.

"That could be too," agreed Henry.

"For we can go rabbit hunting," said Mrs. Schnapp.

Henry started violently. She brought in a lantern, set it upon the edge of the sink and proceeded to light it.

"You'll leave him take your gun, ain't, pop? Then we can make a double killings!" She laughed richly.

She seemed to waver, to grow hydra-headed in the flickering light of the lantern. Or were there two lanterns? Henry steadied and in small voice proclaimed: "I don't take life."

She turned, old Herman turned. The lantern in her hand, the candle in his, focused upon Henry, sitting small and, as it seemed to him, a long way off upon his chair.

"You mean, you don't kill rabbits? Och, you're making a joke, not?" exclaimed Mrs. Schnapp incredulously.

"What's a matter of you?" growled old Herman.

"I don't take life," repeated Henry drearily, but firmly. "I don't take life." He grasped the seat of the chair with both hands. He had a conviction that he would keep on repeating the same phrase endlessly as long as they stood thus before him, goading him to speech.

"But," burst in the widow, "they fetch thirty-five cents apiece out of their skins! And they're here for to kill, ain't they? What for good are they if they ain't for to kill? Why, here last night I got me seven a'ready, and the night before ——"

"Yes," rasped old Herman, "and how was you gitting them on market? Answer me that now."

"I've managed!" cried his daughter impatiently. "Strobel's stopping by fur them tomorrow after." Her round, astonished eyes persisted upon Henry. "What wonders me is that anybody can set and say they don't kill no rabbits; free wittles that way running around on four legs. I can't make my way into such an idea."

"I don't take ——"

"Ha!" checked old Herman. "He don't take life, he says. That means to say he don't care fur no meat whiles he stops by us, I should guess." He tramped off toward his room.

"Pop will make his little joke," murmured Mrs. Schnapp prettily. "Och, well, if we ain't to have our pleasant evening together ——" She reached for her oilcloth slicker.

Henry had no recollection of getting to the bunkhouse, but he found himself there. Likewise afterward he had no recollection of any thoughts he might have had before he finally bogged down to sleep. Perhaps he had none; one usually doesn't when one's world starts to spin backward.

However, his world had somewhat righted itself when Henry awoke. The early sun shone brightly and it shone upon Mrs. Schnapp's neat, scalloped head as she stood by the fence handing a basket to old Grandpop Weisenmuller.

"Now don't leave them do you!" she was warning him blithely. "Sixty-five cents per the dozen they should fetch." Henry's eyes seared from the sight. Eggs! His eggs, Strobel's eggs, Biedenhouser's eggs! Once more she had managed.

Henry went across the yard, stepping warily. For the first time in his life he was vaguely wary of the day itself. Who knew what it might bring forth? What, for instance, had yesterday brought forth? He scarcely knew; puzzle had followed puzzle, shock had followed shock so swiftly that even yet he found no answer to it all. One definite thing the day had brought forth, of course, was his proposal to a lady whom he ardently desired; one definite thing the evening had brought forth was his proposal to himself that he didn't desire the lady after all. No, he didn't desire her, but he had proposed to her. Or had he? At any rate, she—well, at any rate, at any moment she might give him her answer. Henry stopped short—so short his feet skidded on the gravel. Her answer—what—oh, what would the answer be?—and where—and how? Nowhere and nohow, Henry's feet gritted—not if he could manage it. "Manage"—fell word! The lady herself was a manager! Heavy, heavy hung over his head as he went slowly up the steps to his breakfast.

The breakfast consisted of fried ponhaus, soda biscuits and coffee. Henry extended his cup for a second serving, and his hostess, with an apprehensive slant of her head, shook the coffeepot prettily.

"The coffee is all. Ain't that, now, a pity? But pop and me, we never feel for but the one cup, so it never come into my head that —— You know it ain't so healthy for the stummick to upmix the drinks with the wittles."

Wittles? Yes, but where were the wittles? Henry eyed with desperation the last biscuit upon the plate. Under his eyes old Herman appropriated it. Audible bubbles rose in Henry's throat. He raised outraged eyes and made momentous discovery; Mrs. Schnapp resembled her father! Yes, there were the same scant lines, the same small features; if hers, for instance, had been set slightly askew, if her coloring had not been so bright —— Henry gazed at her as though he had never seen her before. What was it, now, Doctor Stiegelmeier had said about blood and water?

The lady observed his rapt stare and cocked her head, coloring prettily. Henry removed his eyes precipitately.

She said a devastating thing: "Och, we ain't suspicious of you no more! Grampop Weisenmuller seen Hettie Stoltzfus last night, and she ain't spreading herself any. He says it ain't nothing but a scare. So now we can just settle ourselves down and ——"

"I should hope he ain't the stripe to settle himself down and not do nothing," insinuated old Herman. "The potatoes wouldn't have objections of another pitchfork amongst them."

If Henry had had flexible ears he would have laid them back at that moment; as it was, he kicked the hind leg of his chair.

"Take another thought if you think I'm going to pay you out board money and at the same time ——"

"But I guess," interposed Mrs. Schnapp dreamily, "he'd enjoy to help with the rabbits first. Nine I got for to skin, and Strobel will be stopping by for them till a while."

Alone with the lady! Alone with the lady and dead rabbits! For a stricken second Henry eyed her glassily; then he got from the table more swiftly than he had ever got from a table in his life.

"I'll pitchfork the potatoes," he said savagely.

"Well, now, look!" cried the widow. She gazed upward and she saw not mild Henry Hossfeld, with the fine, puckering skin and the easy smile, but a strange Henry, terrible in his masculinity, a Henry red, towering, with knotted arms, with visage desperate in its determination; and her expression of surprise melted into admiration. Admiration! Definite admiration such as she had never bestowed upon him before. Henry recoiled before it, and in doing so, knocked over a chair and bumped into the sewing machine. Terror-smitten, charmed, his eyes seemed unable to leave her. She rose; she stood gazing at him sweetly and yieldingly. Yieldingly! His arms struck out and he got him to the door somewhat after the manner of a swimmer negotiating a tide rip.

In the barn Henry shuddered after a pitchfork and, with this weapon clenched upright in his fist, strode to the bottoms. He had thrown out a windrow of the tubers before old Herman panted upon the scene.

"Ha!" cawed the latter. "That's the way to get them. Only don't cut into them for a waste."

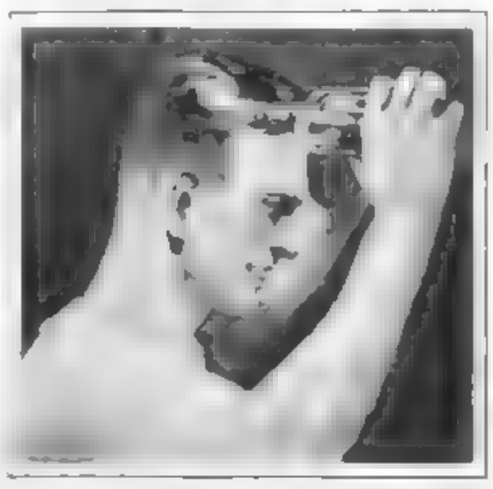
"Ha!" Henry sliced and slashed in small storms of dust and clods. "Waste once! Ha!" At the end of the row he straightened, stared at old Herman, who still stood petrified between apprehension and approval, took out a notebook and made a small notation. Thereafter he worked deliberately but steadily, and at noon went step by step with old Herman into the kitchen. Step by step, you bet! Mr. Ridenbach was now become his shield and buckler.

Mr. Ridenbach's small, varicolored eyes rested with approval upon the third member of the household during the short noontide meal. Short—the meal consisted of fried ponhaus, turnips, pickled beets and the half of a pie.

"And he says he ain't mortgaged anywheres," Mr. Ridenbach suddenly broke a protracted silence.

If you must get your hair WET

finish up with a shot of Wildroot



IF YOU want to keep your hair—always use Wildroot Tonic after a swim, shower or shampoo*. It closes the pores—peps up the scalp, kills dandruff, relieves itching and neutralizes the ill effects of wetting the hair.

The daily use of Wildroot Hair Tonic instead of water on your hair is the best insurance against premature baldness. This safe, reliable hair tonic has been on the market for more than twenty years. Beware of substitutes. For sale by barbers, drug stores, department stores and hairdressers everywhere. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Try Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. A free sample bottle is enclosed with each regular size bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic.*

WILDROOT

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. . . soothing mint julep shaves

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For smart men who want a smart appearance . . . and no smart with their shaves . . . Brisk is as brisk as a West Pointer on parade . . . bracing and cool . . . like a tall, tinkling, iced mint julep when it's 90° in the shade.

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For new shaving fun and cool mint julep shaves . . . buy a box of Brisk . . . 50c at all druggists, or

Have a Two Weeks' Treat With Us . . . Ask your druggist for your Free two weeks' supply of Brisk mint julep shaves. If he is out . . . a little patience and this coupon will bring you briskly enough Brisk for two weeks. Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Brisk . . . A Shaving Cream 50c

COUPON

Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Building, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me my two weeks' treat of BRISK mint julep shaves FREE.

Name

Address

"Well, now, think!" The hostess stirred flatteringly upon her chair.

"I don't uphold to mortgages of no kinds," went on old Herman, who was nothing if not direct. "Now, you take Strobel—Strobel is mortgaged to his hilts." He looked at his daughter. Henry saw the look. The wedge of pie scuttled from his palm to the plate.

"But Strobel is able for it," he defended. "It ain't anybody—not anybody—as good fixed around here as what Strobel is."

"Och, I ain't so sure!" laughed the lady.

"He has got three hunert acres," declared Henry emphatically, "and I ain't got but two hunert."

"I thought you never had but a hunert-sixty!" squeaked old Herman, his voice pinched tight with interest. "Where did you get them other forty?"

He looked at Henry. She looked at Henry. Henry lifted one foot, then the other. He was sinking, and there was none to save.

"Your Uncle Christian!" suddenly sang the lady in shrill treble.

"Inherited to him!" intoned old Herman in deep bass.

"Well!" said the lady.

"Yes, well," said old Herman.

Henry did not say "well." He did not feel well. He salvaged the pie and made for the great open spaces.

What if Stiegelmeier had already passed upon his daily round? For Stiegelmeier he must see.

He saw him. In mid-afternoon the roadster apexed the hill, descended the slope and slowed opposite a pitchfork gone mad.

"I got to leave away from here." Henry and the fork shook with determination. "You got to give me dare to leave away from here."

The vehicle stopped. Its occupant studied the vermilion Henry intently.

"Get in then"—Henry flung the pitchfork and threw a leg over the bars—"and I'll pack you to the pesthouse."

The leg hung limply on one side of the fence, Henry on the other. "Now, looky here ——" he began in small voice.

The other reached for the shift. "I always leave my patients lay," he called back, "for a day anyhow after the fever's left them. Then I'm sure."

Henry's leg still hung draped at half-mast upon the highway. Henry himself still hung, his visage red, soft and puckered like a persimmon which had been frosted too severely.

"What's that now?" Old Herman labored up. "He ain't fur leaving us out of quarantine yet a while, was he?"

Henry's leg wiped back over the fence and fell heavily. Old Herman gloated upon him with horrible affection.

"The quarantine don't kreistle me none," he croaked.

Henry felt after the pitchfork. But before he used it he made another small notation in the notebook.

That night Henry and the rabbits fled from copse to copse. The rabbits, their noses twitching, fled they knew not what; Henry fled a huntress who had stalked him to the well curb in the late twilight and had opened fire with: "You know, I been considering into what you ——"

It was at this point that Henry's quaking fingers had dropped the tin dipper into the well; it had gone bounding and clattering from rock to rock and had finally struck with a hollow moan upon the water. Henry had reversed the procedure; he had started with the hollow moan and had then gone bounding and clattering off from outbuilding to outbuilding and finally through the apple orchard to reaches beyond.

As the moon skulked from cloud to cloud, so skulked Henry from shadow to shadow upon his return progress to his sleeping chamber. He returned by way of the vegetable garden, where belated turnips and carrots still nudged sweetly side by side. He raped a sample of each from its moorings and lumped down upon the steps of the bunk house. The debonair suitor had arrived at the sorry pass where he was fain to devour the husks which the swine did eat.

And what of the huntress? She smiled dazzlingly upon Henry the following morning, and she said: "Och, you shouldn't ought to leave the dipper kreistle you that way. It had a hole at it anyway."

Twitched old Herman, lapsing to form: "But it makes us cost for a new one just the same."

"But that—why, that just makes a joke for me!" the widow insisted merrily and poured for Henry a second cup of coffee. If she had distilled for him a poison brew Henry could not have eyed it with more acute concern. Nothing made a joke for Henry. Life was real, life was earnest, but the grave was not its goal. Doctor Stiegelmeier was its goal.

At approximately the hour of the preceding day the roadster apexed the hill and descended the slope. Henry ran into the road.

"What are you doing outsides quarantine?" demanded the physician.

"Pack me to the pesthouse," demanded Henry.

The physician studied him. "Get in," he said.

"Wait oncet a minute!" commanded Henry; already he was speeding up the slope. "I got me an errand. But wait!"

Henry had, in fact, two errands. He went first to the bunkhouse and crawled under the bed. Thence he emerged with the little basket upon which were painted tulips.

He took out his notebook, set down figures. He strode toward the house.

Mrs. Schnapp was sitting—as she should be sitting at that hour of the day—doing embroidery. She looked—as she always looked—as though she had just donned a freshly ironed gingham dress.

"It's you, then!" she greeted in soft surprise. "Well, now, look!"

"It's me," confessed Henry grimly. "Where's your pop at?"

"Och, now"—the lady peeped at him over a new variety of rose leaf—"I don't know where he's at. But pick you a chair and set down. I got a supprise for you. I been considering into what ——"

Even Henry's toes curdled. "I don't want no more supprises!" he shouted. He dashed a leaf from his notebook upon the end of the sink and fled.

Scissors clattered. The lady plucked the paper and read:

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Mrs. Schnapp ran along the fence, chittering, after a figure which was tumbling into a roadster.

"She's after you," remarked the driver.

The arrival righted himself, righted a small basket upon his knee and stared stiffly ahead. "She ain't gitting me," he observed. "But make a little quick, can't you?"

After some moments he said: "What did you do it for?" The eyes he turned upon the other bore still the desperate fever of the hunted.

The physician made pause before answering. "A little poison is apt for to kill a man," he said slowly, his eyes upon the road ahead, "but a big dose he's apt for to puke it out."

The vehicle slowed at Henry's gate. "But the pesthouse," faltered Henry.

Doctor Stiegelmeier did not smile. He never smiled. He said: "I guess I was forgetting. I guess I was thinking you had been at a pesthouse a'ready."

Henry, his round, luscious face steaming like a persimmon in a thaw, got, with his little basket, to the ground.

Doctor Stiegelmeier reached for the gear shift. "Well, don't go getting yourself engaged to the smallpox anyhow."

"I ain't getting myself engaged to nothing," said Henry Hossfeld solemnly.

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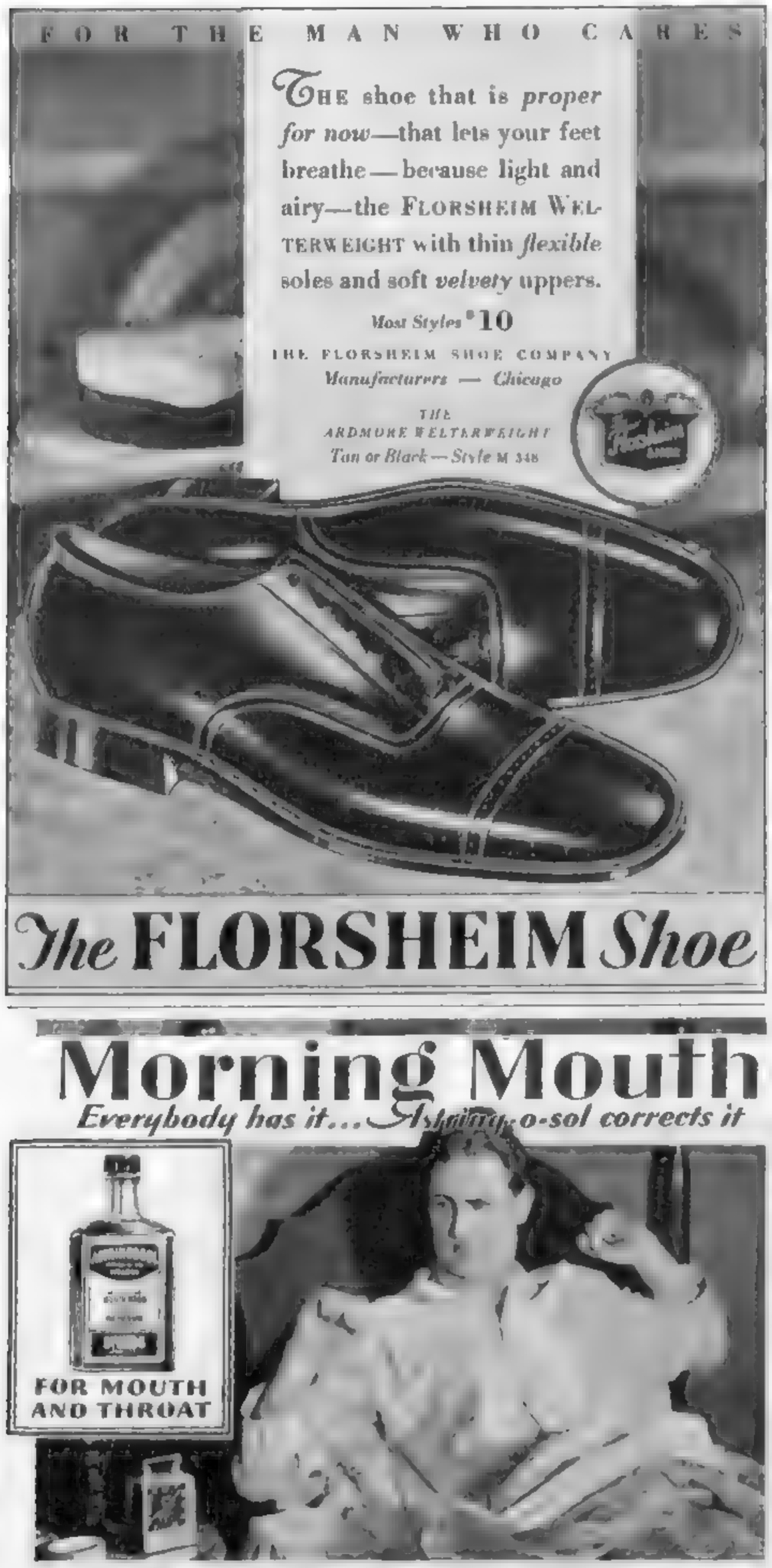
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ON THE MOUND

(Continued from Page 11)

the ball. It is a slow floater with freak hops, and no pitcher can tell just how it is going to break.

Probably one of the most bewildering balls ever pitched was my own invention the fork ball, which I discovered in 1920 when I was essaying my comeback with the Boston Red Sox after I had hurt my arm several years before and was forced to stop throwing curve balls. I haven't thrown fifteen since. My arm had lost the power and snap it had when I first started to pitch, and I knew I had to evolve a new delivery of my own if I were to stay in the Big Show.

It was while experimenting on different deliveries that I placed the ball between my index and middle fingers, resting the bottom of the sphere on my thumb, and threw it. I discovered that the ball took a funny hop. I tried it again, moving my thumb to the inside of the ball. It took another peculiar hop as it passed over the plate. I repeated the same thing a number of times, moving my thumb in different positions under the ball and noticed that it broke over the pan in all sorts of strange ways. It struck me as somewhat like the spitter, breaking sharply over the plate. I kept working on this delivery day after day until my fingers and thumb would get so sore from stretching around the ball that they would ache for hours, even though my hand is large. A pitcher with a small hand would have great difficulty controlling this pitch.

After developing and perfecting this delivery I gave it the name of fork ball. When I first used it in the league I was almost unhittable. This one pitch had everything to do with my comeback.

I used my thumb as a propeller to guide the ball the way I wanted it to break over the plate. I threw it both overhand and side-arm. When I threw the ball overhand it took a sharp break much like the spit ball. By turning my thumb underneath to the inside I could make the ball break away from the hitter, and by turning my thumb to the outside I could make it break in to the batter.

Of course, when I first used it the opposing hitters had no idea I had such a breaking ball and they were so nonplused they had little success hitting against me. The first time Ty Cobb, the greatest batter of all time, hit at it he complained to Umpire Bill Evans that I was using a spit ball, which had been banned.

Taking the A's Into Camp

Evans examined the ball, found no wet spot on it, handed it back to the catcher and told Cobb to go on batting. I heaved another forkie. Ty swung hard and missed it a mile. He insisted I was doing something illegal to the ball and demanded that Evans investigate.

The umpire walked out to the pitcher's box and asked me what I was doing to give the ball such a freak hop. In as much as I was doing nothing illegal, I was not obliged to disclose my secret and I informed him of that fact in so many words.

Later, of course, the secret got out and everybody in the league knew about my pet pitch, but that made it none the less hard to hit. In the several years following I used it continually to good advantage.

After I had pitched several games against the Philadelphia Athletics, Connie Mack decided the best way to hit me was to let my fork ball go. He ordered his batters not to even attempt hitting at it after they had had two strikes called on them. I got wise to this system and the A's beat me only two or three games in eight years.

I was partly responsible for a ruling made in 1914 concerning illegal pitches when the emery or shine ball was discovered. I was pitching for Connie then. One night in Cleveland I was introduced to a chap who said he knew something that would make me one of the greatest pitchers in baseball. He explained that a pitcher friend of his rubbed sandpaper on one side of the ball, giving it a peculiar hop and fade-away when thrown

"Russel Ford, of the Yanks, and Vean Gregg, of the Indians, both throw this ball. They call it a fade-away. But that's what they do to the ball before they pitch it. Only a few know of this. Don't laugh. Try it!" he argued.

Wally Schang was to catch me the next day, so I let him in on the secret.

As there were no rules against using foreign substances on balls at that time, I thought I would try it and before the game I bought a piece of sandpaper and glued it to my glove. However, as far as I was concerned the experiment was a washout

I rubbed one side of the ball on the sandpaper before I threw it, but I did not know how to hold it to throw the kind of ball I intended and it hopped in all directions. In the early innings I walked four men, so I finally discarded the sandpaper and pitched regulation ball.

The Emery Ball Banned

There were only a few pitchers who knew of the emery ball: Ford, Gregg and Joe Wood, of Boston. Before Ford left the league he told Gregg about it and advised him to keep the secret to himself, but Gregg failed to do this. Consequently I found it out and later caused the ruling to be made abolishing this practice.

The next time Wood pitched against us our batters complained of the peculiar hop the ball had when it shot over the plate. I informed Connie what Wood was doing to the ball. He told Umpire Connelly and the umps made Wood show him his glove. He took the sandpaper away from him. Up to that time Wood was very effective against us. After the sandpaper was taken away from him we knocked him out of the box.

The next time we ran across this pitch was in New York. Ray Keating, the Yankee pitcher, had learned of the ball and was using it. Our batters again were helpless. We noticed Keating kept his glove with him, instead of throwing it along the base line as is usually the custom. The second time Eddie Collins went to bat, Keating threw the emery ball. Eddie immediately stepped out of the batter's box and refused to go on.

Of course there was a big argument. The fans in the stands, not knowing what it was all about, started cat-calling us, but Connie was ready to make an issue of it right then and there. And he did.

Umpire Connelly examined Keating's glove and, sure enough, the sandpaper was there. He took the paper and two balls that had been roughed and after the game sent them to Ban Johnson, then president of the league. A short time later the ruling was announced making it illegal for a pitcher to "apply foreign substances of any kind to the ball; expectorate either on the ball or his glove; rub the ball on his glove, person, or clothing (to make it smooth, giving it a similar hop as when roughened); deface the ball in any manner; or to deliver what is called the 'shine' ball, 'spit' ball, 'mud' ball or 'emery' ball."

The only exception to this rule is the use of "slippery elum" by pitchers who were known as spit-ball pitchers prior to the time the ruling was made. There are only a few of these hurlers left in the big leagues. Burleigh Grimes and Bill Doak in the National League, Jack Quinn, the forty-some-year-old Iron Man of the 1929 Athletics, and Urban Faber, of the Chicago White Sox, are the only four I can recall.

The only substance pitchers can use is powdered rosin for the purpose of drying the hands. This is furnished by the league in small, finely meshed sealed bags and is placed near the pitcher's box.

A pitcher needs first, a good healthy body and a strong arm; second, control; third, a

good assortment of curves together with his fast and slow balls and his own pet pitches; fourth, a calm disposition; fifth, nerve, or, to put it more plainly, guts; sixth, brains—good common horse sense and the ability to study the different opposing batters.

In order to get anywhere a pitcher must learn the strong and weak points of the batters facing him during the season and remember them and use that knowledge to his own advantage.

A pitcher must use different systems against different clubs. For instance, before I joined the Yankees I could beat them most of the time because I had discovered their hitters were what we call "cripple shooters." By this I mean they usually were only permitted to hit at the ball after the count against them was two balls and no strikes, or three balls and one strike and sometimes three balls and no strikes when there were runners on the bases. In this latter case, the pitcher, of course, must get the next one over for a strike.

My system may seem a bit far-fetched but, nevertheless, I used it very successfully against the Yanks while I was pitching for the Boston Red Sox in 1918, 1920 and 1921. I would intentionally put myself in a hole by throwing two bad balls. The hitter would be set to get a good healthy cut at the next one, which he figured would be in the groove. Then I would throw up a slow ball or a half-speed ball, or else I would make the pitch a little bit bad—where he couldn't get a good swing at it and thus knock the batter off his stride. The result was that most of the time the hitter would be an easy out. Of course sometimes the batter would lambaste the slow ball out of the park. For the most part, however, the system worked to my advantage. When a hitter thinks he has a pitcher in the hole with two or three balls and no strikes, and he is set to swing at a nice fast one through the middle of the plate, he usually becomes an easy victim for the pitcher if he is crossed up with a different pitch.

A pitcher has his bad days as well as his good days. Some days a pitcher will start a game with all the stuff in the world and take a good lacing. Then again he will pitch some other day with little or nothing on the ball and score a shut-out. But these ungovernable circumstances and uncertainties are what make the national pastime the fascinating game that it is.

I have been asked many times how a pitcher feels and what his reactions are after he has won a hard-fought game or lost a close one. I have put this question to many other pitchers and find that we all feel pretty much the same way about it.

A World's Series Classic

When I was in my prime and my arm was free and easy there was nothing I enjoyed more than a good close fight, where the competition was keen and I knew that one mistake would ruin my ball game.

I would save my energy for the tight spots, letting the fielders carry some of the brunt of the battle—which is good dope at any time—and conserve my strength for the pinches, when I had to bear down with everything that I had.

My mind was keenest then. I knew I had to be careful and I did my best to outsmart the opposing club. If the break in the game came my way and we won I naturally got a lot of pleasure in knowing my strategy had been wise, for, after all, the pitcher is the pivot of the team, around whom the battle is centered—and directed.

Pitchers who have won tight games always feel sympathetic for the losing hurler because his great work has gone for naught. When you lose one of these tough battles, especially by a bad break, it takes a lot of pep out of you for a while and dinner isn't the grand old meal it is when you win. You spend the evening hashing the game over in your mind and figure out whether if this or that hadn't happened you would have won. But after a night's sleep the veteran pitcher counts the game as one of the bad bumps he gets along the pathway of life and reconciles himself with the realization that he has to take the bitter with the sweet.

It really hurts to lose some games though. The late Eddie Plank—and I've never had the pleasure of meeting a more wonderful fellow—who was, to my mind, one of the greatest left-handers the game has ever known, lost one of the toughest battles I've ever seen in an important series.

During the World's Series in 1914 when our team, the Athletics, lost four straight games to the Boston Braves in one of the biggest upsets in baseball, Eddie pitched the second game against Bill James. And what a duel it was!

Neither team scored until the tenth inning, when all the tough breaks dropped on Eddie. Deal, third baseman, the first man up in the Boston half of the tenth, hit an easy fly ball to center field and Amos Strunk camped under it for what looked like an easy out. But as the ball dropped, it got right in the blazing sun, and Amos was unable to see it, even though he wore sun glasses, and the ball fell at his feet and rolled away from him. By the time Strunk had retrieved it, Deal was resting on second base.

A minute or two later, the ever-alert Wally Schang, who was catching Plank, noticed that Deal had taken too much of a lead off second and snapped the ball to Barry, our shortstop. Deal, seeing that he had no chance of getting back to the keystone bag in time, lit out for third and to our amazement reached there, because the ball in the meantime had become wedged in the web of Barry's glove and though he tried frantically to pull it out in time he was unable to do so. Deal was safe when he might have been thrown out easily. That was the second bad break for Eddie.

Then Leslie Mann, the Braves' outfielder, who was up at the time, hit a Texas Leaguer just out of reach of second baseman Eddie Collins, and Deal, who should have been out twice, scored the winning run and Plank lost, 1 to 0.

Not So Good

After the game we all felt gloomy, and it was very quiet in the clubhouse as we took our showers and dressed. I was one of the last to leave. Good old Eddie Plank hadn't even started to take off his uniform. He was sitting in front of his locker with his head between his hands as downhearted as any man could be. We all were genuinely sorry for him. It took him some time to get over losing that game.

I've been asked many times how it feels to be knocked out of the box. Not so good! But I always felt that when I was out there doing my best there were always going to be times—no matter how much stuff I had—that the other team would get to me. You're bound to have bad days and bad breaks. It always has been that way and it always will be.

Of course any pitcher feels tough when he is knocked out and he has to stick his glove in his pocket and walk to the showers—that is, any pitcher who has the game and his own future at heart—but it is all in a lifetime. Anyone hates to lose, whether it is playing a game or the stock market. If you've ever lost, and you have the will to win and the spirit of competition, you'll know what I mean.

Most pitchers, as well as most ball players and athletes of all kinds, are good sports and pull for their comrades to win. I've known some pitchers who sit on the bench and hope their teammate on the pitching mound will lose so that their own percentage will look better; but these fellows are few in number and seldom get anywhere.

A pitcher who is any kind of a moundsman feels he has a fifty-fifty chance of outguessing the better hitters. Some hitters haven't the same confidence against certain pitchers they have against others and this, of course, holds true of pitchers against various batters. Against some hitters certain pitchers have all the confidence in the world. Against others they know they are

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in a tough spot and have to pitch their best, and even then are likely to have a hit slapped out against them.

Every pitcher has his jinx hitters—men who seem to be able to get a hit off them right along. The men who gave me the most trouble during my sixteen years' pitching in the Big Show were Bob Veach, the Detroit outfielder; Clyde Milan, Washington centerfielder, and Joe Sewell, the Cleveland shortstop. These three fellows, of all the hundreds I've pitched to, were my toughest. I just couldn't seem to get 'em out. I seemed to be—in baseball parlance—a "cousin" to them.

I never found a ball I could really call effective against Bob Veach. He could hit anything I threw. I used to try everything in my repertoire on him, but nothing seemed to work. Balls that were very effective against other great hitters were pie to him. It wasn't that I lacked confidence in my ability to pitch to him. Bob just naturally socked everything I tossed in his direction.

For three or four years Veach had a phenomenal hitting streak against me. One time when I was pitching for Boston in 1921 we had Detroit beaten by one run in the ninth inning with two out and base runners on first and second. Veach came to bat.

I turned around to Everett Scott, who was then playing short for us, and said, "It isn't that I haven't got the guts to pitch to this fellow, but I think I ought to use good common sense and walk him."

Scotty replied, "Aw, go ahead and pitch to him. If he breaks up the game let him break it up."

And Bob promptly obliged by breaking it up with a double, scoring a tying and what proved to be the winning run. I lost that game to Veach. That boy was just plain poison to me.

I don't recall Milan having broken up any particular close games, but it seemed as though my pitching was made to order for him. I frequently talked with Milan about his ability to hit me so regularly. He used to say:

"Of all the pitchers in the league, I hate to bat against you; but somehow all I have to do is to swing my bat and I'll get a base hit off you."

Milan said he never had the confidence hitting against me that he had against other pitchers. It was funny, too, to hear him say that, for he'd hit me right along and you'd think he'd have all the confidence in the world.

Veach and Sewell were never sorry to see me pitching against their teams. They felt sure they would hit me every time they faced me and they usually did.

Crossing a Jinx

Sewell had the same spell over me all the time I pitched in the big leagues. I recall several games in which Sewell upset the apple cart. One time when I was pitching for St. Louis in 1925 we were playing Cleveland. It was the same old story. The ninth inning. Two men out. Runners on first and second. And we were leading 3 to 2.

Then along came Joie. Once again I swore I would break the Sewell jinx. I slipped one over the inside corner for the first strike. The next was too far out. One ball, one strike. Two balls. Then the third ball and Joie looked at the next one and the count was the inevitable three and two with everything depending upon the next pitch.

I took my time. I decided to give him the fork ball, and I threw what I thought was one of the best forks I had ever pitched. Joie plastered the right-field wall with it, and by the time the fielders had recovered the ball after it had bounced all over the lot, two runs had been scored and we lost the game 4 to 3.

Sewell would not only break up games for me in the ninth; he used to oblige by breaking 'em up in almost any inning. I really believe he was my worst jinx. It seemed as though he could hit me with his eyes closed. It got so monotonous that on one occasion when I was with the Browns I said to George Sisler, the great hitting manager:

"George, this fellow Sewell is just plain poison to me. I've tried everything and racked my brain to find some way to pitch to him and I haven't hit upon anything yet. So I'm going to try something different today if it's O.K. with you. I don't want you to think it's a joke or that I'm loafing out there but I'm simply going to take the ball and toss it up to him and yell, 'Here it is, hit it.' I don't know how it is going to look from the stands but I've tried everything else."

Sisler told me to go ahead. "He's your meat," George said.

"Yeah. My arsenic," I retorted.

So I did just what I said I was going to do. I tossed the ball up to Joie the same way you would toss it to a baby.

"Here it is, Joe, hit it!" I yelled to him.

And to my astonishment, instead of hitting it Joe popped up easy chances to the outfield. I solved a way to get him out that game anyway. But every time the pinch came and I couldn't take a chance on tossing the ball to him and I would bear down, he would invariably sock it. If all the hitters had been like my three jinxes I wouldn't have stayed in the big leagues sixteen minutes.

A Good Arm Plus a Good Head

For a great hitter, George Sisler was the easiest man I ever had to pitch to. George went for one season—1922—the year he led the American League and batted over .400, with only one base hit against me. Incidentally, I had a jinx on the whole St. Louis club. I defeated the Browns eighteen straight games before they finally beat me. In 1922, 1923 and 1924 I pitched for the Yanks and won seventeen games from them without a loss. In 1925 I was with St. Louis, and the following year I pitched for Washington and won my eighteenth straight. However, the nineteenth game was different. The Browns batted me out of the box, scoring six runs before the Senators sent me to the showers.

The Bambino wasn't especially hot against me. My fork ball used to fool him. Ty Cobb was pretty effective against me, as he was against most every pitcher.

Contrary to a somewhat general belief, pitchers do not take daily exercises to develop their arms. Your arm is there! The big job is to know what to do and how to use the stuff you have. There's more to pitching than just throwing. There are many pitchers who have oodles of stuff but are only mediocre boxmen because they never use their heads. A good pitcher must think for himself.

Some pitchers go to the trouble of cataloguing the likes and dislikes of various hitters in a memorandum book. I never went to such lengths. I've a pretty fair memory, and it wasn't long before my jinx batters were imprinted in my mind for keeps. Good pitchers keep all that dope in the back of their craniums and when their tough hitters come along they know what to feed them. I made it a habit to remember what the different batters liked and I tried to pitch accordingly. Every pitcher must find out for himself just what he can use effectively against opposing hitters.

Connie used to hold club conferences during which we would talk over our plans for the game that afternoon. We would discuss the line-up of our opponents and try to figure out what we should pitch to their hitters. Sometimes these meetings would help us and, naturally enough, sometimes our dope would go wrong. I never took much stock in prescribing a certain set way for all pitchers to pitch to all hitters—for the simple reason that when one boxman on the club will be effective against a batter with a certain ball, another pitcher, throwing the same ball, will not be.

Therefore it has always seemed to me that it is up to the pitcher himself to figure

(Continued on Page 157)

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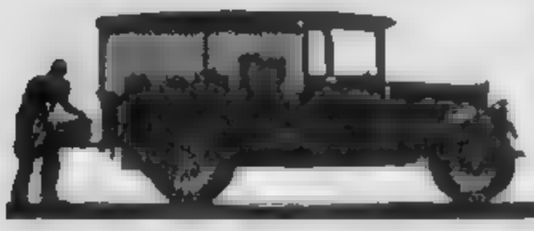

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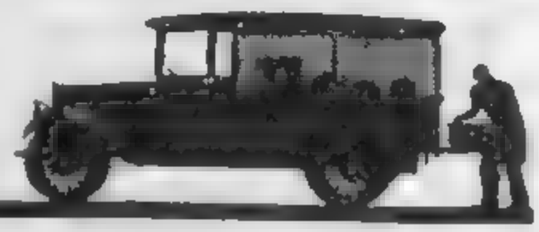


(Continued from Page 154)

out just what he should do against the different batters. For example, when Al Simmons, star leftfielder for the A's, first broke in the big leagues I was pitching for the Yanks. I found I was more effective against him with a high fast ball inside, invariably striking him out two or three times a game. "Sad Sam" Jones, one of my pitching mates, tried to use the same tactics and Al would hit him all over the lot. This is what I mean when I say all pitchers can't go by a certain set of regulations against the same batters.

Ball parks have a lot to do with pitching too. You can pitch one way to a club in one park and in another you've got to use an altogether different method. For instance, in the Boston Braves field —a large one—it would be koposetick to pitch high balls to the batters, for most of those hit would go for long flies and easy outs. But in Sportsman's Park in St. Louis it would be foolish to pitch similar balls, for the park is much smaller and the long flies would gallop over the fence for home runs.

You've frequently heard it said that a pitcher is in the hole when there are two strikes and three balls on the batter. Let's add there are two out and the bases are loaded. You feel sorry for the boy on the mound. To my way of thinking the player in the batter's box is just as much in the hole as the pitcher. It is up to him to deliver just as much as it is up to the pitcher to do so. It's a toss-up. If the pitcher slips one by, the batter looks foolish. If the pitcher grooves one and it is given an excursion ticket, it is his turn to receive the razzberries from the humble, bashful fans in the stands. A good smart catcher can help a young pitcher who is trying to get along in the world. If the catcher has been in the game any time at all he will help the boy tossing 'em to him by signaling for certain pitches against certain hitters. However, a pitcher who has any service stripes at all determines what to throw himself. Boss McGraw is the only manager who signals his pitchers, especially the younger ones, what to throw every pitch. When I was with the Yanks I pitched my own ball games. They had catchers who knew how to catch me. Wally Schang, who also was with Colonel Ruppert's company at the time, had made a study of my pitching and was able to catch me without any signs whatever.

The Five Best Pitchers

You've frequently seen the catcher walk out toward the pitcher when the bases are loaded and the going is tough, and you may have wondered what they said to each other. Usually the catcher does this to steady the pitcher, especially if he is new at the game or highly strung. He advises the boy on the mound to take it easy and not to pitch too fast. Or he may know a weak point of the man at bat.

Sometimes this strategy is successful. A minute or two rest in a tough spot helps to cool off some of the boys. To others, it has the opposite effect. These chaps dislike having the catcher call further attention to the fact that they are in the hole and order the backstop to get behind the plate where he belongs. Of course the catcher is only trying to help, and this attitude doesn't make for good teamwork.

This sort of conference worries many of the hitters too. For all the man at bat knows, the pitcher and catcher may be cooking up a plan to make him hit at a bad ball, strike him out or force him to bit into a double play. It's all baseball!

Christy Mathewson, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Big Ed Walsh, Walter Johnson and Eddie Plank are my choice for the five best pitchers in the league during my sixteen years of service. What an assortment of curves, fast ones or what have you! Plenty of courage, cunning, stamina, brains—and they all knew how to use the stuff they had. What would any manager give to have on his team that staff of pitchers in their prime?

Eddie Plank was one of the cagiest men ever to grace the mound. His famous crossfire ball had the opposing batters standing on their heads! He was the only one who could control this unusual delivery

Eddie, a left-hander, threw this ball from an angle instead of directly at the batter. He would step off the mound to his left with a big stride and from this point pitch the ball directly to the plate. It was unorthodox. Batters could not follow the ball from this angle as easily as they could when the pitch came straight from the hill.

The ball, curving in as it did, put the hitters in a bad position to meet it squarely, and they were forced to change quickly their stance when Plank would cross them and suddenly shoot this ball at them. Consequently they were off balance and had great difficulty hitting him. All batters fouled his pitches a lot.

In Baseball's Hall of Fame

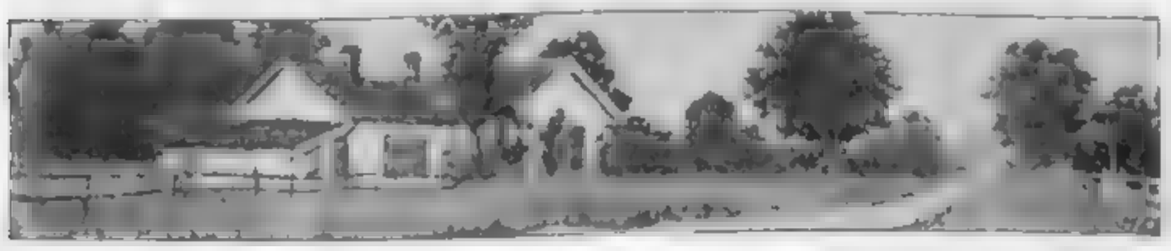
A peculiar feature of this delivery was that it lessened the fair or safe batting area for the hitters. Instead of having the entire diamond before them, the batters were forced to change their positions at the plate, cutting their hitting space to about one-half the field. Ordinarily right-hand batters hit to the left and left-handers bat to right field. But not against this delivery. Right-handers would invariably hit between second and first bases, and the left-handers would bat the ball, if they hit it at all, to right field.

Big Ed Walsh, to my way of thinking, was the greatest spit-ball pitcher of all time. His great height and strength enabled him to throw the spitter nine out of ten pitches—a most remarkable feat when you consider the spit ball is one of the most grueling of all deliveries. The ball is wet, hard to grip and it must be thrown with a snap from the tips of the fingers to be effective. Walsh seldom threw a curve ball. He slipped in a fast one now and then to fool the hitters but depended almost entirely on his famous spitter.

Alexander was much like Mathewson. He was a wonderful example of the type of pitcher who uses his head. He had a fine assortment of fast-breaking curves, fast balls and change-of-pace or slow balls. Alex was a real student of the game. No wonder he was a great pitcher! Walter Johnson—the speed king! What a blinding fast ball he had! Over twenty years as the star hurler for the Washington Senators and now he is rounding out his service as manager of the team. Walter is another keen thinker who knows his baseball.

Matty was one of the finest and greatest characters the game has ever known. Intelligence, endurance, heart—he had them all. He was a sharpshooter if there ever was one. He could throw a ball just where he wanted it to go almost all of the time. He walked very few men.

Matty's puzzling fade-away ball had the opposing batters guessing. In 1905 his curve ball was known as the most bewildering ever thrown. He won the World's Series for the New York Giants from the Athletics almost single-handed. Connie Mack's hitters missed his curves a foot! He was as cool and deliberate a pitcher as I have ever seen in action. He had the mental equipment necessary to greatness and he was truly Christy Mathewson, the Great!



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THE OBSTACLE RACE

(Continued from Page 27)

They were silent for a time. Across the sand came the faint sound of the dance music; at their feet the slow surf murmured.

"Seventeen years," Polly said softly.

"What?"

"Never mind. I was just thinking. When do you go, Alan?"

"Next week. Monday."

"Will you come up to Nantucket often?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to. I'll be devilishly busy, you see."

"Then I won't be seeing you again soon."

He took her hand suddenly in his, gripped it hard, then let it go.

"Polly," he said huskily, "it isn't going to be easy to go away."

"Alan," she said, "do you think it is going to be easy for me to have you go?"

He looked at her quickly.

"You're a dear, Polly," he said. "I'm going to miss you something fierce."

Another silence.

"Alan!"

"Yes, Polly?"

"It's strange, isn't it, that we've known each other so well all our lives and yet ——" She hesitated.

"And yet what?" asked Alan.

"We can't seem to talk to each other," she finished.

"Aren't we talking?"

"Not really. Oh, you know that, Alan. We never have. We've just played together and teased each other —— Oh, well, even that's all over now, isn't it?"

He patted her shoulder.

"Polly," he said, "you're the loveliest person I've ever known. You're my dearest, truest friend, and—oh, I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel sometimes as if there was a log jam in my head. It won't let things come out."

"What things?"

He did not answer. When he spoke he said, "Polly, you're very beautiful tonight. You're always beautiful. You're—I—oh, it's no use!"

She turned toward him and looked at him steadily. "What's no use, Alan?"

"I can't say it," he exclaimed.

He lit a cigarette. By the flame of the match she saw his face clearly, and there was suffering in it

"Alan, dear ——" she began, and then: "Oh, it's so silly to be a woman, sometimes!"

"Why?"

"We're such conventional fools. Maybe we can't help it. Maybe it's our nature. I don't know. But, Alan, I don't want you to go away."

"I have to go, Polly."

"I mean ——"

"What?"

"—— without me," she said and turned her head away.

He took both her hands in his. "Polly! Dear. I know. We both know. But I mustn't—I can't—I can't, that's all." He stood up suddenly. "We'd better go back, I think," he said.

She did not move. "I'm not going back with you," she said.

"But, Polly ——"

"Go back if you want to. . . . Oh, Alan Heaton, I—I hate you!"

"You mustn't say that." He stood looking at her in the moonlight. "I hate myself," he said. "Oh, Polly ——"

He took a step toward her, then stopped short. He turned and walked quickly away down the beach. Polly McRae did not look after him. She did not move from her seat on the rock. She was crying.

A clean, bright November moon was out. On the ceiling of her bedroom flickered the shadows of the dying leaves of late autumn. Polly McRae lay in her bed, her hands clasped behind her head, staring up at the dancing shadows.

It was well past midnight, she knew; for she had heard the bell in the church tower toll off the slow strokes. Tomorrow, she thought, they will chime to a different, a gayer tune. Her mother had insisted that she go to bed at ten and had kissed her, a bit solemnly and a little tearfully, before she turned out the light, saying, "Sleep well, dear."

But Polly had not obeyed her mother. She had not slept well; she had not slept at all, but had watched the shadows which dappled the walls and ceiling of her room, for sleep was far from her eyes.

She thought about the white satin dress which hung in her closet, and the veil. Tomorrow she would wear them when at noon she would be married, in the old brick church, to Jack Ross.

She thought about him. She thought back to the days when she had first known him, a thin, pert, agile, aggressive little boy. He was thin, pert and agile no longer, but he was still aggressive. In the years he had been away from Nantucket he had grown into a large, serious-minded man, deliberate in all his motions. He was Mr. John Seabrooke Ross now, junior partner in the thriving firm of Ross and Sons, and was a rising young broker in Kansas City.

At first, when he had come to her father's house that summer to renew an old acquaintance, she had not recognized him; and he had not recognized in her the little girl he had played with years before on the Nantucket sands. He had come to Nantucket to spend a two months' vacation, and the third day he was there he had called on the McRaes. At a dinner party to which he was invited a couple of nights later he had not, she recalled, paid much attention to her, but had discoursed with her father and the other men gravely and learnedly about public-utilities bonds, investment trusts, call money, and other important-sounding things which did not greatly interest her.

Then, as the days passed, they began to see a great deal of each other, and they began to talk of other things than stock issues. She liked Jack Ross. It was restful to be with him; he was so profoundly normal. He was attentive, and he made love to her with the earnest firmness of a man sure of himself and his purpose. Most of her friends were married by now, and they assured her that Jack Ross would make a most desirable husband. They became engaged, and the wedding was set for the last week in November. In the meantime he had gone West to attend to the business of his firm. Life with him, she thought, would be sheltered, peaceful. He was, she mused, as solid as that great rock on the beach. That rock ——

Although it was already her wedding day, Polly McRae began to weep. She did not sob. There was no hysteria in her weeping. It was almost inaudible—the quiet weeping of one who is tired, afraid and helpless.

She did not hear at first the low sound at the French window of her room. When she did hear it she thought it must be made by a cat which had climbed up the trellis to the balcony outside the window. She listened.

Something was out there, surely. Then she saw a shadow, tall and grotesque, against the window. She tried to scream, but she had no breath for screaming. The knob of the window turned slowly, noiselessly. A man stepped into the room.

"Polly," he whispered.

She gave a little gasping cry.

"Sh-h-h," came the man's whisper. "Don't make a sound. It's me—it's Alan."

She sat up in bed and stared at him.

"But, Alan Heaton—are you crazy? What are you doing here?" she said.

He came toward her.

"Keep your voice low," he said. "You must listen to me."

"But, Alan, if somebody should hear you ——"

(Continued on Page 160)

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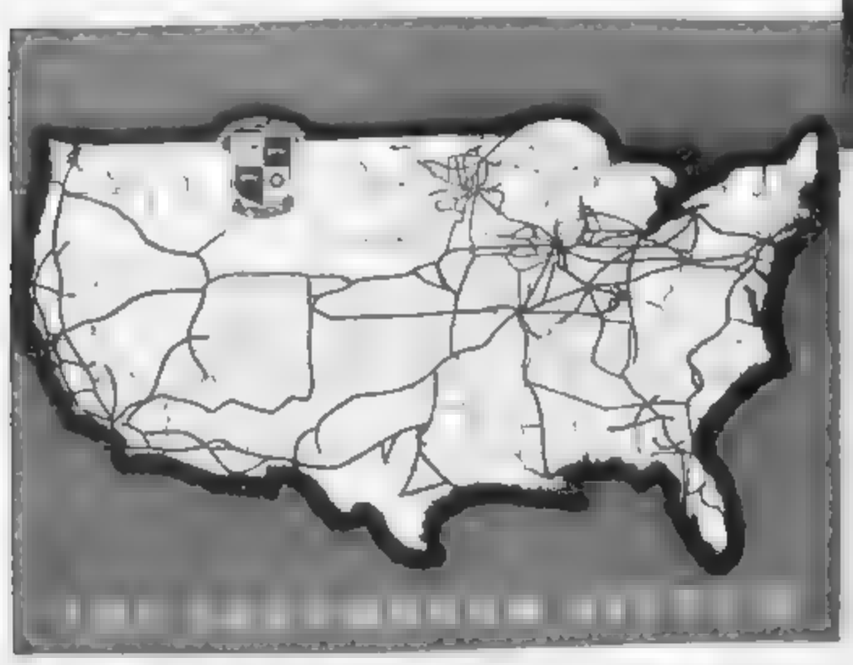

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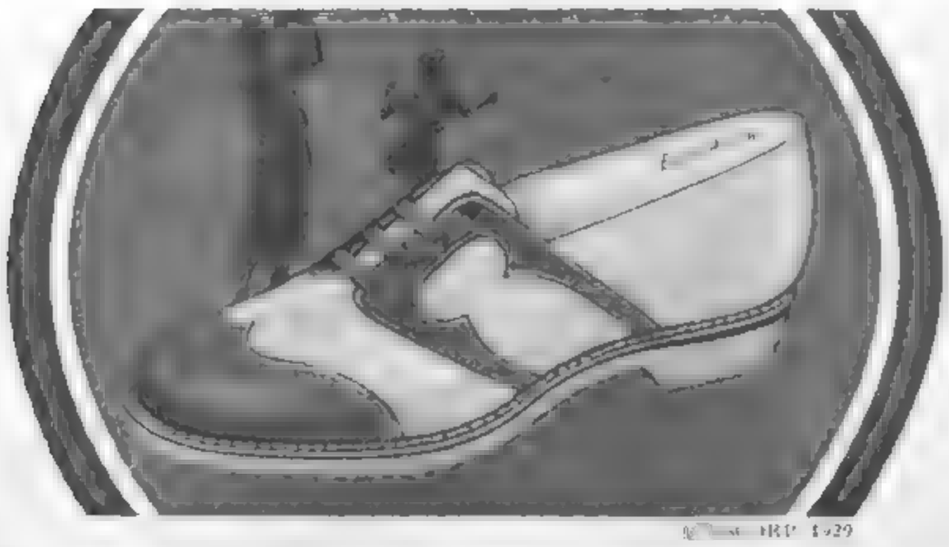

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(Continued from Page 158)

"I don't care," he said. "It's a risk I'm willing to take. I had to come, like this, before it was too late."

"It's fairly late now," said Polly. "What do you want?"

"To tell you something."

"Well?"

"I was away from New York. I didn't hear about your wedding until today. I came as fast as I could—by seaplane."

He bent forward. She could see his eyes in the half light.

"Tell me something, Polly," he said.

"What?"

"Do you love Jack Ross?"

"I'm going to marry him at noon."

"That's not an answer. You know it's not."

"Well, then, I do love him."

"Terribly?"

She said nothing.

"Terribly?" he said again.

"That has nothing to do with you, Alan Heaton."

"But it has, Polly. Unless you love Jack with all your heart and soul it won't be fair to him to marry him. Anyhow, I'm not going to let you."

"You? How can you stop me?"

"I can stop you by making you marry me. I love you more than Jack Ross or anybody else in the world loves you, or ever can—and you know it. And you love me too."

"Alan, please go."

"I will not. I'll stay right here and you'll listen to me. You must, dearest. It's been hell—perfect hell—being away from you. There hasn't been a day, not an hour, that I haven't thought of you and missed you. By every right we belong to each other, and nothing in this world is going to keep us apart."

In the moonlight she was very pale.

"But, Alan, it's too late now. Don't you see, Alan? It's too late."

"It isn't. You promised to marry me, on that rock, seventeen years ago."

"Be sensible, Alan. I was only eight——"

"A promise is a promise," he said sternly.

"But I can't, now."

"Don't you love me?" he demanded fiercely.

"Heaven help me, I do. But you must go. This is all wrong. Oh, why didn't you speak that night on the rock?"

"Polly," he said slowly, "I think I know now. The answer was so close to me, so much a part of me, that I couldn't see it for a long time. Tell me, if I had asked you to marry me that night, would you have said yes?"

"You know I would have, Alan."

"That's just it," he said. "That's why I couldn't ask you."

"I don't see——"

"I couldn't"—he paused—"I couldn't because it was—well, easy. Don't you see, dearest; that's the way I'm made. It's a twist in me. Always has been. I've always picked the jobs that were hardest for me. When I could do a thing without effort I didn't want to do it. Literally, I couldn't do it. That was why, that night, with my heart full of love for you, and knowing that I wanted—oh, so much—to take you in my arms and tell you I wanted you for always, I couldn't say the words."

He broke off, then began again:

"Don't you see, dearest? We were a good match. Everybody said so. Your parents were for it. So were mine. And we loved each other. There wasn't a single bar in the way, no obstacle of any kind. Again and again I wanted, most terribly, to tell you how I felt; but always that wretched kink numbed me and dammed up my words."

"But why have you come to me now, when it's too late?"

"It's different now, don't you see? When all was plain sailing I was held back. But when I heard you were going to marry another man, that was the spur I needed. That made it hard, don't you see? There was something to be overcome. And I'm going to overcome it, Polly, dearest. I'm going to have you no matter what stands in the way."

"But what can we do, Alan? There's Jack——"

"Yes. I know. Poor Jack. It will hurt him. I know that. But it would hurt him more if you married him now. So he can't have you. I'm going to take you with me tonight, now."

"No."

"You're going with me, Polly McRae."

"I am not."

"I say you are."

"If you don't go this instant I'll scream."

"Scream if you want to, but before anybody can get here I'll knock you cold and carry you off with me."

He saw by the moon the smile on her tear-stained face.

"I won't scream, Alan," she said.

He bent and kissed her. She did nothing at all to stop him.

"Polly, love," he said, "my plane is waiting down by our old rock. Soon it will be dawn. You and I are going to fly away together. It makes no difference what people will say. Nothing makes any difference so long as I have you. I'll go now the way I came. You get dressed, pack up a few things and follow me. I'll be waiting at the rock. Meet me there in ten minutes."

"No, Alan——"

"But, darling——"

"I can't," she said, and he could see her smile. "Not in ten minutes. It will take me at least twenty."

South Rangeley Lake, Maine

SUPERSALESMANSHIP AND THE CONSUMER'S DOLLAR

(Continued from Page 25)

The modern method of selling recognizes the changes which have come about. It is thus described by William R. Basset, who has studied selling for many years from the cost angle:

"There are two distinct types of salesmen—the brilliant, dashing, persuasive man who is exceptionally effective in opening up new accounts, and the plodding, easy-going, pleasant fellow who has not the force to sell to a new prospect, but who can hold an old one indefinitely. The first likes to go up against new problems often. He soon gets tired of an old territory and wants new fields to conquer. He has many of the characteristics of the wildcat-stock salesman. He can often sell on the first call by sweeping the prospect off his feet. He is a good horse for a short race.

"The other type likes to be among his old friends. He wants to stay in one territory which he can cover every few weeks. He remembers that retailer Brown has a wife in the hospital, and a son who is cheer leader at the high school—and mentions both facts when he calls on Brown. He knows something of retail merchandising, having perhaps been a retailer himself. He knows the dealer's problems; he can offer good suggestions on trimming the windows and arranging stock; and he can often show the retailer how to sell more goods or keep his books.

"Here are two well-defined types of men each of whom is admirably fitted to handle one of the two distinct problems of selling—getting the new account and keeping the old account. Yet many concerns, instead of capitalizing and cashing in on the strength of each, put both types at work doing both kinds of selling, thereby handicapping both."

New Business in Old Territory

"One concern found that entirely too much time was being spent on retailers who already carried its products and not enough on those which were not yet customers. In one territory where only about 40 per cent of the retailers carried the product, 225 calls were made upon old dealers as against thirty-six promotional calls on those who should have but had not stocked the product. This, of course, was far away from sound selling policy. There was ample possibility of doubling the volume of sales in that territory, yet about 85 per cent of the selling effort was put on holding existing business, and only about 15 per cent of the effort on getting easily achieved new sales. This condition suggested an investigation, which brought out that the salesmen were of the plodding type who did not like to break into new ground.

"The makers of one national product started long ago to use only selected men of the promotional type for opening new accounts. Now that this concern has its goods on the shelves of about 90 per cent of the retailers, it has turned over the maintaining of these accounts to a staff of service men and has eliminated the promotional type entirely.

"A big city was another manufacturer's best territory. It was considered to be about saturated. Seven men worked in the district, doing both kinds of selling. They had been securing about three new customers a day. This force was changed to include six salesmen of the promotional type to go after new business, and only one of the service type. The promotional men were given cards bearing the names of all of the known unsold prospects in the city and they were instructed to dig up as many more as possible and to turn in cards for them. One man on his first canvass turned in the names of sixty-seven new prospects whose existence had never been suspected. The next man who covered that section turned in an additional thirty-one and the third still more. When the promotional men were turned loose an average of four and a half new accounts was opened daily an increase of more than 50 per cent.

"The survey made by the promotional men showed that the city, instead of being a saturated market, as was thought, was in fact only from 50 to 60 per cent saturated from a dealer standpoint. When 90 per cent of the retailers were sold, the promotional men were all sent to another city. The work of keeping the new accounts in line is now handled by three service salesmen. The selling expense has thus been cut more than half."

A Job for the Jobber

Under the older methods of salesmanship, the salesman was considered to have done his work well if he sold to the retailer a large stock of goods, and it was no concern of his what the retailer did with those goods once he had bought and paid for them. That is still the ideal with some houses, but an unrealized ideal. The houses that are making money take a different view. They know the simple fact that the retailer must earn money on his purchase, else he will not again be a customer. And since most retailers refuse to buy heavy stocks, the manufacturer must see to it that the retailer sells continuously.

Therefore the progressive large concerns try in each community to build up enough customers to warrant carrying stocks of their own at local warehouses. They try to build up the public demand and then induce the retailer to make a small initial purchase. That first purchase is the business of the promotion salesman. Then the service man comes along and tries to help the retailer to sell; if he can succeed in promoting the retailer's sales, then keeping up the stock and perhaps increasing it is only order taking. If the company has its own warehouse in the district, the orders can be of any size and yet filled quickly and at a profit.

The ability to get any size or variety of article at once and in any quantity is a new selling point that fits in with the needs of the retailer. Several large companies whose products are installed by local workmen have warehouses so widely scattered over the country that they can usually deliver an order to the job on the day it is given, and the local contractors do not have to carry any stock at all. One of these companies is going still farther and sending out a great number of salesmen on a house-to-house canvass simply to drum up business for the local contractors—who in this trade happen to be mechanics of small sales ability who sit in their shops waiting for orders to come in of their own accord.

The companies in national selling, but which do not have sufficient volume to warrant extensive systems of warehousing, are now beginning to turn back again to the jobber who can provide the local service and warehouse facilities. A few years ago the jobber was supposed to be passing out; he was regarded as a wasteful middleman. And to some extent, perhaps, he was, because he merely took orders. Now the alert jobber is becoming the sales agent for groups of manufacturers in noncompeting lines. Sometimes he does both the promoting and the service selling, but more often a manufacturer looks after the promotion and the jobber does the local service of keeping the stocks up and the sales going.

The whole picture is changing, and one of the most interesting changes, which seems bound to increase, is the practice of putting the service man on wheels. He commonly travels in an automobile anyway, but now some manufacturers are putting him in a truck and, instead of sending back to the warehouse to fill out the depleted portions of the retailer's stock, he

MADE "A LITTLE BETTER" THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"

Old Hampshire Bond

Your stationery classifies your firm

IT is natural to associate a brisk, wide-awake personality with the snap and crackle of Old Hampshire Bond paper. If your firm would convey an impression of its vitality and initiative, there is no more fitting paper you can use.

Made from fresh, new, selected rags, Old Hampshire Bond letterheads are worthy of carrying your most important messages . . . of greeting the eyes and fingers of your most important customers. For more than 60 years Old Hampshire Bond has been the standard by which fine paper is judged. Your printer or engraver can supply you with Old Hampshire Bond letterheads and envelopes in white and twelve distinctive tints.

Old Hampshire Bond

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

"Air-minded, Jim?"

"Our firm has decided to keep in step with this air age and have me contact our major accounts by plane.

"Naturally, in choosing a ship our first consideration was safety and reliability—stability and performance, the airplane people call it. We wanted a ship that would take care of itself in the air, have a quick take-off and a slow landing—because we'll have to hit a lot of small fields—be ruggedly built to stand lots of hard use the year round, and have a world of reserve power for emergencies."

You must be thinking of the RYAN. Ed—[illegible] 'Spirit of St. Louis.' They tell [illegible] not under-[illegible] Carries six and does 140, too."

"Right! And dual controls—I'll be a flyer myself in short order. Bring the Boss over next week and I'll give you a hop in the 'Spirit of Progress'."

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Your car washed 25 times for $1.00

NOBODY likes a dirty car. It's a bother to wash it every time it rains—and too expensive if you have it washed.

We suggest KOZAK—a marvelous new cloth that dry-washes your car in a few minutes. No sponge, hose, or soaked clothes—wear your best suit if you wish. Wipe off the dirt, dust and mud like magic. Fine, too, for dry washing windows, silver and furniture. KOZAK cloth is a specially woven and treated fabric—will last you for more than 25 thorough dry-washes—saves you at least $50 on a $1 investment. KOZAK is obtainable in Rexall and Liggett Drug Stores—also at most car agencies, Ford dealers, and all Colonial Gasoline Stations in New York and New England. KOZAK, Inc., 194 Park Place, Batavia, N. Y.

Boy Aviators!

What is a tail spin—a switch tail landing—a "split-S"? Write for our little dictionary of the flying language, now available to all KOZAK users. Sent only at request of grown-ups or Boy Scouts in good standing.

KOZAK

The dry Wash cloth

FRESH OCEAN FISH

Without the Bother of Cleaning

FISH is a delicious and healthful food, neither heavy nor fattening. Everyone likes it. But until 40-FATHOM* fish came along you could not be sure of good fresh fish away from the seacoast; and, anyway, it was frankly too much bother to clean it.

Now 40-FATHOM fish—caught by the Bay State Fishing Company, America's largest producers of fresh ocean fish—comes to your dealer straight from the ocean in iced containers and by the fastest express.

Each fresh white fillet (enough for two), with all bones and waste removed, is wrapped in vegetable parchment and is ready to cook. Just drop it out of the wrapper into the pan. It's as easy to cook as bacon.

East, West, North, South, wherever you live, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Western plains, there is one of our ten thousand dealers near at hand. Search him out and give your family the treat of a real fish dinner.

40-FATHOM fish is available all the year round. It is "Always Fresh, Never Frozen" nor out of cold storage, but, like all good things, is extensively imitated; so, for your protection, we put our attractive trademark on the parchment wrapper.

Inquiries Invited from Dealers

LOOK FOR THE BIG BLUE 40 ON THE WRAPPER

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Name

Address

* Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

simply goes out to his truck and brings in whatever may be needed. Of course, this system does not work out for the bulky products, but it saves time and money with the smaller articles. It is merely following out the plan that for years has been used by the city milk and baking concerns. The man one calls a milk driver is really a service salesman. He is equipped to fill not merely his regular orders but also any special orders he may pick up on his route. For making it convenient for the retailer to buy is now just as important as making it convenient for the ultimate consumer to buy.

The whole trend of that part of distribution which is comprehended in salesmanship is toward selling on merit instead of on persuasion. The service plan, for instance, cannot possibly work with a poor product; its success depends upon frequent repeat orders and there are few repeat orders on poor products. And a still further development is for manufacturers to combine with well-organized retail outlets in order to do away with personal salesmanship and concentrate entirely upon attracting the public to the stores. This is coming about sometimes through the manufacturer's buying into the retail company or by the retail company buying into the manufacturing company. In neither case, however, does the manufacturer sell only to the affiliated company or the retail company confine itself exclusively to the manufacturer's goods.

For it has been well demonstrated that up to date no perfect product in any line has been discovered. No single article has yet been found that will satisfy everyone; the difference between the two leading articles in a field may be only that between tweedledum and tweedledee, but the "dum" appeals to one lot of buyers and the "dee" to another. One article may be bought very largely because its price is low; another article may be bought fairly largely just because its price is high. Laboratory experiments may result in positive findings that the A and the B articles made by different manufacturers are wholly identical and both good. In the course of time the public may prefer one largely over the other, but if the A company starts out deliberately to take away all of B's customers, then it will spend a lot of money, and fail.

For there is an infinite variety of tastes in this country and an almost infinite market for all first-class products. It is that which makes the wheels go around so swiftly. There is no economic man and no consumer's dollar. It is yet to be recorded that any of the really successful articles in this country have been sold against other articles already in the market. They have always been sold to the public. And selling "to" is very different from selling "against."

Getting On in the World

Going Into Partnership

IF SOMEONE had asked old Josephus Potter to pick out two of the most promising young men in the Potter organization, likely as not he would have named Fred Martin, his star salesman, and Harry Ellis, his production-control man. Mighty fine fellows, both of them—just the kind you'd expect to hook up together and go in for themselves.

That's exactly what they did, in fact; and today, bearing the stigma of bankruptcy, they're both back working for the Potter Company, bitter enemies, and soured as only two men can be whose ambitions have crashed to earth, as each thinks, through the other's fault. The truth is that their enterprise came to grief solely because neither of them appreciated the scope of the reciprocal responsibility and authority with which they invested each other, in the eyes of the law, from the moment they became partners; a bitter understanding of the legal liabilities inherent in their relationship came too late.

It's natural enough for two or more men who have been amicably associated in the same business field to join forces and resources in the launching of a new enterprise; and it seems all too natural for many such partnerships to get under way with startling informality. The pity of it is that the disasters which overtake too many partnership projects might in a great many instances be averted if the principals, before becoming partners, would take the trouble to find out just what they are getting into.

Probably the most burdensome feature of the partnership relation is the fact that each partner is personally and individually liable for all the debts of the firm. If the assets of the business become insufficient to meet its liabilities, the creditors may proceed against the personal fortune of any, or all, of the partners. True, if one partner is forced to pay firm debts out of his own pocket, he has a right to exact pro rata contribution from the other partners; but where they have nothing his right against them is of little practical value.

"My partner is as honest as the day is long. I have nothing to worry about," say some business men apropos of the question of partnership liability. Of course it's comforting to know that one's partner is honest, but even sterling character on the part of the members who compose it is not always enough to protect the partnership from loss. Suppose a partner acts imprudently, uses poor judgment. Suppose, in the absence of his associates one of the partners, thinking he is doing a good stroke of business for the firm, is inveigled into some unwise deal. Must the other partners suffer for it? Under the law they must, for, legally, each partner is the agent of all the other partners within the scope of the business, and the act of each partner is binding on all of them.

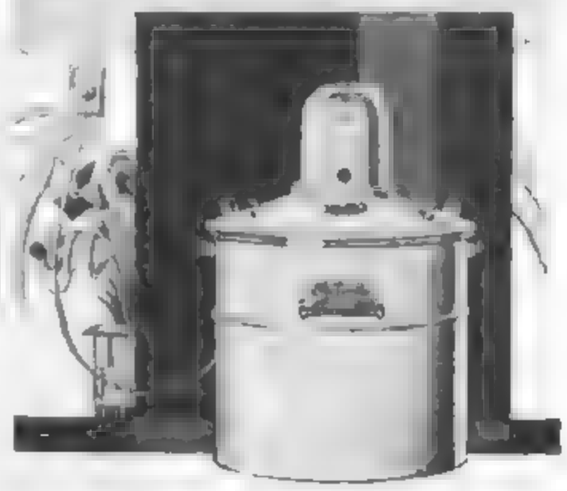
The theory is, of course, that each partner, so far as the rest of the world knows, has full authority to act for the partnership; hence the partnership must bear the responsibility for the acts of each partner. In the law the authority of the individual partner is sustained rather emphatically. Thus, a promissory note signed by one partner and issued by him as a partnership transaction is enforceable against all the partners. Similarly real estate held in the name of the partnership may be conveyed by one partner executing a deed in the partnership name. Of course, partners may and often do make agreements among themselves as to what each of them shall and shall not do in the business, but in the absence of some notice as to each partner's individual scope and function, the persons with whom the firm deals have the right to assume that each partner has the full and unlimited power and authority implied by the law.

If a partner, in the ordinary course of the partnership business, commits any wrongful act or is guilty of culpable negligence whereby a third party is damaged, the partnership is responsible; similarly, if a partner misappropriates or misapplies money or property belonging to a third person, the partnership must make good the loss if the misappropriation was committed in the course of the business of the partnership.

A partner is not entitled to any salary or other compensation for services rendered to the partnership; he is entitled to his share of the profits of business, and that is all. If he draws money from the partnership for his personal use, the amount so drawn must be charged to his share of the profits. That is why a partner who has lost all his money in the wreck of the partnership business

(Continued on Page 165)

HAVE YOU SEEN THE *Cinderella?*



—A PORTABLE WASHING MACHINE THAT CLEANS THE CLOTHES IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WAY

CINDERELLA washes clothes simply by air, soap suds and water—no moving parts whatever touch the fabric.

Lace curtains, silks, woolens, milady's fine things that could never be entrusted to anyone else—all may be safely and thoroughly washed with the Cinderella.

Sixty times a minute Cinderella draws air, suds and water up and down through the clothes—the soap and water take out the dirt, the air aerates the clothes, leaving them delightfully fresh and clean. In 15 minutes Cinderella will wash five men's shirts, or ten pieces of silk underwear, or the equivalent in household laundry.

This little machine may be used in the bathroom or kitchen or easily taken to the summer cottage—it weighs 19 pounds, is 18 inches high and operates so simply that anyone can use it wherever there is water and electric current.

Cinderella is just the machine for the daily wash of baby's clothes, for the small apartment where space is limited, for the mid-week wash of the large family; in fact, Cinderella makes itself indispensable almost anywhere.

The machine itself is handsomely finished—tops of polished nickel—tubs of porcelain enamel that may be placed on the stove for boiling. You have a selection of four beautiful colors—apple green, Capri blue, Puritan ivory or Chinese red.

We'll be glad to send you a little folder, "The Washer that Makes You Believe in Fairies," showing just how Cinderella works. Use the coupon below.

Retail Price $47.50

Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in parts of Canada

THE CINDERELLA WASHING MACHINE COMPANY
4711 Chester Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

THE CINDERELLA WASHING MACHINE CO.
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Without obligation, send me the free booklet, "The Washer that Makes You Believe in Fairies," and tell me where I can see a Cinderella. The color I prefer is

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Street

City State

-at its BEST for the FOURTH SHAVE

FOR 7 generations — 1725 to 1929 — Wade & Butcher has furnished the world its finest straight razors. Now the accumulation of all the knowledge — all the skill of those 200 years of experience is handed on to you in our Special Curved Blade for your safety razor — a blade that is at its best, not only for the first or the second, but for the fourth shave — and many more, as well.

Not an imitation — a patented blade!

This blade is different from any you ever saw — 3 times as thick as any wafer blade — curved to fit your razor, it can not crack when clamped. Its deep, hollow ground edges hold a keenness impossible to obtain in a wafer blade. Made of Wade & Butcher's special CARBO-CHROME steel — carbon for toughness, chrome to resist rust.

Go to your dealer with a tough beard and a dime, or send us the coupon below, and get an introductory blade, and prove today in your own razor that this curved blade is the blade that you have always hoped for.

Package of Five 50c — Twelve $1.00 .... at your Dealers

If you prefer the barbers' type straight razor insist on one made by Wade & Butcher, makers of world famous Sheffield razors since 1725. At all leading dealers.

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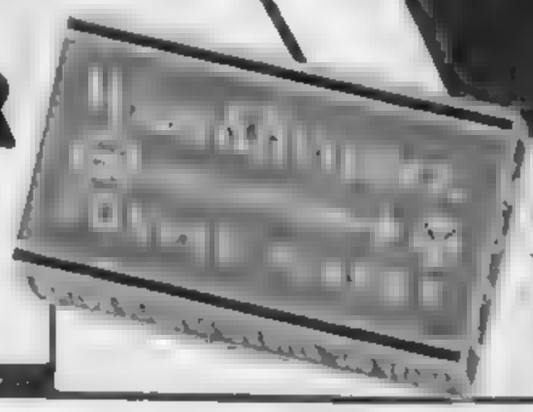

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Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.

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How ONE LITTLE BOOK each year makes Ten Million Guests Happy

The heart of it, cheerfulness; its purpose, good service

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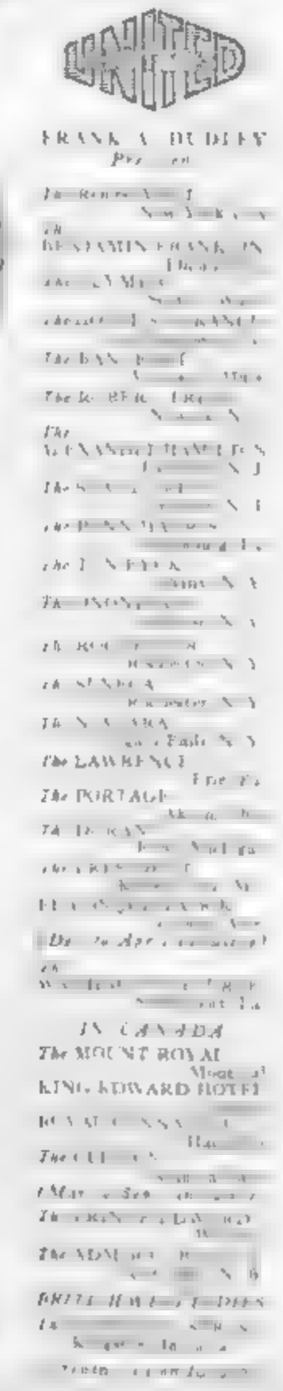
Let your tour be an adventure by day, but *play safe at night*, and enjoy real comfort.



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SAFE! from Curious Little Fingers

MOUNTED on wall, door frame or window frame, the Peerless Utility Fan is out of reach of curious little fingers. The safe fan for homes

The Peerless Utility is a combined fan and ventilator. Drives stale air *out* through partly opened window or draws fresh air *in*. Keeps any room cool, comfortable and free from smoke or odors Can be transferred from room to room—no special wiring necessary

$19.50 delivers this fan anywhere in the U. S.—price slightly higher in Canada If your favorite electrical or hardware dealer cannot supply you, order direct from factory

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GEORGE OLSEN and his Music at CLUB RICHMAN

To be Well-Groomed Start with Your Hair!

"The best looks and the most skilful tailor can't offset a tousled head of hair," says George Olsen whose music and personality are the rage of New York. "Realizing the importance of a neat-looking head of hair, I make use of Hair Groom. I find that it keeps the hair in place without that 'pasted' look."

A little "Hair Groom" each morning will keep your hair combed all day in any style you like. Thousands of men in every walk in life use it regularly, especially after shampooing. Mothers find it fine for training boys' hair.

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co. Inc., Dept. S68 **FREE**
578 Madison Ave New York City

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name

Address

City State

(Continued from Page 162)

cannot recover even reasonable remuneration for his work and his time

It is comparatively easy for a rascally partner to ruin his associates financially. He can buy goods on the firm's credit, and the other partners will have to pay for them. So, too, he can borrow money and make the partnership liable for it. He can collect debts due the firm, and if he gives full releases for the partnership's claims against various debtors, the other partners cannot repudiate his action, even though he accepted less than the proper amounts. Ordinarily also—and particularly so where the business of the firm is buying and selling or manufacturing and selling—a partner has the power to sell the goods owned by the partnership, and the purchasers get a good title to the goods regardless of whether or not he turns in the money to the business. The broad powers of a partner arise from the fact that, as one leading authority puts it, "all the partners are regarded as being present and sanctioning the engagements and contracts into which they may singly enter within the scope of their partnership affairs."

Facetious lawyers are fond of comparing partnerships with matrimony—easy to get into and hard to get out of. A partner can sell or assign his interest in the partnership, but the buyer cannot compel the remaining partners to accept him as a partner; he can make them account to him for the proper share of the profits, but that is all. Under no circumstances can the purchaser of a partner's interest enforce any right to a voice in the affairs of the partnership. When a partner withdraws from the partnership with the consent of the other partners, or even when they buy out his share, he still may be held responsible for transactions during his membership in the firm. Unpaid creditors can recover from him personally and individually for partnership debts contracted while he was a partner. Even the fact that the remaining partners have contracted with him to assume all liabilities does not prejudice the right of existing creditors to hold him personally liable, as the courts put it.

Getting into a partnership and becoming liable for all the partnership debts and responsibilities is all too easy, or at least it often seems so to an unwilling partner. Men who lightly take a flyer together in some business enterprise sometimes feel that they cannot be held to any great degree of responsibility because they have not signed any partnership papers. The law defines a partnership as an association of two or more persons to carry on as coowners a business for profit. The sharing of profits as profits is the test usually applied to determine the existence or nonexistence of a partnership. If an enterprise for profit is being carried on by two or more persons as joint proprietors and if they are actually sharing the profits as profits—and not as wages or for any other purpose then the law says that there is a partnership, and all the duties and liabilities of partners attach to the parties participating. No papers are necessary.

As a matter of practice, the determination of the existence of a partnership is often based on a process of elimination. If a business is being operated and is not owned exclusively by one person and is not duly incorporated under the laws of a sovereign state, the courts conclude that the persons owning the business must be partners. That is because, in most states, there are only three ways of being in business: Either by individual ownership, partnership or corporation.

Of the three the partnership is by far the most hazardous form of business operation, legally. In a corporation the assets of the stockholders or officers cannot as a rule be seized to pay corporate debts; in an individually owned business the personal assets of the proprietor can be reached by creditors to satisfy business debts, but at least his liabilities are limited to his own acts and contracts; in a partnership, the personal assets of the partners are liable for their combined and single obligations entered into in the name of the partnership. Each partner, in short, assumes all the risk of the rascality and the poor judgment of all the partners

CHARLES R. ROSENBERG, JR.

Shoshone Falls, Idaho

CHAFING

PYROL... *and* 45 Seconds

Indispensable to

BABY'S WELFARE

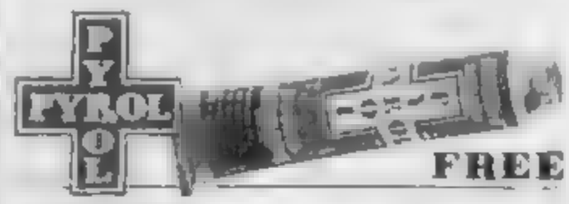
WHY shouldn't he cry—with his tender skin red and raw from diaper chafe? Why shouldn't he use his lusty lungs to inform the household something must be done about it?

But how he gurgles and crows the instant mother applies Pyrol—and soothes away the pain!

Pyrol is waterproof. It forms a protecting film against moisture. It protects baby's delicate skin from the friction of fabrics and uric irritation It prevents the fleshy parts of his chubby body rubbing themselves sore as he tosses about in the ecstasy of play

Baby specialists have recommended Pyrol for 20 years as an indispensable aid to baby's health. Sold at all drug stores and drug departments in the big red tubes, 50 cents.

(Doctors prescribe Pyrol for chafing, rash and other skin disorders common to babies—and grown-ups, too.) Kip Corporation, Los Angeles



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Box 1010, Dept. G, Arcade Station Los Angeles, California

Please send me free demonstration tube of PYROL and booklet "Free to"

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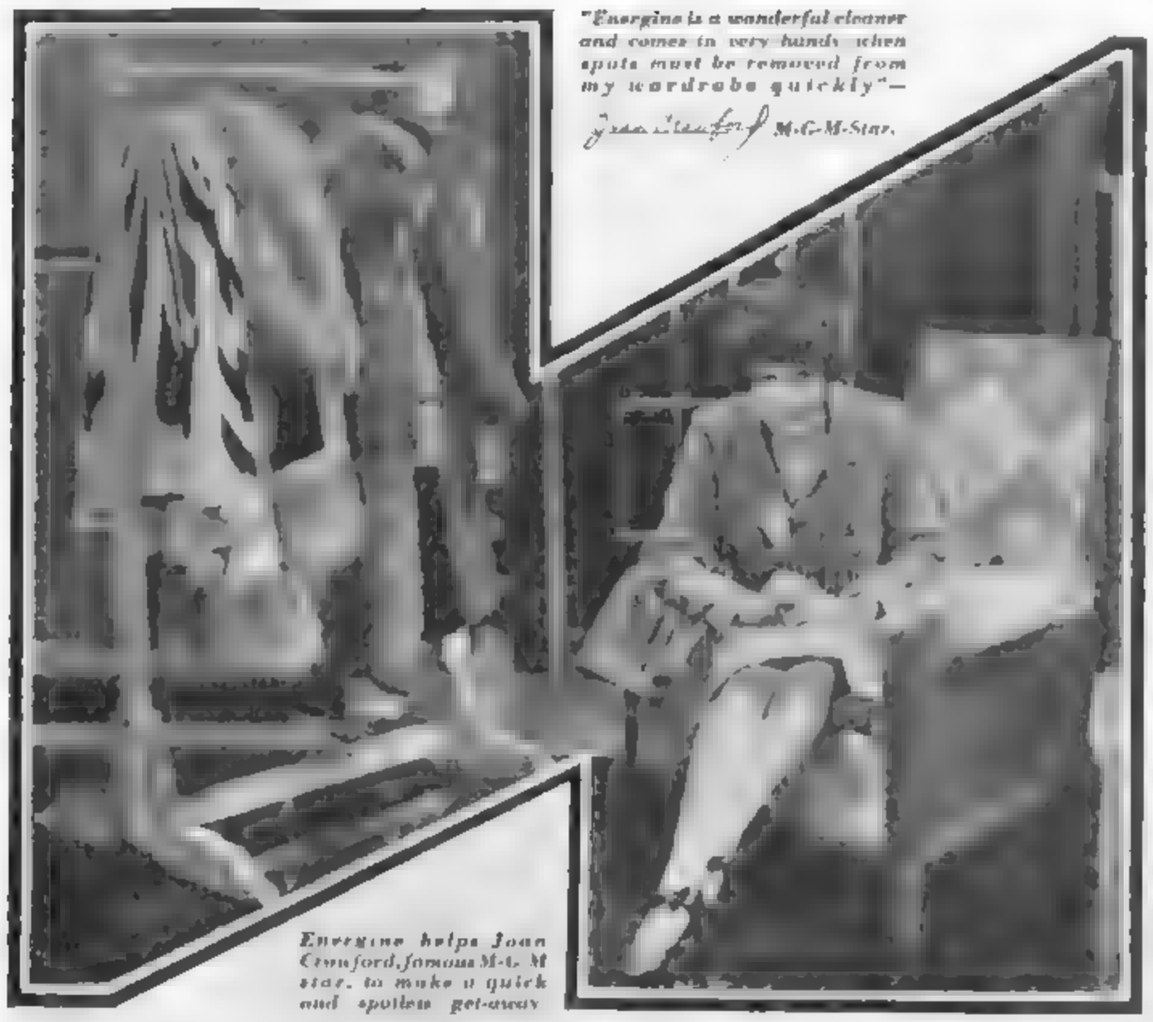
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Joan Crawford M-G-M Star.
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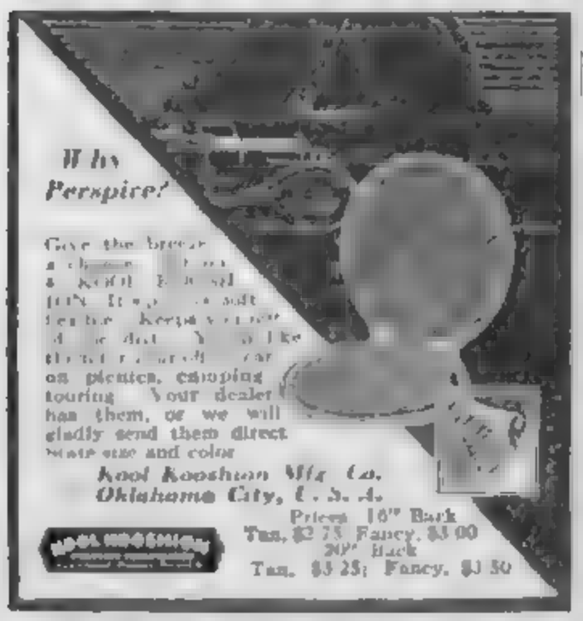

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THE CAPITAL EXPECTS

(Continued from Page 29)

Hoover said so. But when the tariff box is opened, perhaps no one will ever be able to get the contents back into the box, and the President was shrewd enough to let Congress start on the puzzle on its own hook.

"I fear the effect upon the whole world-tariff system," states one of the eight congresswomen. She, who has more downright intellectual honesty than most of the males, is probably right.

This takes a word of explanation. The demand for very high rates is certain, if successful, to start foreign reprisals, sometimes of several nations acting in concert.

"How long," asks a South American diplomat in Washington—"how long will debtor nations see their products kept out of the United States, so that they cannot pay their debts in goods and services? And furthermore, how long will other nations watch in inaction and complacency while their own home markets are flooded with an American invasion? How long will the general phrases by which your State Department demands fulfillment of what it calls the most-favored-nation clauses in regard to foreign tariffs stand up if foreign nations write their tariffs in words which put all favors on a reciprocity basis?"

A Faucet on the Treasury

We often forget that in this wicked modern world foreign business men have learned to form lobbies and exercise pressure on their governments exactly as we do. We overlook the probability that if we put a prohibitive duty on, say, small octopuses and that duty ruins the octopus fishers of Naples, even under the blue and ordered Mussolini skies there may be nether regions to pay! The Neapolitan octopus spearsmen, growing as modern as we are, may have an association, a secretary, a lobbyist and a more or less permanent anti-American propaganda bureau in Rome. No longer is the foreign industrialist or producer living in an anæsthetic, Old World atmosphere. Study of American prosperity has taught him that he can strike back by forming international cartels and trusts and organized tar ff reprisals.

The old farm relief is a thorn! Everyone believes in farm-relief measures. Who can fail to see that somehow industry has prospered out of all proportion compared with agriculture, and that something must be done about our principal industry?

"If you quote me, I will deny it," asserts one Western congressman who is a farmer himself. "But I say agriculture is a business that has two great hazards. One is different in kind and the other in degree from the hazards of industry. One of these is the failure of one's own product. The other is the overproduction success of all producers of specified crops. I may raise too little wheat by reason of no rain or the other wheat raisers may raise too much because there was plenty of rain. These appear to be inevitable hazards of the business. You can't regulate the rain by law. You can't regulate the number of wheat raisers by law—not to save your life!"

He goes on: "When you want to give aid to the farmer in dollars and cents by assessing the taxpayers for it, it makes no difference how much hokum the method contains. You are either giving financial aid or you are not. And, if you do, the money is not made by magic; it comes from the general taxpayers. And if it goes into the farmer's pocket through direct or indirect routes—even then it really gives little relief. Why? Because the value of farm land goes up, the movement of back to the farm starts again, more wheat or corn or cotton, or whatever it is, is raised; there is a new overproduction, and you are back again where the farmer needs still more relief. Now those are the unvarnished facts, but I could not state them on the floor of Congress unless I intended to retire from politics forever and ever."

What the average taxpayer wants is to see the agriculture of the country in a wholesome and prosperous state. Direct or indirect financial aid, however, strikes the citizen, who sees that such aid only leads to more overvaluation of farm land and to overproduction, as being an attempt to put out the fire with gasoline.

What Congress can do for real public service in farm relief is to realize that to help the agricultural groups it is possible to supply them with additional management through government organizing ability. No matter how imperfect government boards may be, a Farm Board may stimulate means to act together, which the farmers, left to themselves, have not, in fact, found. The old idea that mere coöperative organization and self-help could cure the disorganized production plans of agricultural groups has gone overboard. Stabilization by a public management agency which can draw in an emergency upon the resource of the Government without diverting such resource permanently from the Treasury is what the country looks for.

Subsidy for the farmer, on the contrary, the country does not want, and it is doubtful whether many farmers do. The latter want the yearly hazards spread over larger periods, if possible. These hazards are crop failure and crop overproduction. The capital expects that attempts to bring in government subsidy disguised under a hundred masks, wigs and whiskers is not yet over.

"No matter how many times we try to make the dish," said a distressed legislator, "we find that in the end there is either a hair or a fly in it. Hoover is pledged to help the farmers in real economic ways—development of transportation, a Farm Board, stabilization without subsidy, aid in general crop and surplus management, and so on and every time we try to serve agriculture, then one of these organizations which say they speak for the farmer manages to hitch on provisions, plans and programs which, in effect, are methods of plumbing to put a faucet on the Treasury."

The Urge to Law-Make

The Republican leaders, in full control of Congress, will try continually to keep the program—a program which may hold them all through the hot summer—down to farm relief and tariff. This limited menu of two courses is felt to be sufficient performance of campaign pledges. Of course there is the old ghost in the congressional castle—the reapportionment of representation in Congress. Its laying is overdue and, of course, opposed by the small-population districts, which are now enjoying disproportionate power in Congress. And there were several hundred bills entered even before the gavel came down on the opening in the middle of April! The urge to law-make cannot be curbed even when one party in power is trying to drive the horse according to the major campaign signposts.

The capital expects, too, that the Democrats will not wish to allow this Congress to appear to the country like a board of directors' meeting—even a board meeting in which the party leaders tell their own office boys how to vote the proxies. There must be some semblance, say men like Senator Robinson, and like Garner, in the Lower House, of life and even of leadership among the trustees of what remains of an opposition party trying to seek unanimous consent to go somewhere, wherever that may be.

Wise heads nod toward the Democratic leadership and say, "It will have another chance in these next four years." What is meant by that ought to be plain to everyone. We are embarking—even the ultra-conservative and road-rut capital expects upon an era of new governmental problems which may call for sharp division of opinion. This new era will call, no doubt, for

(Continued on Page 168)

SIX YEARS AGO a Plan . . . TODAY a Modern City

An engineer's drawing of the Longview-Rainier bridge now under construction over the Columbia River. It will cost $5,800,000; length, with approaches, 1½ miles; clearance 194 feet above river at the center.

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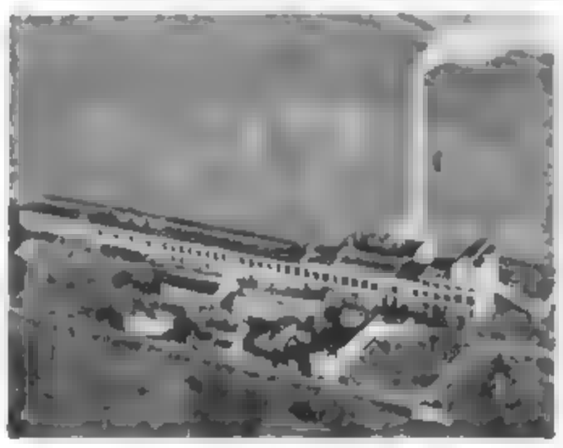
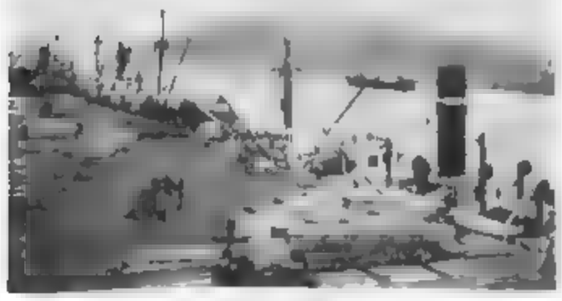


An airplane view of the Longview Fibre Company's plant, an investment of 3½ million dollars.

Ocean freighters loading cargo at the public docks.



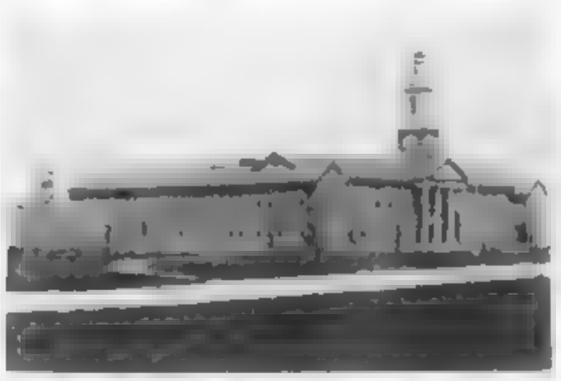
The Long-Bell Lumber Company's Columbia River docks, four ocean freighters loading.

Broadway, a business street, connecting Jefferson Square and Union Station.

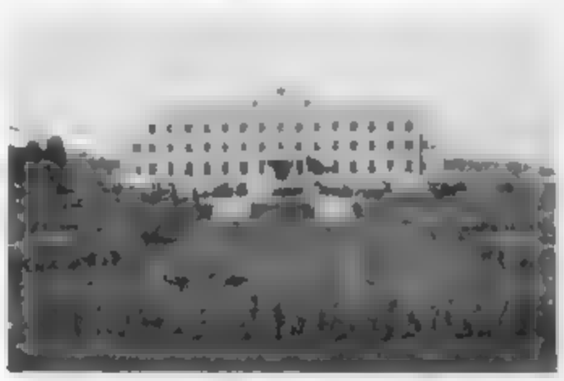
Looking up Broadway towards beautiful Hotel Monticello—modern, six stories, 200 rooms.

Commerce Avenue, one of the principal business streets.

Public Library fronting on Jefferson Square, the city's civic center.



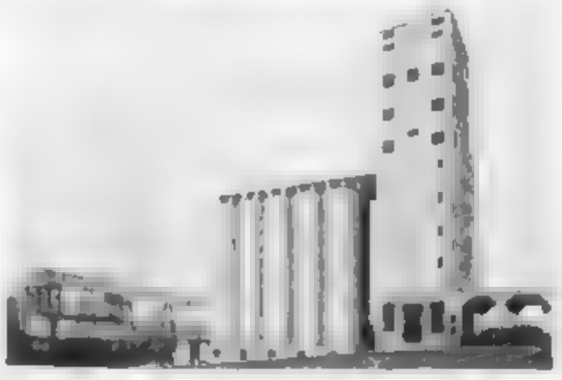
Robert A. Long High School, costing $650,000, one of four modern schools.



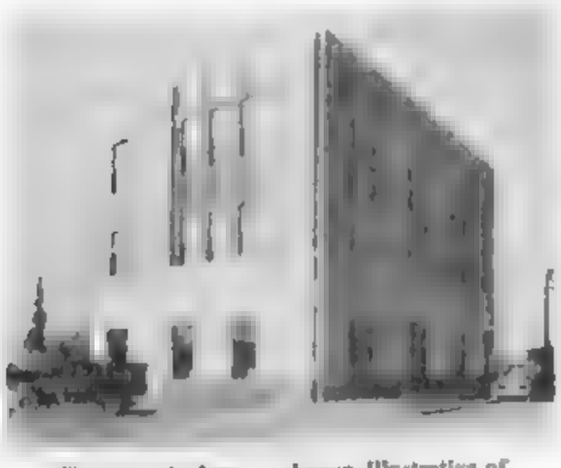
Memorial Hospital built and largely maintained by public subscription and gifts.

A group of homes in one of the seven residential districts.

Construction view showing part of the great Weyerhaeuser lumber plants.



Grain Elevator on public dock, capacity 375,000 bushels, serving large inter-mountain grain region.



The new telephone exchange, illustrative of Longview's high type of architectural beauty.

Another public utility company's handsome offices —the Washington Gas & Electric Company.

IN six years Longview, Wash., has grown from a *plan* to a modern city of 14,800. In addition to having the world's largest lumber manufacturing plants (The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company and The Long-Bell Lumber Company) Longview today has these assets: 26 industries employing 3,951 persons; 100 retail enterprises; 2,561 homes; 75 apartment buildings; 83 modern masonry buildings; 4 schools (enrollment 2,800, 85 teachers); 8 churches; 2 theatres; 10 hotels; 32 miles paved streets; 51 miles gravelled streets; 40 miles electrically lighted streets; first-class post-office; daily newspaper, circulation 7,000; 3,071 electricity users; telephone exchange serving 2,720 stations; 4 railroads, 3 of them transcontinental lines; nearly a mile of public and private docks, serving in 1928, 677 ocean freighters and 1,342 river boats. Complete information concerning opportunities for industries sent in answer to the coupon below.

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Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Longview. I am especially interested in

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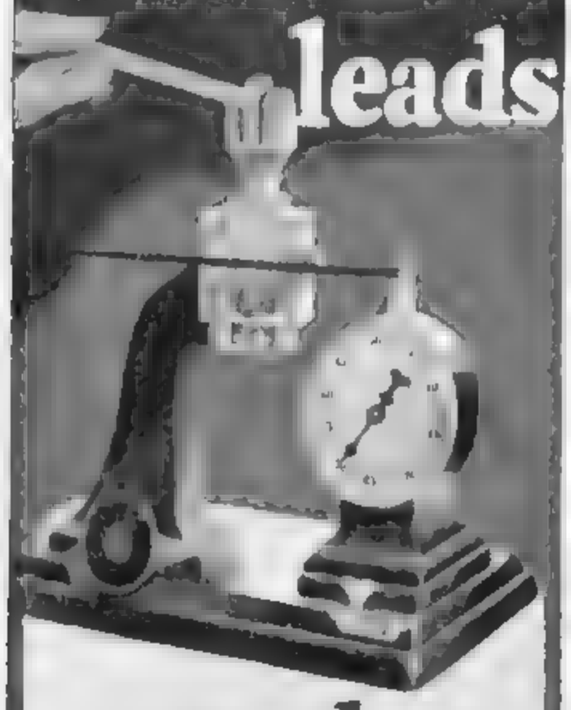

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We test thousands of MIKADO leads every day on specially designed machines that register the force needed to break the ends off transversely—as when a pencil point snaps in writing.

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To maintain this exacting standard for MIKADO leads, we make them by a special process, mould them under immense pressure and temper them with fire and oils. This is the secret not only of their strength but of their surprising smoothness and durability.

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EAGLE PENCIL CO.
NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 168)

decisions whether we shall move toward centralization or decentralization, legislative importance or administrative importance, more government or less government, more freedom or less freedom, more parties or even less parties, more nonsense in politics or less, more sham battles like the last one or fewer feather-duster encounters.

Furthermore, a new economic era, though it has changed the complexion of old-time politics, has not relieved the National Government from the negative task of preventing inequalities and special privilege and, it appears, some old-fashioned intrigue and dishonesty.

The old signboards of the Democratic Party, such as low tariff, the solid South, the now invisible remnants of the Civil War, sectionalism or class appeal, have faded like old daguerreotypes. The latest campaign had no distinct issues. Politically speaking, Smith was offered as the best charioteer who could be found for a race with his own horses, which proved slow, or with rocking-horses out of the old Democratic attic. Even the term "liberal," in a world remade by new economic and social forces, no longer has old meanings. The hope that the Democratic Party may become the Liberal Party has to wait on new aims for liberalism and even a new definition of liberalism.

Summering on the Potomac

In brief, the capital might expect that leadership would develop at once to make the Democratic Party at least a contender to become the party of reality, modernism and common sense, but the capital—even the Democratic side—does not expect anything of the kind. Therefore it expects that this Congress will see the extraordinary picture of Democrats openly or secretly taking under their wing high-tariff interests which may be shut out by the Hoover and Republican wish to keep revision limited to agricultural products and a few other so-called emergency requirements. The capital expects that Congressman X from a hidebound Republican district will not be at Bar Harbor with his wife Milly, when the locusts are singing in the August trees, except during a recess of thirty days this summer, so that the experts, with the aid of sweltering agents of special interests, may write up the new duties.

The capital expects that the old game of politics will be on. Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House, from the point of view of doing the job to be done, does it genially and well, with brevity and snap, and deserves more credit than the country gives him in that service. For mere efficiency no speaker has done better than he. He will try to confine this session in the main to the farm-relief and short-tariff program. So will the majority Senate leader, James E. Watson of Indiana. And because the country no longer expects great vision in its legislative mill but does appreciate the businesslike dismissal of business, no gratitude will go forth to either Republican or Democratic members of the two houses who at this session bring on their little trick plays. Particularly there is small political gain ahead for a Democratic Party which leads forth proposed legislation, no matter how prettily dressed, unless such legislation is of beef rather than of veal weight, and has the appearance of being something more than delay on the one hand or display on the other.

The great difficulty, however, is that the session is quite likely to go off the range, because, in spite of Longworth's sense and Watson's purpose, the discipline and teamwork of the Republican Party itself, with its overwhelming victory and with the "Hoover aura," are far from being a team playing with any semblance of perfect unison.

The capital expects that there is some meaning in the low rumble of the House of Representatives. For some time certain members of the Lower House have been saying, in such privacy as is afforded by after-dinner cigar smoke, something like this:

"The House does the business, cleans it up, and then waits around while the Senate produces all kinds of kittens—investigations, resolutions, new schemes and old squabbles, debate, talk and personal peacocking by the prima-donna group, and other obstacles to simplified government. The noise attracts the attention of the country, and the Senate mistakenly believes that this attention is favorable. In the Lower House we are organized into a team, but in the Senate many individuals are their own pitchers, catchers, outfielders and basemen. That is no way to get the business done, and it is time the country realized the distinction the House of Representatives is earning in any comparison."

Of course the Senate would answer: "But we are the preservers of democracy. We are the sieve through which proposals must pass, and in the process we awaken and register public opinion. It is for this reason that we resist proposals to choke debate. Furthermore, regardless of the technical question as to where bills originate, we are the body which offers in a large sense the opportunity to bring to the country proposals of consequence. We may suggest many follies, but we aid in assurance that one good measure among the thousands of bad is not lost in the shuffle, and on the other hand, we are the instrument on which the country can depend to rip the mask off dangerous proposals, such as might put curls in our foreign affairs, on the one hand, or insinuate special-privilege legislation, on the other hand. The House may do business with a fast coarse brush; we do it with a fine-toothed comb."

Each side of this argument deserves much attention. And merely because it does, there is reason to believe that this short session will not end without exposing to the country more clearly than before the lack of any lock step between the two Houses.

The second promise of difficulty lies in the fact that temperamental differences between the President and the Hill, however much restrained or concealed, are none the less existent. There is no argument as to where the ultimate merits of the differences lie. The Hill is living in a world of yesterday and Hoover in a world of tomorrow. In only one respect—and it is important—may the Hill have the advantage: It may be more patient, more humanely and politically wise, and more capable of attracting popular following by its plausible gestures of being the expression of popular will rather than the hasty dictator of popular will. For the side which has the genius for being wrong this is a great advantage, as we shall probably see before six months have brought us to cold weather again.

No New Giants

It cannot be said that the conflicts, whether open or concealed because of the honeymoon period of this Administration, will find in either House or Senate many powerful or even colorful issues, and certainly no marked improvement in the quality of legislative statesmanship. The former are not ready to come to the surface at that end of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the latter—senators and congressmen—have not improved so that anyone can notice it.

A man like Senator Burton of Ohio, who is now seventy-seven and has had experience in both Houses over a long range of years, seldom mentions any present colleagues as being distinguished in imagination, foresight, advocacy, oratory, debate or in commanding leadership. Smoot and Borah both do a prodigious amount of work; the first provides balance and the second an uncompromising imagination and independence of action which is of inestimable advantage to every citizen of the land, regardless of the sometimes well-founded criticism that Borah rides alone. Burton himself, a man of depth of feeling

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Guaranteed 5 years
GUARANTEED not to split, warp or crack. Guaranteed not to sift dust or ashes onto the floor. Guaranteed to uphold the dignity of your office while performing the lowly task of keeping things neat and clean. That's Vul-Cot the hard vulcanized fibre wastebasket. Buy them by the dozen, one for every worker. At your stationer's in maroon-brown, olive green and mahogany, oak or walnut grains
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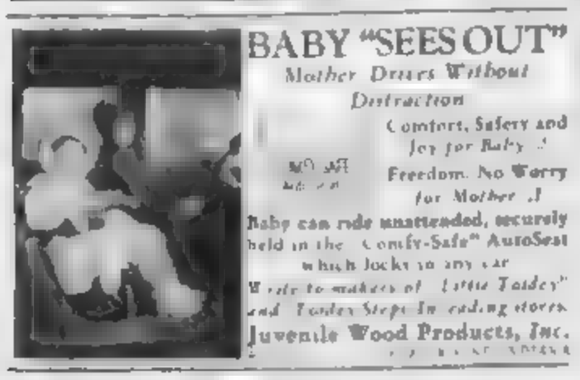
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and sincerity, if younger, would find power in his utterances on any questions which touch his sentiments and heart, but it is doubtful whether one can point to any old member or newcomer in the Senate, except Borah, who is capable of more than an efficient statement of the case. There are still Senate clowns whose names in two or three outstanding cases are known to the public because of their absurdities. The acid ability of Jim Reed and the strong opinions of Bruce may be missed, and the capital expects in the Senate no particular flavor from the coming of any new members, unless it arises from Tom Connally, a graduate of the Lower House from Texas.

The bare fact is that this short session, which may be a long one, will find distinction only by quickly disposing of the farm-relief and tariff promises made by Hoover. It will not find distinction by dragging out its existence or by endless strayings from the road to engage in amusing but wasteful squabbles of mere political-jockey significance which the country regards as useless. The capital expects that the country, like Hoover, would be glad if there were no such thing as a short session. Coolidge, with canny sense, disliked extra sessions, probably on the sound ground that the world is going along without much regard for government by talk and that new and prodigious economic developments are not merely three but are forty-seven jumps ahead and away from any legislation, and that social will moves faster than any attempt of the Government to extend its function from lawmaking to issuing commandments.

Mr. Root's Proposal

In other words, the capital expects that the country is not much convinced when the Democrats complain in vague terms that the Republicans have not done anything with their possession of power. The country thinks at once, "What is it that they haven't done and that ought to be done?" The answer to that question is as difficult as Smith found it. The whole world has its fill of laws. Too much government is the curse of mankind. The cumulative effect of too much government is too much cost, too much bureaucracy, too much meddling, prying and snooping, too many futilities in attempt to create artificial barriers in the national courses of social and economic evolution. Today, if any leader or any party is to get anywhere, it will only be with a definite proposal to do something which will have the zealous wish of the whole country behind it.

This Congress, whether expressed from the Republican or Democratic side, cannot produce any such bait for public approval or interest, and in the absence of it the capital instinctively expects that what the country will really want will be the better and cheaper and more simple functioning of the government machine of administration as distinguished from the machine of legislation.

This Congress will not have any extensive display of measures affecting foreign affairs unless Borah reawakes the problem of recognizing Russia, or the great and venerable jurist, Elihu Root, the father of the World Court, who has been at Geneva, is able to convince the President that he has a worthy substitute for our rejected fifth reservation in our proposed adherence to the World Court. As to the first, it appears to the senator from Idaho that government recognition of Russia is associated with advantages in competition for Russian concessions and Russian business. "The answer to that," replies a shrewd Washington observer, reaching for his hat, "lies in the general philosophy that it is foolish to give away what the other fellow wants before you have bargained to receive for it all you are entitled to have. So, apparently, it is the nationals of the countries which have recognized Russia who are at a disadvantage compared with those of the countries who have held off or withdrawn recognition, whether the latter have done so on moral grounds or by trading acumen."

As for Mr. Root's sincere dedication to the cause of the World Court, there are certain conclusions which seem inevitable but may not be made plain to the people, even by the watchfulness of Senator Hiram Johnson or Borah. Membership in any genuine World Court which is free and untrammeled by dictation from such a body as the League would be a real contribution we could make to universal peace. But the present World Court is no such body. Only the foresight of Lord Robert Cecil prevented the League from censuring its World Court for not giving an advisory opinion in the Finland-Russia case, in which Russia was not a member of either Court or League. The rôle of hired attorney, dominated today by a few large powers, but sitting tomorrow as an impartial judge, is an impossible rôle. To protect ourselves from the decisions of the hired attorney giving advisory opinions we expressly reserved a right to stop such opinions when they affected our interest. Now Mr. Root has returned from Europe with a proposal created with a counselor of the British Foreign Office, and said to provide that we join the Court with the proviso that if we object to any advisory decisions we may withdraw from it. Never was there a better example of the truth that the legal mind may accept that which the slightest political common sense will reject. To withdraw from the Court after we had joined it because of our objection to advisory opinions would create at home a raging controversy to be fought in the Senate for goodness knows how long, and would create abroad the idea that we feared to submit our position on some definite question to what is supposedly an impartial judgment by the League's attorney—the World Court. One cannot believe that the President or the Senate will permit us to put our head into that noose.

"And now," says the capital, "let us descend the steps of these legislative halls and proceed to observe what may be expected at the other end of the Avenue."

Not since Wilson's inauguration has there been such interest in a fascinatingly uncertain drama of a new Administration.

There are three outstanding fields in which the leadership of a President can achieve real accomplishment. The first is the provision of efficient personnel for the administration of government machinery and the improvement of the government organization itself. The second is the relationship he establishes with Congress and his party by his political art, so that he may, without dictation or assuming too much responsibility, have such coöperation that business may go forward without clashes and wasteful differences of direction. The third is the leadership he can gain with popular opinion, so that solidarity, wisdom and united strength of purpose can carry the nation forward without afflictions from the organized favor seekers, the cranks or the struggles for mere petty political power.

The New Cabinet

In more than one respect the Hoover Administration may be expected by the capital and the country to provide us with much to think about. For instance, simplification of government at home and the extension abroad, in our relations with other countries, of the economic doctrine that cutthroat competition is loss, that coöperation is gain, and that disputes can best be settled by nonpolitical representatives of conflicting interest at the source—in other words, preservation of peace by sense and science.

As to the first of these expectations, the capital, on the whole, is of the opinion that the selection of men has been good. It must be remembered that Hoover has probably had more difficulty than his predecessors in luring men to officeholding. The reasons ascribed by the capital for some diffidence on the part of a number of men who were sounded out are of two kinds. One set of voices say that, for instance, in the

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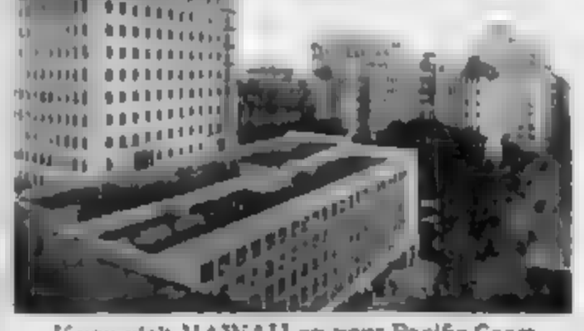

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case of cabinet portfolios there is a feeling that Hoover wants men wholly responsive to his wishes, and that this tends to bring up the thought not absent in some former administrations: "If I do well, the President suns himself; if things go badly, I get the rain!"

On the other hand, many believe that while young men may see clearly what will happen to them when they step out of the limelight of public office, older men have learned that after the heyday of being in the cabinet, middle age finds them dropping like plummets into an obscurity as thick as molasses.

Some few years ago a cynic asked a newly appointed cabinet officer to name half a dozen of his predecessors—and he couldn't!

"And then," comments an ex-ambassador, "what I got I liked, but with it came a good deal of distention of the tummy, accompanied by a complete deflation of the pocketbook."

The President has gathered around him a cabinet the new members of which are somewhat unknown and unweighed. The capital does not expect any the less of them on that account; it has had too much experience with those who have risen on publicity balloons and who are often disappointing.

From the point of view of realistic power as well as from political sagacity of the new type as distinguished from that of the Blaine marching-club era, it appears to the capital that the President has assembled a stronger, even though untried and unknown, cabinet than the country has seen for a long time.

Barnacles on the Ship of State

The expectancy that Hoover will do as well with simplification of government is somewhat more in doubt.

"Man knows when a new government board, bureau or commission is created," remarks an old congressman, "but only heaven knows when it will be abolished."

A former President once said to me: "Try to cut down or prevent overlapping and then see the storm that bursts around one's ears. The number of voters who will come to the defense of some puny little barnacle on government, claiming that it must be preserved if America is to be saved, is utterly astounding! A congressman will be ready to abolish everything in sight, but insists that some pet of his constituency must be saved."

"We civil-service employes need not worry," says one who usually sees political values clearly. "There may be six hundred thousand of us, but it will take a dictator and not a Congress to get rid of me and him and her!"

Bureaucracy grows like a weed and can shriek louder under the knife than anything else in the world. The average citizen is all for housecleaning, but anything proposed for the junk pile is always the one thing which must be kept! Cleaning house has been from time to time the pot of gold under the rainbow for Roosevelts and Tafts, Hardings and Coolidges, but the toy engine of reorganization, appearing so easy to perambulate, grows up into a kind of thousand-ton dead weight which finally drags behind. The capital expects that Hoover will try Owing to his experience in organization, his trial is slated for success; owing to his inexperience in the art of dealing in political artistry with Congress, many in the capital feel that his efforts will have shorter legs than his plans.

Not a One-Man Job

The possibility that the President and some of those at his elbow may prove unskilled in dealing with Congress is discussed constantly behind the President's back. To be crossed or blocked has never given anyone pleasure, and it is expected by some that the Hoover temperament receives a minimum of delight when thwarted. He has been used, it is often said, to being "a king of something to do." He is not advertised as being much of a wheedler or much of a lover of the blah-blah type, or the practical politician type which still fills up a part of the ranks which, in political-party life, are called the "boys." Even in their own strange but strict code of staying put and of playing the game, it is still whispered that Hoover is no more artful than a prospective tennis player who has read a book on strokes.

All this speculation, however, may be based upon the Hoover of 1920 and not well aimed at quite a different Hoover of 1929. If there was anything in the idea that he sulked when he could not have his own way once upon a time, it is by no means certain that he has not learned, in his service of great value rendered under Harding and Coolidge, that, in the world outside of relief organizations, there is more gained by winning men to a course of action than by ordering them to a course of action.

There is no indication, so far, even in the period with which all administrations open, that the President has embarked upon the personal isolation and self-determination policy which so hampered and limited a man as great in vision as was Wilson. No President can afford to live alone for long with his visions for two reasons. One is that visions of value must be made by those in contact with the facts rather than in contact only with those who speak the old yes-sir tongue. The other reason is

(Continued on Page 174)

"VICTORY"

Every line and attitude of the magnificent statue shown above expresses the spirit of victory. A similar expression of victory is seen in the lines of the new Grand Slam Golf Clubs.

Greater even than the desire to reduce his score, perhaps, is the golfer's wish to have that first essential—"the feel" of his clubs, to have it to such an extent that it will seem utterly out of the question to be off line. Such a "feel" the new Grand Slams promise.

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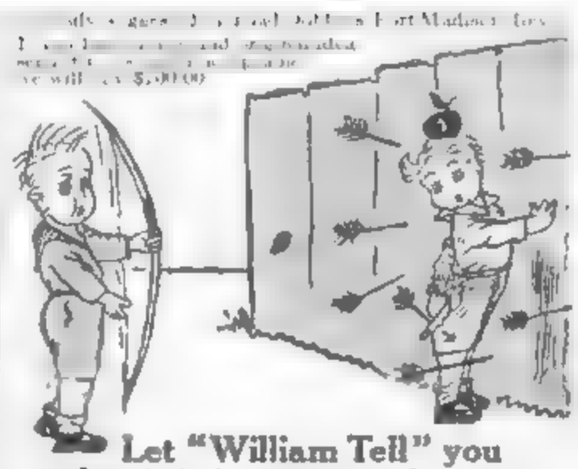

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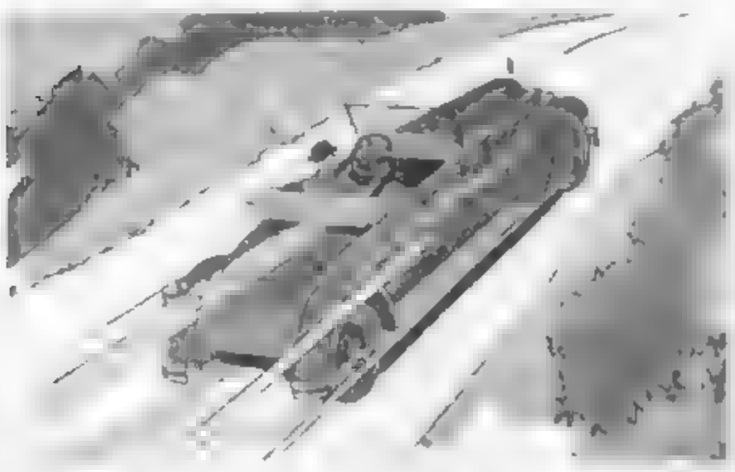

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If *the sales force* decided to hire a new boss . . . .

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"Do you want us to explain orally the way our product works, and argue the little technical differences between it and our competitors' merchandise? Or do you think that illustrated folders, booklets, and catalogs can be made to explain these points so clearly that we can get down to the main job of selling the buyer on what we and our product can do for him?"

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There are a lot of things to be said in every job of selling. But many of them don't have to be *spoken* in the presence of the prospect.

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See to it that your prospects know who you are. See that they know who your man is. See that your prospective customers know what your man sells, what its advantages are, how it is used—and why they should buy it. Your printer will help you do this.

Each year there are more and more firms that depend upon good printing to handle these early steps in their sales programs. So many more, in fact, that the day is not far distant when, after a boss questions the new salesman on what he has sold in the past, the salesman may ask the boss to show him the printing he has furnished to help his salesman.

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If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Co., write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List Or write S. D. Warren Co., 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass

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WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS { better paper - better printing }

"Saves time and avoids confusion in handling the new-size paper money,"

says ***Burton Holmes,***

the world traveler, widely known for his Travel Revues

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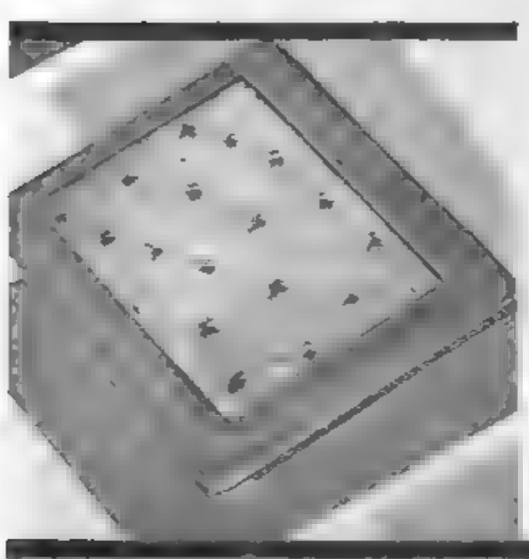
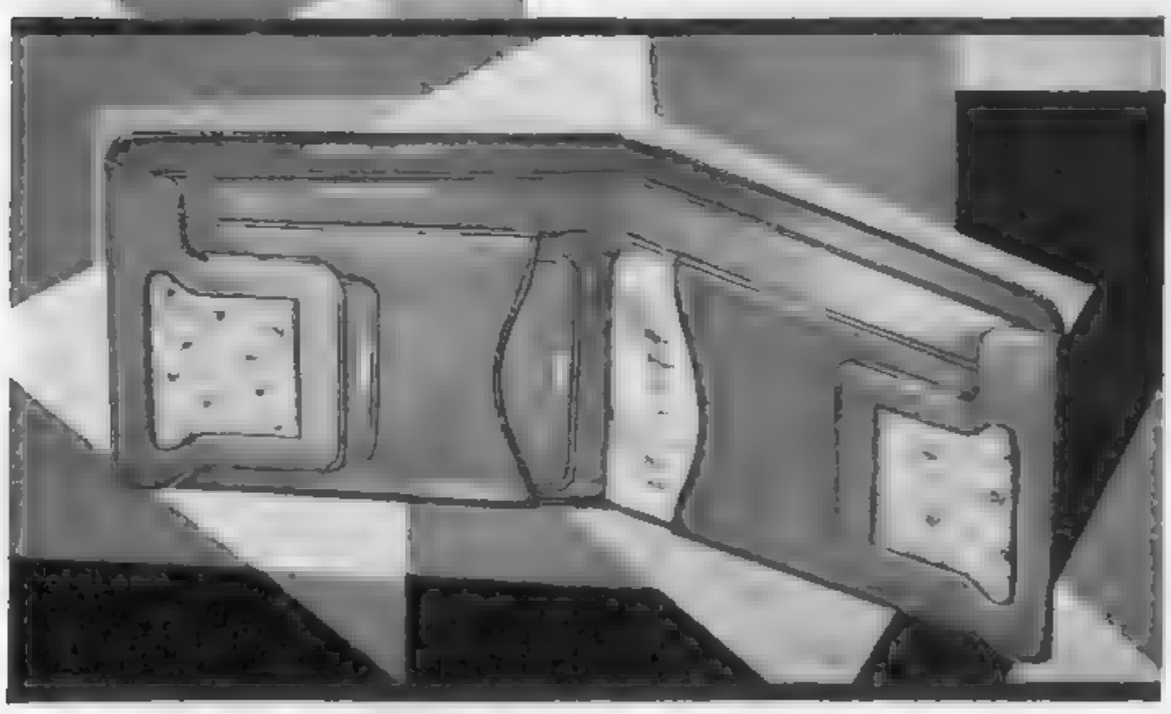


"It's the most practical billfold I have ever carried for our form of currency," Mr. Holmes adds. "Nine months of the year I travel constantly. Any billfold that eliminates lost motion and facilitates the graceful gesture of paying for things, is a great blessing for anyone who is called upon frequently to make that gesture."



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1. Carries the new bills separately from the present size, which will also be in circulation for many months.

2. Folds flat and compact even when full, due to its patented "sliding" and stitchless construction. *The only billfold we know of that will not buckle or bulge.*

3. Can't rip or tear, because it is ingeniously folded together instead of sewed. Not a stitch or a seam to rip. Definitely guaranteed to last as long as the leather. *If it gives out at any point it is replaced free.*

Handily carries checks, notes, stamps, cards—as well as bills—each in its proper place. A special double-vision window is provided for carrying auto license and identification cards.

Buxton hand workmanship throughout.

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BUXTON Bill-Tainer

(Continued from Page 170)

that vision has to be made into deeds and that efficiency is not had unless its achievement can be shared by other men—even inferior and often mistaken men.

It was wise of the President not to offer to furnish this Congress with ready-to-wear proposals for legislation made in the White House; it was just as astute to speak squarely out to Congress and the country with overwhelming evidence against the devious export-debenture scheme for farm relief.

Those who have had personal contact with Hoover since he began to sit in the famous room behind the old corridor door find him smiling and, on the whole, not exhibiting the manner of one who wants to teach the class. On the contrary, it appears that he is feeling his way, that he desires to know, and is aware, as few Presidents have been, how difficult it is to obtain unpleasant truths from anyone. Expressions of his own ideas and patient education of minds which do not keep up to his have never been required of him so much as they will be from now on

The capital senses the coming of a new school of politics, the need for casting out for good and all a vast accumulation of nonsense about government and its uses and ends, the relegation to the dump of issues as dead as stuffed geese, the blocking of a centralization which promises bureaucracy and the discouragement of government by meddle and snoop. There is a deepening sense that the economic world has moved faster than all the government attempts to regulate it or change it or make it over, and that government as a whole must move up into line. The country has faith that Hoover can make it do so, but it expects that one of the prerequisites of that task is the kindly patience, education and inspiration without preaching which permeates the whole people with united willingness for the move ahead.

So Hoover smiles and arises from his chair.

One realizes that too many photographs have been taken of him; his aides should put the brakes on that if possible, because a man can be photographed so much that he seems to be an abstraction rather than a man.

He smiles and says good-by, and in that smile, since the campaign, there is something new—a kind of oneness with the country which was never on his face before.

The capital expects that in this apex of the hunger of peoples for good administration in distinction from bad and worthless legislation, Hoover will have something unusually fine to give the country.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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How children should eat candy

Advice for mothers from specialists of today in children's diet... new light for everybody on candy as food...the modern viewpoint

CANDY is a splendid energy food for children. If properly given, it is easily digested, and rich in quick energy so needed by them. It is perhaps the most appetizing of all the foods that are good for children.

Now the universal rule about the diet for children is this: See that they get enough of all the varieties of food required for growth and energy.

Should children eat candy?

It is quite possible for children to eat too much of any given food, if their appetite is not properly trained and directed.

The growing child needs a "balanced diet," that is to say, a number of *different* kinds of foods. Some of these he likes much better than others. If you let him have his way he will concentrate on the foods he likes and pass the others by. Thus his diet may be unbalanced. Then it would not keep him strong and growing as it should.

If you give him all he wants of candy (or any other food he likes) he will neglect (for example) his milk and cereal and orange juice.

A simple rule

Give him candy after lunch and dinner as a dietary routine. After he has eaten the other necessary foods, let him have his candy. In this way he will eat as much as he should and not too much. In this way he will eat the foods that he needs and not merely concentrate on those he likes. Mothers will find this simple procedure excellent for the normal child.

June 15th is Children's Day. It couldn't happen without candy—nothing takes candy's place with girls and boys. How lucky that it's so good for them!

The great point is to give candy as *food*, in a normal, natural manner. Above all, don't let the child get to thinking about candy as *forbidden*.

That only arouses his opposition and makes him determined to gorge on it at every opportunity! Tell him the truth about candy as a food.

Candy an excellent food in the normal diet of grown people

Candy is good for grown people also as an energy food. For candy is extremely digestible, ready to be burned as fuel in the body almost immediately after being eaten.

Grown people need a fuel-food perhaps as much as children do, to furnish them with energy and to "burn the fats."

Candy as aid to slenderness

Remember that candy is a "quick-burning fuel-food," which "burns" not only itself but helps to burn cleanly the fats as well, when eaten in proper quantities. This is summed up in the classical statement: "Fats burn in the flame of the carbohydrates" (candy being one of the most quickly digested carbohydrates).

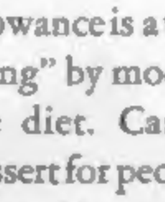
A proper candy-allowance is a useful adjunct for "reducing" by moderately restricting the diet. Candy makes an excellent dessert for people who are interested in taking off a few pounds.

Send for "The New Knowledge of Candy" and read about candy's place in the reducing diet, described there.

A book for you—about candy

In every-day language this up-to-the-minute book tells you facts you should know about candy, giving you findings of modern diet experts. It will be sent to you without charge. Use the coupon.

Please send me "The New Knowledge of Candy."



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Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is, the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3-8 inches high, and 2 3-16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

A handy carrying case comes with the *f*.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly; into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

Exquisite in Appearance!

Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and gray—as well as black. (*f*.3.5 model comes in black only.)

Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate.

Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

No finer Commencement Gift for son or daughter . . . a wonderful Wedding Present . . . this latest Ciné-Kodak. One of the few possessions that afford enduring pleasure, that perpetuate life's happiest recollections through the years.

Model BB comes in black with *f*.3.5 lens at $75 (case $9 extra); with *f*.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt-lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at $140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost $15 extra. New *f*.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

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LENS FOR TELEPHOTO EFFECTS

Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'etre*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the *f*.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

Almost always improvements as great as these not only justify a high price, but make that high price necessary in order to cover their cost. Model BB, however, instead of being given a high price, has been given a LOW one.

Movies in Natural Color!

The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with *f*.1.9 lens an even more precious possession. With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

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